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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

AND
LITERARY JOURNAL.

1833.

PART THE THIRD.

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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A FEW WORDS FROM THE PROPRIETOR.

THE Farewell Address of Mr. Bulwer is still fresh in the recollection of our readers; and now that the editorial duties of that gentleman have ceased, and the New Monthly Magazine begins to pursue its career under a new direction, the Proprietor feels that he also has a duty to perform. To the late Editor his acknowledgments are first due; and could he have devoted to the work his undivided energies—had not the pressure of public business, and a multitude of other pursuits interfered with the increasing demands which it made upon his time and talents—Mr. Colburn could not but have regretted his retirement.

The readers of the New Monthly Magazine, previously to Mr. Bulwer's undertaking the task of Editor, are aware that its chief claim upon public patronage was founded, not on its political, but on its *literary* character; that politics were by no means prominent in its pages; that when occasionally introduced they were in no sense of the term *ultra*, yet always adhering to liberal and constitutional principles, while studiously avoiding the heats and animosities of party. During the late political fermentation, it was both natural and excusable that its Editor, a Member of Parliament, and strongly imbued with a political bias, should have stamped much of the character of his own views upon the Periodical under his control; and his Political Essays form, in the opinion of many, an exceedingly valuable portion of the work. But, with a change of management, it is the intention of the Proprietor to effect a change of plan, and to deviate less in future from the quiet and pleasant paths of literature into the “*fumum, strepitumque*,” the smoke and turmoil, of politics. He feels, moreover, that the undisturbed energies of more than one master-mind may be advantageously directed to the

Publication, in order that the result may be commensurate with the growing spirit of the age, which demands, in a Magazine, not only articles connected with criticism and other portions of the belles-lettres, but whatever can amuse, instruct, and refine; narratives of life and adventure—illustrations of personal character—anecdotes—the appy sallies of humour—and the loftier exercise of imagination.

The Proprietor has accordingly taken measures to secure, by a concentration of minds suited to every department of the work, all that the public can possibly desire—all that is requisite to render the Publication deserving of the continued support of the different classes of the community, to whom this species of literature is at once a necessity and a luxury; and it will be the aim of those who have the honour of conducting it, to raise its character to a yet higher point than it has hitherto attained.

ON THE ANONYMOUS IN PERIODICALS.

WHETHER it be from the obtuseness of our understanding or the inveteracy of our prejudice, we confess we are not yet converts to Mr. Bulwer's arguments* against preserving the anonymous in periodicals. It appears to us that he confounds the abuses of the thing with the thing itself, and that, after his admissions, his objections may be easily neutralized, if not refuted. We think that the anonymous, as it more especially regards periodical *criticism*, ought to be the rule, and affixing the name of the writer to any particular article the exception;—nay, we advance a step farther, and, notwithstanding recent and splendid examples to the contrary, we maintain that the editorial function itself should be sustained anonymously,—at least, that the name of the editor, if known at all, should be rather understood than avowed; and though at present we cannot enter into the question at large, we shall assign a few reasons in support of the views we entertain upon the subject.

Of course, when we speak of periodical criticism, we must be understood to mean those reviews and literary notices which regard books, and not men,—which point out fairly and fearlessly the excellencies and faults of writers, the good or evil principles, the nature and tendency of

* *England and the English.* By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P., Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Eugene Aram." 2 vols. London.

their works,—without meddling with their private history, or referring to them in any other light than as they are exhibited in their productions; and thus our attention is confined wholly to “the advantage of the anonymous in *literary criticism* ;” and to that advantage chiefly as it affects the public. Far be it from us to advocate positive deception under any of its forms; but there are illusions which are entirely exempt from mischievous intention,—which are allied to good rather than to evil,—which are “shadows of beauty and shadows of power.” One of these happily pervades the public mind on the subject of periodical criticism. Our leading reviews are supposed to be the united efforts of some of the greatest names in our literature; hence the influence they exert over the opinions, tastes, and pursuits of so large a portion of our countrymen. We may ask—would they be better conducted, or would the articles be better written, if Mr. Bulwer’s suggestion were adopted? With the anonymous, too, the illusion would vanish. Criticism, by unveiling its mysteries, would sacrifice its power over others, and would itself degenerate into feebleness; the decisions of the imaginary areopagus would be exchanged for the unsupported nothings of individual opinion; all the jealousies and enmities, the partialities and sycophancies, which are now concealed behind “the curtain of periodical criticism,” would then be revealed to the public eye; the literary profession would become odious and contemptible; authors would flatter critics,—critics would return the compliment with interest; or the bitterness of malice between contending rivals, which now flows in an under-current, and which is scarcely known to exist but to the parties themselves, would then rise up to the surface, and become the object of universal disgust. Mr. Bulwer maintains that “nearly all criticism at this day is the public effect of *private acquaintance*.” We scarcely know how to reconcile his assertion with what he says in the very next page. It is an odd acquaintanceship which gives such proofs of affection. “Were a sudden revelation of the mysteries of the craft now to be made, what, oh! what would be the rage, the astonishment of the public! What men of straw in the rostra, pronouncing flats on the immortal writings of the age! what guessers at the difference between a straight line and a curve, deciding upon the highest questions of art! what stop-watch gazers lecturing on the drama! what disappointed novelists, writhing poets, saleless historians, senseless essayists, *wreaking their wrath* on a lucky rival! What Damons heaping impartial eulogia on their scribbling Pythias! what presumption! what falsehood! what ignorance! what deceit! what malice in censure! what dishonesty in praise! Such a revelation would be worthy a Quevedo to describe!” We humbly conceive that it is better for the public to be without such a revelation, because, in our opinion, it would be extremely partial and unjust. For

even Mr. Bulwer, in another part of his second volume, tells us that the reason we have no great works, though we abound in great writers, is that they have devoted so much of their talents to periodical miscellanies,—and chiefly, as it appears, to periodical criticism. “It is in these journals,” he observes, “that the most eminent of our recent men of letters have chiefly obtained their renown. It is here that we find the sparkling and sarcastic Jeffrey; the incomparable humour and transparent logic of Sydney Smith; the rich and glowing criticism of Wilson, the nervous vigour and brilliant imagination of Macaulay (who, if he had not been among the greatest of English orators, would have been among the most commanding of English authors); it is in periodicals (that is, in reviews) that many of the most beautiful evidences of Southey’s rich taste and antique stateliness of mind are to be sought.” The whole case therefore is not so bad as Mr. Bulwer’s first enunciation might lead us to apprehend; and perhaps the public will suffer no very serious inconvenience if they be left to imagine, when they are dissatisfied with a critical article, that it is the production of some insignificant underling of the craft; and when they are instructed and delighted, that they are receiving the lessons of wisdom and the decisions of taste from the first savans of the age. Why dissolve the illusion? for, after all, talent will find its own level, whether with or without a name. Anonymous opinion on literary subjects, unsupported by the requisite qualifications which entitle it to respect, goes for very little with the thinking part of the community, and a responsible name would add nothing to its weight or importance. A well-written article will make its own way on the strength of its intrinsic value, as “good wine needs no bush;” while the fact of the writer being unknown will be so far an advantage, that every reader who admires it will ascribe it to his favourite author. Thus, to one it will come recommended with all the interest attached to the genius of Campbell, while another will imagine himself to be charmed with the wit of Bulwer or the eloquence of Macaulay.

We question whether the great writers, whose names Mr. Bulwer thus associates with our periodical criticism, would have attained that renown which it has conferred upon them, if they had been compelled to affix their signatures to their respective contributions. Had this been the case, we are persuaded that the works in which those contributions appeared would have materially suffered, both in circulation and influence. The anonymous threw them just so far into the distance as to render them a constellation, each contributing to the splendour of each, forming to appearance one grand luminary in the literary heavens. Though anonymous, they were not unknown;—there were those who could discern and call them all by their names; there was enough of mystery and revelation to awaken curiosity and to satisfy inquiry. This

has long been the charm of our periodical literature, and we wish not to have the illusion destroyed.

But were it practicable to abolish the anonymous in this department of letters, what benefit would it confer upon the public? and what would be its effect upon the literary profession?

We should no longer have articles, but treatises. This is an abuse to which the present system has lent considerable aid. Our best writers, aware that their connexion with any given review is no secret, have been ambitious of establishing their own fame, and often at the expense of the works which have furnished them with their materials, and which they have scarcely deigned to notice. Thus, the true end of criticism is defeated, and great injustice is done to authors and to the public. If this has been the result of partially withdrawing the veil between the critic and his readers, would not its entire removal increase the evil a thousand fold? But the worst consequence to be apprehended from such a change would be the establishment of a critical oligarchy. Publishers must then purchase names as well as articles; names would be the strongest reasons—none but authors of a commanding reputation would be privileged to exercise the functions of a reviewer, and a few therefore would soon usurp the entire censorship of the press. On the literary profession the change contemplated would produce the most injurious effects; we have already hinted at a few. Authors reviewing authors (as such) must place themselves in no very enviable relative position. Where their literary importance is nearly equal, they will fear and flatter each other; and where there is in this respect any very marked disparity, there will be creeping obsequiousness on the one hand, and an ill-suppressed insolence, or a condescending air of patronage on the other. The anonymous system, as far as the public and the profession are concerned, is certainly not liable to abuses of this kind. The tone of criticism, which is that of a judge, and not of an advocate, is likewise ill suited to the courtesy and modesty with which

one individual writer ought to treat the works of a contemporary. The anonymous, and the mysteriousness attached to the plural unit *We*, seem best adapted to the chair of criticism. The individual is merged in the court which he represents, and he speaks not in his own name, but *ex cathedra*. Who does not feel conscious of this when he takes up the judgments which are pronounced in our monthly and quarterly periodicals? the decisions are oracular. What a totally different air would they assume, and how soon would they dwindle into the insignificance of mere individual opinion, if the name of the writer of each article were appended at the end!

The worst abuses of the anonymous may, according to Mr. Bulwer's own showing, be corrected without resorting to the very questionable expedient which he recommends. The authors of these abuses are as

well known to those who have the power of exposing and punishing them, as they would be if their names and offences were published in the "Hue and Cry, or the Rogues' Gazette." The anonymous does not screen a libeller from detection and chastisement. A name with all the responsibility attached to it is no security against the coarsest violations of the decencies of society.

We shall treat very briefly the delicate point of anonymous editorship ; we are convinced that this, too, has advantages, which its opposite cannot counterbalance. If a name is to give importance to editorial dignity, it must, of course, be one of considerable note. The individual so ostensibly sustaining an office that, if well discharged, must employ the greatest portion of his time, must nevertheless feel that he has to take care of his reputation as an author, advance his fortunes, and attend to the public and private avocations which his celebrity has opened to him. These exhaust his energies. He thinks occasionally of his duties as an editor—procrastinates—to-morrow will give more leisure—an unexpected and indispensable engagement consumes the morrow—the month advances—the day of publication presses upon him with alarming celerity—he is totally unprepared—he sits down to write ; but he must produce something worthy of his fame—something that will justify the high expectations of the public. In this he either fails or succeeds according as he is in or out of the vein. In fact, a great name does little in advancing the real and substantial interests of a periodical. The anonymous might, in this view, therefore, be preferred.

We have devoted so much space to the consideration of a point on which Mr. Bulwer lays considerable stress, and which forms an appropriate introduction to the first Number of a work which is no longer under his auspices, and which will now be conducted in opposition to one of his favourite principles, that we must defer till our next Number a separate examination of the entire performance which illustrates his genius, develops his resources, and exhibits him as one of the first writers of the age—in the meantime, heartily wishing him success in the high career of social improvement which he has marked out for himself and his illustrious compatriots.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LATE EDMUND KEAN.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ.

IT is full twenty years since I first met with Kean, and just six since I last saw him. During the interval between the two periods I had some opportunities of knowing this highly-gifted individual, with respect to whom the laws which regulate mortality seemed in some measure reversed—Nature having made him a great actor, and art having transformed him into a remarkable man. In Kean's professional displays there was no evidence of study; in his personal conduct all appeared to result from it alone. The laborious efforts which usually form the *artist* were unknown and unnecessary to him; or rather he resorted to them only in order to warp his character from its original bent. Impulse was the spring of his greatness on the stage—straining for effect the cause of the littleness and lowness of his social career.

In tracing ever so brief and faint a record of such a being as Kean, it is impossible to be entirely insensible to some dramatic and moral “visitings.” But I shall let them pass. I am neither the critic nor the biographer of Kean. I presume to claim no competence for either office: and I can only hope—at a moment when his memory shines full on the public mind—to give a few sketches which this strong light may bring out into relief. Anecdotes of distinguished authors are interesting, as illustrations of works which never die. But reminiscences of great actors are *due* to the public, from whom their perishable talents are withdrawn for ever; and doubly due to the individual, who leaves behind but doubtful records of his fame. I shall depict Kean in the various aspect of merit and fault which I observed during our snatches of acquaintanceship. If I did not think that the former predominated, my pen should leave both untouched.

I cannot recall exactly the year in which I happened to be stationed in the barracks of Waterford, in the south of Ireland, at that time the head-quarters of the regiment in which I was a subaltern. The dates and *data* of those days have almost all slipped, sand-like, from one end of Time's glass; and it is hard to separate and arrange them as they lie confounded in the other. How difficult is it even to remember distinctly what were the pains and what the pleasures of youth! The very mixture of both, and the confusion in which they blended together, were perhaps the causes of their acuteness at the time, as it is of their vagueness now. But there is a certain pursuit—one of the minor enjoyments of life—which has, for me, always preserved its attraction intact; I mean the exercise of fencing. It was my attachment to it that led to my personal knowledge of Kean.

In the days I speak of, and long after, I never lost an opportunity of encountering amateurs and professors of “the noble science of defence.” I frequently took up the foils with a little lieutenant of a troop of artillery which formed part of the Waterford garrison; and few days passed without our measuring blades together.

I was one evening walking with this brother idler on the public promenade called “the Mall;” and, passing by the theatre, which had

been within a day or two occupied by a strolling company, we looked at the play-bill, and found that the performances for that evening consisted of "Hamlet,"—the principal character *not* left out by particular desire, —and some farce, the name and nature of which I forget. We voted the first four acts of the tragedy "a bore;" but agreed to go in for half an hour, at the commencement of the celebrated fencing-scene between Hamlet and Laertes, just to see what sort of affair the strollers would make of it.

In due time, the door-keeper, to whom we expressed our intention, and who was alive to the importance of two box-ticket-takers, came to seek us in a neighbouring billiard-room. He announced the opening of the fifth act of the play; and we arrived in time to take possession of a very empty stage-box, and hear Osrick's invitation to Hamlet lisped out, with the usual vulgar caricature of court foppery regularly exhibited by theatre-royal comedians, as well as by our Waterford candle-snuffer. When the fencing-bout was actually commencing, and we were reasonably amused by the clumsiness of this same Osrick, who handled the foils as a farmer would a hop-pole, we turned our attention to the chief actors in the scene, who soon stood in position, and prepared for the assault.

The young man who played Laertes was extremely handsome and very tall; and a pair of high-heeled boots added so much to his natural stature, that the little, pale, thin man who represented Hamlet appeared a mere pigmy beside him. Laertes commenced, after slurring "for better for worse" through the usual salute, to push *carte* and *tierce*, which might, as far as the scientific use of the small sword was concerned, have been as correctly termed cart and horse.

My companion, who had by no means a poor opinion of his own skill, and who was rather unmerciful towards the awkwardness of others, laughed outright, and in a manner sufficient to disconcert even an adroit performer. He proposed to me to leave the place, calling out theatrically, "Hold! enough!"—and I might have agreed, had I not thought I perceived in the Hamlet a quiet gracefulness of manner, while he parried the cut-and-thrust attacks of his adversary, as well as a quick glance of haughty resentment at the uncivil laugh by which they were noticed. When he began to return the lounges, *secundum artem*, we were quite taken by surprise, to see the carriage and action of a practised swordsman; and as he went through the whole performance, we were satisfied that we had, in the phrase of Osrick aforesaid, made

"A hit—a very palpable hit."

We immediately inquired of the woman who filled the nearly sinecure place of money-taker, as to the gentleman whose "excellence for his weapon" had so pleasantly surprised us. She told us that his name was Kean, that he was an actor of first-rate talent, chief tragic hero (for they were *all* honourable men) of the company; and also the principal singer, stage-manager, and getter-up of pantomimes, and one of the best Harlequins in Wales or the west of England. Coming closer to the point of our anxiety, she let us know that Mr. Kean gave lessons in fencing, and also in boxing—that he was married to a Waterford lady, supporting himself, his wife, and child, and carefully filling all the parts herein detailed, for a salary of a guinea and a half a week.

Such, at the period I mention, was the situation of the great tragedian

who was soon to produce a sensation in London, unparalleled since Garrick electrified the town on the boards of Goodman's Fields. Kean was at this time attached to the Swansea Company, which regularly crossed the Channel to perform in Waterford for two or three months each year. It was under the management of old Cherry, author of "The Soldier's Daughter," who, on the night I first saw Kean, played Polonius to his Hamlet; while one of the minor parts (Rosencrantz or Guildenstern) was filled by James Sheridan Knowles, the now celebrated dramatist. I remember Mr. Knowles at that time publishing a little volume of poems by subscription, and my adding my name to the list of five-shilling patrons to this attempt, which contained some very pretty things, and one rather long piece called "The Smuggler," which was extremely spirited. But had Shakspeare himself published in our days, in the character of a poor player, and by *subscription*, I doubt if his best play would have produced him salt to his porridge.

My companion and myself sought out Kean without loss of time; and we soon arranged with him hours for fencing-matches at our respective barrack-rooms. But though we managed that he should not quite lose his labour, his visits were not made in the capacity of master, for we were either of us quite a match for him.

Nothing could exceed Kean's good conduct and unassuming manners during some weeks that I knew him in this way. Several of the officers of the garrison met him with us on these occasions, and a strong interest was excited for him. He owed to this cause, I believe, rather than to any just appreciation of his professional merit, a good benefit, and some private kindnesses. But when I look back to that period, in which his talent was certainly as matured as in two or three years later, I cannot bring myself to believe that he *played* so well then as when he filled me with such delight on the boards of old Drury. A man of his vigorous genius required excitement to bring it into full play. His bold conceptions and original style must have wanted, even to himself, some stronger test than his own judgment, displayed as they were in the confined sphere of little country theatres. And all that has since been received with such enthusiasm must then have been considered at the best as doubtful and obscure. Kean was decidedly considered far superior to his immediate associates, or to strolling players generally, in the common acceptance of the term. But he might have gone on, perhaps, to the present time, as the hero of such companies as old Cherry's, had not one chance critic, Dr. Drury, of Harrow, possessed discrimination enough to feel his merit, and influence sufficient to bring it into notice.

The last thing I recollect of Kean in Waterford was the performance for his benefit. The play was Hannah More's tragedy of "Percy," in which he, of course, played the hero. Elwina was played by Mrs. Kean, "her first (and I am pretty sure her last) appearance on any stage." Nothing could be more *médiocre* than her performance; yet she was applauded to her heart's content. Kean was so popular, both as an actor and from the excellent character he bore, that the audience thought less of the actress's demerits than of the husband's feelings. And besides this, the *débutante* had many personal friends in her native city, and among the gentry of the neighbourhood, for she had been governess to the children of a lady of large fortune, who used all her influence at this benefit. After the tragedy, Kean gave a specimen of tight-rope danc-

ing, and another of sparring, with a professional pugilist. He then played the leading part in a musical interlude; and finished with Chimpanzee, or some such name, the monkey in the melodramatic pantomime of "La Perouse;" and in this *character* he showed agility scarcely surpassed by Mazurier or Gouffe, and touches of deep tragedy in the monkey's death-scene, which made the whole audience shed tears.

A few years afterwards I happened to be in London; and Kean was then in the very height of his reputation, for he was firmly established, having triumphed over the envious, or conscientious, opposition of the Kemble school, and stood his ground against the more perilous risk of public caprice. I had heard of his great success in the capital, and had followed the accounts of his various performances with much interest. I was curious also to form a judgment of the man's real character, in this intoxicating state of triumph and celebrity. I therefore determined to call on him, and repaired one morning to his house, in Clarges Street, Piccadilly. I had no sooner sent up my card than the servant came quickly down stairs again to the parlour, requesting I would walk up to the drawing-room; and before I could reach the stairs, Kean himself had sprung half way down them, to greet me with the most cordial welcome. Had he received the visit of a powerful patron or generous benefactor, he could not, or at least need not, have shown more gratitude than he evinced at the recollection of my slight services, in passing some tickets for his *Chimpanzee* benefit, so long before.

I consider this trait in Kean's conduct a fair test of his character. It was thoroughly disinterested; and was not a mere burst of good feeling, nor a display of ostentation—for these would have been sufficiently satisfied with a momentary expression. But his whole behaviour, during a couple of months that I remained in London at that time, the spring of 1816, was a continuance of friendly attentions. I dined with him frequently, and met at his house much good company. Persons of very high respectability, and many of them of rank, were among his constant guests. His dinners were excellent, but his style of home living did not appear extravagant; and the evening parties were extremely pleasant, with a great deal of good music.

Kean himself sang very agreeably, though without science. But he was an excellent mimic, not only in burlesque imitation of such vocalists as Incledon, Michael Kelly, and others, but of a good style of singing, apart from individual peculiarities. I do not recollect to have met with any man professionally *literary* on these occasions. Miss Plumtree, the translator of some of Kotzebue's plays, and of a Tour in Ireland, of which Kean was the main subject, was of all these parties, and seemed almost domiciliated in the family. Nothing could be more friendly or hospitable than the conduct of the worthy hostess, whom I had never formerly seen but in her solitary exhibition at Waterford. She was, in her own house, and surrounded by every thing that might dazzle the mind's eye, and dizzy the brain of almost any one, a fair specimen of natural character. Her head was evidently turned by all her husband's fame and her own finery; and their combined consequences were visibly portrayed in her looks, and bodied forth with exquisite *naïveté*. But there was withal a shrewdness, an offhandedness, and tact quite Irish; and, what was still more so, a warm-hearted and overflowing recognizance of ever so trivial a kindness, or tribute of admiration, offered to "Edmund"

before he became "a great man." I was consequently a favourite with her; and I retain a strong recollection of her kindness.

During this period of frequent intercourse I often went to the theatre with Kean, and was introduced by him to the green-room, and to several of the principal actors. But I do not remember to have ever seen more than one or two of them at his house; and I was only once in his company at a tavern, and that by accident, though I knew he was in the constant habit of repairing to some one or other to pass the night, after a most pleasant party at home had broken up, or he had retired from an overflowing theatre, panting with the still felt excitement of his splendid acting. On the occasion to which I allude, I had invited him to dine with me at the Sablonière Hotel, in Leicester-square. I promised him a snug dinner and a quiet party; and I accordingly had but two others to meet him: one an old Etonian of Kean's own standing, afterwards a clergyman, whose poetical talents were beginning to be well-known; the other, a gentleman, a friend of the latter, who had considerable powers of imitation, and, among other specimens, was fond of giving some of Kean himself.

He was very punctual to the hour, six o'clock if I rightly remember. His carriage drove up to the door, and he stepped out of it, in full dress, a silk-lined coat, white breeches, buckles in his shoes, &c. He apologized for coming in so flashy a style to a simple bachelor's dinner, saying, that he must leave me as early as nine to attend a party where he was particularly expected. When that hour arrived we none of us thought of breaking up. The dinner had gone off well; and some excellent wine marvellously aided in keeping up the sociability of the evening. The valuable horses were kept waiting somewhat unmercifully, and messenger after messenger came in search of my unpunctual guest only to be treated with the same neglect as their predecessors. At length, as the clock struck midnight, Kean said it was impossible for him "to break his engagement;" and he proposed that my friends and I should accompany him. We were all four very much under the influence of each other's example; and no objection was made by the invited to a proposition which was scarcely comprehended.

We all squeezed as well as we could into Kean's chariot, which waited at the door, and away we went, not knowing or caring in what direction. After a short time, and a furious drive, the carriage stopped at the head of a very narrow passage. We got out without any order of precedence, and followed our leader, with considerable assistance from the walls of the passage, against which we

"Went knicketty knock,
Like pebbles in Carisbrook Well."

We arrived at an open door, evidently that of a tavern or hotel from the bustling welcome awarded to Roscius and to us, who followed him, by the self-announcing landlord, and half a score of waiters, women, and attendant gazers, who all struggled for a look at "the great man." He staggered rapidly up stairs, and we three after him; and he, to the apparent horror of several of the waiters and others, dashed at once at the large folding doors of the first-floor apartment, and in we all rushed into a room where there were assembled full sixty persons at a long supper table. A shout of applause hailed Kean as he entered; but when we popped in after him, a loud murmur of disapprobation was

raised. A hustling sort of expostulation and explanation ensued; which terminated in our being obliged to withdraw, along with Kean and four or five of the party, into an adjoining room, where we were made to comprehend the outrageous violation committed by this grand master of the association against the rigid law, of which he was the founder, that no stranger could be admitted into the society without a formal introduction, and a regular accordance to its sacred regulations.

In short, we each entered our name in an expansive register, got a printed card in return, paid two or three pounds for fees, took a mock oath, blindfolded, on an old book of ballads, and were then announced as members, in due form, of the notorious association, or club, or fraternity, called collectively "The Wolves."

Among the three-score persons composing this assembly I did not recognize a face, with but one exception, and that in the person of a comedian named Oxberry, at whose performance of Justice Greedy, in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," I had heartily laughed a few nights before. I had no notion of what sort of company I was in. Indeed I had no clear conception of anything but lights, looking-glasses, bottles, and decanters. I remember that Kean, from the head of the table which had been reserved for him, stammered a speech in return for his health being drunk; and that I, and my two brother novices who sat beside me, laughed in such immoderate ill-breeding at the whole adventure, that we soon became ashamed of ourselves, and by a simultaneous movement left the room.

When I heard next morning some particulars about "The Wolves," and that the place of their orgies was a tavern off the Strand, called "the Coal-Hole," I was thoroughly out of conceit with my friend Kean's convivial pursuits. I, however, gave him full credit for his unwillingness to tell the sort of place he was about to introduce me to; and, as if by tacit consent, we neither of us ever mentioned it to the other afterwards.

It was at this period that I was initiated by Kean into another species of society, to know something of which I had a great curiosity. I remembered the advice given in one of Lord Bacon's essays to "see and observe in great cities, triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and *such shows*;" and I thought that a boxing-match, or prize-fight, came fairly into the *et cæteras*. I therefore expressed a wish to Kean to be present at one of these exhibitions; and an opportunity soon offered. He was in high reputation with "the fancy," as one of its most liberal patrons, and a distinguished amateur. I frequently saw at his house some of its chief professors, Mendoza, Richmond the Black, and others, with whom he used to have sparring bouts in his dining parlour. He had early intimation of all the fights to come, and was, I believe, an attendant at most of them. The battle which he took me to see was between a man named Curtis (afterwards killed in another of those encounters) and one who bore the *sobriquet* of "West Country Dick." The place of action was close to a village about ten miles from town on the western road. We rode there together, I being mounted on one of Kean's handsome and spirited horses. Great honours were paid to him on the field, of which I, as his friend, partook. We were admitted within the ring close to the combatants, before the fight began; and a number of introductions took place between

Kean, myself, and the titled and untitled patricians and plebeians who composed the motley throng. To say nothing of the former, I was presented in form to Mister Jackson, to Cribb, Oliver, Scroggins, and others.

I do not mean to describe the battle: suffice it to say, it greatly excited me, and I by no means felt the disgust I had anticipated. I was neither assaulted nor insulted; nor was my pocket picked; nor did I encounter any of the mishaps commonly incidental to so blackguard a combination. I returned to town well satisfied with this Midsummer day's entertainment, but have never, from that day to this, repeated the experiment.

On my next visit to London the year following, (1817,) I found Kean just as I left him when I quitted England for France after the circumstances above stated. He was going on in the same apparent round of home respectability and, no doubt, of tavern dissipation. I dined several times at his house. I there met, as usual, extremely good company. But Miss Plumtree, Miss Spence, a novelist, Miss Benger, a woman of higher talents, and Captain Glascock, author of "The Naval Sketch Book," were the only persons then or since connected with literature whom I recollect to have seen at these parties. Kean's associates were not certainly *hommes de lettres*. I never dreamt at the time of being classed among the tribe. His wife liked to have people of *ton*, and, when she could, of title, at her house. He seemed to endure, rather than take pride in them; and always behaved with great decorum and good manners. But when the company took leave, and he was free, his hours of enjoyment began; and I fancy he often slept from home.

Among the dinner company, Alderman and Mrs. Cox always had a place. She was so little remarkable in any way that I can scarcely remember her appearance. She had nothing attractive about her, certainly, either as to person or manners.

It was now that I began to perceive in Kean (what had not, perhaps, become established during my former visit to London) an evident affectation of singularity, an overstrained boldness of demeanour, a rage for being conspicuous, not merely as an actor, but as a man. He was still much sought after by the aristocracy, who were proud of showing such a "lion" in their social menageries. He made it a boast that he refused their invitations, and despised their patronage; and that he knew they meant him no honour by those distinctions, which were only so many negative tributes offered to their own importance.

There was, no doubt, much truth in this. The theory was good. The vice consisted in Kean's method of acting on it. There is a wide line between the servility to rank which degrades too many men of talent in England, and the fierce contempt of it assumed by some few others. It requires but small intellect to see through the general motives of aristocratical patronage; but much tact and knowledge of life are essential to hold it at its just value, and turn it to real account. Kean, from the circumstances of his whole career until this period, had not opportunity of acquiring such knowledge; and nature had not given him that *prompt sentiment des convenances* which some French writer considers the great test of genius.

Kean thought that as he would not fawn upon title, he must necessarily shun every one who was "a lord" merely because he *was* one. His impatient vanity made him see but himself alone in the large com-

panies, where he was, no doubt, an attractive object; and he took alarm at being exhibited as a show. He did not appreciate the advantages which a man less self-enamoured finds in the mansions of the great, those shrines of the glorious works of art, those arenas where the collision of learning, taste, and talent brings forth a galaxy of brilliant things not to be met with elsewhere. If this atmosphere occasionally intoxicates those who are not born in it, it is a tribute paid by Nature to civilization: but he who sacrifices his independence to exist in it *on sufferance* would be more respectable, though less refined, had he lived obscure, and died in his native sphere, be that ever so lowly.

Kean grew angry at the haughty condescension lavished on him by his noble entertainers. A man of more sense, or one better bred, would have admitted and smiled at it. If a portion of the English nobility fancy themselves formed of a different clay, or breathed into by a purer essence, than the class just below it in the social scale, it is chiefly from the adoration offered to it by that very class. Who can blame the aristocracy, which, seeing the servility, contemns the sycophants? To one who has lived much abroad, and known society in an aspect of rational and graduated equality (so to express it), the "exclusive" arrogance at home is more melancholy than irritating. The "fantastic tricks" played, at a crisis like this, may be indeed wept at, both by angels and men, in pity for the death-struggle in which they originate.

Kean had not the discrimination to distinguish, perhaps not the good luck to meet with, any of the delightful exceptions to the general rule. The only "lord" he could tolerate was Lord Byron,—a fatal fancy on his part, if, as I have reason to think, the example of the poet influenced most banefully the conduct of the actor. That Byron himself was discontented with *his* greatness is very certain,—a humiliating caprice of Nature. Unsatisfied with celebrity almost unbounded, he panted for distinction of a far less noble kind. Sated with admiration, he longed to excite wonder. Fame was not enough for him; his ambition was too big for the sphere assigned him by fate. In forcing it beyond that, the recoil was a death-stroke to both his reputation and his happiness.

Who will refuse to see an analogy in character between Byron and his avowed archetype, Buonaparte? It must be sympathy which leads to imitation. And what Byron was to Buonaparte, Kean most assuredly was to Byron. My readers must not be startled by the *rapprochement*, nor think that the greatest conqueror of the age is degraded by forming one in the trinity of fame with the greatest poet and the greatest actor. And, after all, which was most a stage-player of the three? Was not the political world the great theatre of Napoleon's deeds—the social world of Byron's doings? Did not both act a part from first to last? and was not Kean more an actor in the broad gaze of London life than on the narrow boards of Drury Lane? The generic signs of genius were common to them all; and they were undoubtedly of the same species of mind. Had their relative positions been reversed, their individual career had most probably been the same, or nearly so. Reckless, restless, adventurous, intemperate; brain-fevered by success, desperate in reverse; seeking to outdo their own destiny for good; and rushing upon dangers and difficulties, which they delighted first to make, and then to plunge within.

Napoleon in Egypt, Byron in Greece, Kean in Canada,—each at the head of his wild and half-savage tribe,—present analogies which the shades of the sceptered soldier and the laurelled lord must not take fright at. They were each, on their several stages, acting the self-same part—straining for the world's applause, not labouring for their own delight; and though there was more greatness in the one instance, and more glory in the other, the inspiration was, perhaps, precisely similar in all. The grand distinction in favour of Napoleon was, all through, not that he was an emperor, but that he was an original. Byron was an extravagant copy; Kean an absurd one.

But if we take the closing scenes of the three,—St. Helena, Missolonghi, Richmond; and it requires no overstretch of fancy to trace the parallel,—Kean had the great advantage, in the assuaging farewell of an only child, and the embraces of an injured but relenting wife, from which latter the premature death of *his* had debarred Napoleon, and which distance alone (let us hope) denied to Byron.

Even though Kean, in the early summer of his celebrity, rejected with violent (and also, be it allowed, with vulgar) scorn the proffered society of the great, he might wisely, at this epoch, have retired into the simple range of the middle classes, with the respectable reserve of a Kemble, a Young, or a Macready. He might, like them, have been an honour to his profession, the founder of his family's fortune; and to-day, and for many days to come, alive, and well, and happy. But he had been inoculated with the rage for notoriety; and *that* he was resolved to obtain, even at the price of ruin—and to seek, even in the depths of disrepute.

What were the particulars of his conduct at this time I had no opportunities of learning, and no desire to learn. I was sorry to see him so evidently drop off from his more respectable connexions. The “evil days” on which he fell I was soon out of the way of knowing the details of; but I heard much of his extravagance,—his feats of horsemanship and boatmanship—wonderful journeys and rowing-matches—freaks of unseemly presumption with regard to authors—affairs of gallantry—Thames prize-wherries—a tame lion—and a secretary. By the aid of many a foolish accessory, poor Kean was gaining his object and wasting his means; filling the penny trumpet of an ignoble fame; squandering the fine revenue arising from his professional receipts; and losing, one by one, his grieved supporters, who clung to him long, in spite of the frantic obstinacy with which he tore himself away. And all this I maintain to have been foreign from the ruling tendencies of his mind. Early impressions may perhaps have deceived me; but I can never forget the modest, unassuming demeanour, and the respectable and industrious conduct of Kean, when I first knew him, before false taste and a bad example taught him an unreal estimate of renown.

* * * * *

And now the public began to grow discontented with the notoriously libertine life which Kean led. He had never, I believe, yet disappointed a London audience, but on one occasion. The circumstances of this one he often related to me. He had gone to dine somewhere about ten miles from town with some old friends of early days, players, of course, fully intending to be at the theatre in time for the evening's perform-

ance. But temptation and the bottle were too strong for him; he outstayed his time, got drunk, and lost all recollection of Shakspeare, Shylock, Drury Lane, and the duties they entailed on him. His friends, frightened at the indiscretion they had caused, despatched Kean's servant, with his empty chariot, and a well-framed story, that the horses had been frightened, near the village where Kean had dined, at a flock of geese by the road-side; that the carriage was upset, and the unfortunate tragedian's shoulder dislocated. This story was repeated from the stage by the manager; and the rising indignation of the audience (who had suffered the entertainments to be commenced by the farce) was instantly calmed down into commiseration and regret.

The following morning Kean was shocked and bewildered at discovering the truth of his situation. But how must his embarrassment have been increased on learning that several gentlemen had already arrived from town to make anxious inquiries for him? He jumped out of bed, and, to his infinite affright, he saw, amongst the carriages, those of Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Whitbread, and others of his leading friends, whose regard for him brought them to see into his situation in person. Luckily for him, his old associates, the actors, had, with great presence of mind and practised effrontery, carried on the deception of the preceding night. The village apothecary lent himself to it, and, with a grave countenance, confirmed the report; and Kean himself was obliged to become a party, *nolens volens*, in the hoax. His chamber was accordingly darkened, his face *whitened*, his arm bandaged. A few of the most distinguished inquirers were admitted to his bed-side: no one discovered the cheat; and, to crown it completely, he appeared, in an incredibly short time, on the boards of old Drury again, the public being carefully informed that his respect and gratitude towards them urged him to risk the exertion, notwithstanding his imperfect convalescence, and to go through the arduous parts of Richard, Macbeth, and Othello, on three successive nights, with his arm in a sling!

This circumstance occurred before I renewed my acquaintance with Kean in London, in 1817; but he could not so successfully conceal the open irregularities of his life. His professional reputation remained long at its great elevation; but his moral fame was fast sinking. He, by degrees, disgusted those who had been his firmest upholders; he dropped, little by little, out of the best society; and I believe it was only at his own house, where several persons of great respectability continued to visit, that he saw any company but the dissipated dregs of "Life in London."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FACTORY.

VOICE of humanity ! whose stirring cry
 Searches our bosom's depths for a reply,
 Long hast thou echoed from the distant wave
 The faint heard moaning of the shackled slave ;
 But England claims her turn,—afraid to roam,
 Our hearts turn sadly to the woes of home.
 Know ye the spot where sickly toil abides,
 And penury its load of sorrow hides ?
 Go, watch within, and learn—oh ! fond to blame—
 How much of slavery is in the *name* !
 There, starting from its pain'd and restless sleep,
 The orphan rises up to work and weep—
 Waits without hope the morning's tardy ray,
 And still with languid labour ends the day.
 There, the worn body dulls the glimmering sense
 And childhood hath not childhood's innocence,
 And on the virgin brow of young sixteen
 Hard wrinkling lines and haggard woe are seen ;
 Sullen and fearless, prematurely old,
 Dull, sallow, stupid, hardened, bad, and bold,
 With sunken cheek and eyes with watching dim,
 With saddened heart and nerveless feeble limb,
 They meet your gaze of sorrowful surprise
 With a pale stare, half misery, half vice.
 The day is done—the weary sun hath set—
 But *there* no slumber bids their hearts forget ;
 Still the quick wheel in whirring circles turns—
 Still the pale wretch his hard won penny earns—
 And choked with dust, and deafened with the noise,
 Scarce heeds or feels what toil his hand employs !
 Pent in the confines of one narrow room,
 There the sick weaver plies the incessant loom ;
 Crosses in silence the perplexing thread,
 And droops complainingly his cheerless head.
 Little they think who wear the rustling train,
 Or choose the shining satin—idly vain,
 Fair lovers of the sunshine and the breeze,
 Whose fluttering robes glide through the shadowy trees—
 What aching hearts, what dull and heavy eyes,
 Have watch'd the mingling of those hundred dyes,
 Nor by what nerveless, thin, and trembling hands,
 Those robes were wrought to luxury's commands :
 But the day cometh when the tired shall rest,
 And placid slumber soothe the orphan's breast—
 When childhood's laugh shall echo through the room
 And sunshine tasted, cheer the long day's gloom ;
 When the free limbs shall bear them glad along,
 And their young lips break forth in sudden song ;
 When the long toil which weigh'd their hearts is o'er,
 And English slavery shall vex no more !

C. E. N.

DICK DOLEFUL.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

IT was to the late Captain Chronic, R.N., I am indebted for the pleasure of being but very slightly acquainted with Richard Doleful, Esquire. The father of Dick had, during the Captain's long and frequent absences on service, acted as his agent and factotum: receiving his pay and his prize-money, managing his disbursements, and investing the annual surplus to the best advantage; and I incline to attribute to old Chronic's kindly and grateful remembrance of the father, rather than to any personal regard for the son, his tolerance of the latter as the almost daily visitor at his house. Dick's "*good* friends" are "sorry to admit" that there are many bad points about him; his "*best* friends" compassionate him into the possession of ten times more: hence it may be inferred that Dick, upon the whole, is a much better person than the best of his friends. Yet even I, who do not presume to be his friend, consequently have no motive for speaking in his disparagement, must allow him to be a very unpleasant fellow. Now, as the term "unpleasant fellow" may be variously interpreted, I would have it distinctly understood that I do not mean to accuse him of ever having thrashed his grandmother, or kicked his father down stairs, or poisoned a child, or set fire to a barn, or burked a female young, beautiful, and virtuous, or encouraged an organ-grinder or a Scotch bagpiper to make a hideous noise under his window, or, in short, of any enormous wickedness; I mean—and whether his case may be rendered better or worse by the explanation, must depend upon individual taste—I mean only that he is *a bore*.

For the last three years of his life, the Captain, whose health was gradually declining under the effects of an uncured and incurable wound in the side, had scarcely ever quitted his house; and for a considerable portion of that period he was unable, without assistance, to move from his sofa. In addition to his sufferings from his glorious wound, he was subject to the occasional attacks of inglorious gout, and of three visits a day from Dick Doleful. Under such a complication of ailments, his case, both by his friends and his physicians, had long been considered hopeless. Indeed the Captain himself seemed aware of the fatal character of the last-named malady; and more than once expressed an opinion, that if he could be relieved from *that*, he had strength and stamina sufficient to conquer the others. I paid him a visit one day, and entered his room just as Mr. Doleful was leaving it. Doleful sighed audibly, shook his head, muttered "Our poor dear friend!" and withdrew. This, from any other person, I should have construed into a hint that our "poor dear friend" was at his last gasp; but being acquainted with Mr. Doleful's ways, I approached the Captain as usual, shook his hand cordially, and, in a cheerful tone, inquired how he was getting on.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said he, at the same time slowly lifting his head from the sofa-cushion, "I'm glad to see *you*; it does me good; you ask me how I do, and you look, and you speak as if you thought there was some life in me. But that Mr. Doleful—! Here he comes, Sir, three times a day; walks into the room on tiptoe, as if he thought I hadn't nerve to bear the creaking of a shoe; touches the tip of one of

my fingers as if a cordial grasp would shatter me to atoms; and says, 'Well, how d'ye do *now*, Captain?' with *such* a look, and in *such* a tone—! it always sounds to my ears, 'What! ar'n't you dead *yet*, Captain?' Then he sits down in that chair; speaks three words in two hours, and that in a whisper; pulls a long face; squeezes out a tear—his dismal undertaker-countenance lowering over me all the while! I'm not a nervous man, but—"; and here he rose from his sofa, struck a blow on a table which made every article upon it spin, and roared out in a voice loud enough to be heard from stem to stern of his old seventy-four, the Thunderer:—"I'm not a nervous man; but d—n *me* if he doesn't sometimes make me fancy I'm riding in a hearse to my own funeral, with him following as chief mourner. I shall die of him one of these days," added he emphatically, "*I know I shall.*"

"He is not exactly the companion for an invalid," said I: "the cheerful address of a friend, and his assuring smile, are important auxiliaries to the labours of the physician; whilst, on the contrary, the——"

"Aye, aye; the *bore* of such visits as his! They would make a sound man sick, and hasten a sick man to the grave. And, then, that face of his! I couldn't help saying to him the other day, that when I shot away the figure-head of the French frigate, *La Larmoyeuse*, I should have liked to have his to stick up in its place."

"It is evident his visits are irksome and injurious to you. Why, then, do you encourage them?"

"I don't encourage them, and if he had any feeling he would perceive I don't; but *bores* have no feeling. Besides, I can't altogether help myself. His father was useful to me; he managed my money-matters at home when I was afloat—a kind of work I never could have done for myself—and so well, too, that I consider my present independence as of his creating. Remembering this, I could not decently toss the son out of window, do you think I could? Eh?"

My honest opinion upon the matter being one which might have put the Captain to some trouble at his next interview with the gentleman in question, I suppressed it, and merely observed, "Mr. Doleful has told me how useful his father was to you."

"Aye, and so he tells everybody, and so he reminds me as often as I see him, and *that's* a bore. Now, I am not an ungrateful man, and am as little likely as any one to forget a friend, or a friend's son; but every time this king of the Dismals reminds me of my obligation, I consider the debt of gratitude as somewhat diminished: so that if I live much longer, the score will be entirely rubbed out, and then, d—n *me*, but I *will* toss him out of window."

After a momentary pause the Captain resumed:—

"Then, there's another bore of his. We take physic because we are obliged to take it; it isn't that we like it, you know; nobody does, that ever I heard of. Now, he fancies that I can't relish my medicine from any hands but his, and he *will* stand by whilst I take my pills, and my draughts, and my powders. Ipecacuanha and Dick Doleful! Faugh! two doses at once! Will you believe it, my dear fellow? the two ideas are so connected in my mind that I never see physic without thinking of Dick Doleful, nor Dick Doleful without thinking of physic. I must own I don't like him the better for it, and that he might perceive. But, as I said before, bores have no feeling—they have no perceptions—they

have no one faculty in nature but the faculty of boring the very soul out of your body."

Seeing me take a book from amongst several which lay on the table, he continued: "Aye; there's Mr. Dick again! I send him to get books to amuse me, and that's what he brings. Pretty lively reading for a sick man, eh? Nice things to keep up one's drooping spirits? There's 'Reflections on Death,' Dodd's 'Prison Thoughts,' the 'Death-bed Companion,' 'Hell: a Vision.' I must have a fine natural constitution to live through all this!"

I took my leave of the invalid, and, at the street-door, met Dr. Druggem, his physician, and his surgeon, Sir Slashley Cutmore, who were about to visit him. I mentioned that I had just left their patient, suffering under considerable irritation, caused by the unwelcome interference of Doleful; and ventured to express an opinion that a hint ought to be given to the latter, of the desirableness of diminishing both the length and the frequency of his visits to the Captain.

"Hint, Sir?" said Druggem; "a hint won't do. Slight aperients will have no effect in this case: I am for administering a powerful cathartic:—this Mr. Doleful must be carried off at once—forbid the house, Sir."

"I am quite of Dr. Druggem's opinion," said Sir Slashley; "the Captain must instantly submit to the operation; he must consent to the immediate amputation of that Mr. Doleful, or I'll not answer for his life a week."

The next day Mr. Doleful favoured me with a visit.

"I call," said he, "to lament with you the unhappy state of our poor dear friend," and he burst into a tear.

Now, as I knew that the state of "our poor dear friend" was no worse then than the day before, I interrupted his pathetics, by telling him that I was not in a lamenting mood; and, rather unceremoniously, added that it was the opinion of his medical advisers, that the state of "our poor dear friend" might be considerably improved if he, Mr. Doleful, would be less frequent in his visits, and if, when he did call upon "our poor dear friend," he would assume a livelier countenance.

"Well!—Bless my soul! this is unexpected—very unexpected. I—! Me—! The son of his friend—his best friend! Why—though I say it, had it not been for my poor departed father—[And here he burst into another tear—] I say, had it not been for my poor father, the Captain might, at this moment, have been—Well; no matter—but Me!—how very odd! I, who sacrifice myself for the poor dear sufferer! with him, morning, noon, and night, though it afflicts me to see him—as he must perceive: he *must* observe how I grieve at his sufferings—he *must* notice how much I feel for him. Why, dear me! What interest can I have in devoting myself to him? Thank Heaven I AM NOT A LEGACY-HUNTER."

This voluntary and uncalled-for abnegation of a dirty motive, placed Mr. Doleful before me in a new light. Till that moment the suspicion of his being incited by any prospect of gain to bore "our poor dear friend" to death, had never entered my mind.

Captain Chronic lived on for a twelvemonth, during the whole of which, excepting the very last week, Dick Doleful, spite of remonstrance and entreaty, continued to inflict upon him his three visits *per diem*. A week before his death, the Captain, who till then had occupied a

sofa, took to his bed; and feeling his case to be hopeless, and conscious that he had not many days to live, he desired that his only two relations, a nephew and a niece, might be sent for; and that *they alone* should attend him to the last. Dick, greatly to his astonishment, thus excluded from the bed-chamber, still continued his daily three visits to the drawing-room. Upon the last of these occasions, so vehemently did he insist upon seeing his "poor dear friend;" that, without asking the Captain's permission, he was allowed to enter his bed-room. The opening of the door awoke the Captain from a gentle slumber into which he had just before fallen. Perceiving Dick, he uttered a faint groan. Dick approached the bed-side, as usual on tip-toe; as usual he softly pressed the tip of the Captain's fore-finger; squeezed out the usual tribute of one tear; and with the usual undertaker look, and in the usual dismal tone, he said, "Well, how d'ye do *now*, Captain?" The Captain faintly articulated, "Dick, Dick, you've done it at last!" fell back upon his pillow, and expired!

At about ten o'clock on the same morning, Dick Doleful, looking very like an undertaker's mute, called upon me. He was dressed in black and had a deep crape round his hat. "The dear departed!" was all he uttered.

"Is it all over with the poor Captain, Mr. Doleful?"

"He's gone! Thank heaven I was with the dear departed at his last moments. If ever there was an angel upon earth ——! so good, so kind, so honourable, so everything a man ought to be. Thank heaven I did *my* duty towards the dear departed. This loss will be the death of me. I haven't the heart to say more to you; besides, the will of the dear departed will be opened at twelve, and it is proper that some disinterested friend should be present at the reading. Good morning. Oh! the dear departed! But he's gone where he will get his deserts."

At about two o'clock Mr. Doleful was again announced. I observed that his hat was dismantled of the ensign of mourning, which it had so ostentatiously exhibited but a few hours before. He took a seat, remained silent for several minutes, and then burst into a flood of real, legitimate tears.

"Be composed, my dear Sir," said I; "recollect your grief is unavailing; it will not recal to life the dear departed."

"The departed be d—d!" exclaimed he, starting in a rage from his chair. "Thank heaven I am not a legacy-hunter, nevertheless I *did* expect —— You know what I did for the old scoundrel, *you* know what time I sacrificed to him, *you* know how I have watched the hour and minute for giving the old rascal his filthy physic, and yet ——! I repeat it, I am not a legacy-hunter; but I put it to you, Sir, as a man of sense, as a man of the world, as a man of honour, hadn't I a right to expect, a *perfect* right to expect —— What should *you* have thought, Sir? I merely ask how much should *you* have thought?"

"Why, perhaps, a thousand pounds."

"Of course—to be sure—I am anything but an interested man; and had he left me *that*, I should have been satisfied."

"How much, then, *has* he left you?"

"Guess—I only say do *you* guess."

"Well—five hundred?"

"Why, even *that* would have served as a token of his gratitude; it isn't as money I should have valued it: or had he left me fifty pounds

for mourning, why even *that* ——— or five pounds for a ring, even *that* would have been better than ——— But, Sir, you won't believe it; you *can't* believe it: the old villain is gone out of the world without leaving me a farthing! But 'I am not disappointed, for I always knew the man. So selfish, so unkind, so hard-hearted, so ungrateful, so dishonourable, so wicked an old scoundrel —! If ever there was a devil incarnate, take my word for it he was one. But he's gone where he will get his deserts.'" And, so saying, *Exit* Dick Doleful.

It is but justice to the memory of the Captain to state, that in the body of his will there had stood a clause to this effect: "To Richard Doleful, Esq., in testimony of my grateful remembrance of the services rendered me by his late father, I bequeath One Thousand Pounds." By a codicil of later date, this bequest was reduced to five hundred; by a third, to eight hundred; and so on, by others, till it was reduced to—nothing. Thus had poor Dick Doleful bored his friend out of his life, and himself out of a legacy. P*

CHESS.

SOME pique themselves on discernment of character by physiognomy, some look to configuration of brain, while others augur from hand-writing; this species of divination, however, being mainly monopolized by the feminine gender. As to ourselves, we hold to chess-playing. We calculate upon prognosticating more of character, intellect, and predominating passions by playing with a man at chess, than by all the instructions of Lavater, Spurzheim, and Deville, put together. It is the "speaking grammar" of the human heart. It approaches nearest to what a fanciful man is said to have once desired, that men's hearts were cased in glass, so that each might peer into the innermost recesses of his neighbour's soul. It is an illustration of the celebrated *Novum Organum*; you deduce causes from their effects after the manner of the Baconian philosophy, and a knowledge of those causes is a knowledge of the man; and whereas success in generalization depends on the accuracy of individual experiments, so a correct knowledge of individual character is essential to true knowledge of the world.

This new system of notation is to the moral world what the discovery of fluxions, in their facilitation of calculation, was to the mathematical. From the incalculable advantages derivable from chess as a test of character, we may not unreasonably surmise that a certain proficiency in this science will form, ere long, an indispensable qualification for all ambassadors to foreign courts, law officers, post-masters and police superintendents; while we confidently anticipate the happiest results from the application of the same test in naval and military promotions. Domestic life might at the same time participate in the general benefits. Preliminary matrimonial calculations or courtships might on this plan be conducted, if not with greater satisfaction, at least with more certainty of a desirable finale, and many a heart might flutter on unbroken.

For the present we attempt only a general outline, reserving our more elaborate treatise for a neat little pocket 12mo,—having been prevented accepting an offer made us to concentrate our remarks in a review of Mr. Lewis's two last admirable octavos in the Quarterly, by the annexation

to the offer of a condition our indomitable spirit (unlike some others, we opine) utterly abhors, that of intersprinkling our literary and philosophical lucubrations with political allusions.—*Respondeat superior.*

Attend then to the following rules:—

In sitting down to play, take notice how far your adversary troubles himself about arranging the board and men, or whether he obtrudes all the preliminary settlement upon yourself. If the latter, and if he makes you set a good part of his own men for him, you may be sure he reckons himself something too good for you, and stands high in his own esteem. At Cambridge we called such a man *bumptious*. It attends him in all his actions through life.—“*L'âme n'a pas de secret que la conduite ne révèle. L'amour propre est le plus grand de tous les flatteurs.*”

Some players move very quick, not only at the commencement of the game, but all through it. They sometimes make good moves, but always many blunders. The most critical situations alike with the easiest command only a momentary regard and pass half-examined. Such men are clever, and get on in the world by pure luck—rash in enterprise, uncertain in execution. Avoid much dealing with them. Of high mettle, impatient of control, and reckless of consequences, they will bring you into trouble. The quickest player we ever met with was a Spanish refugee. All Spaniards play quick. Their national character is impetuosity. “*Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait.*”

If an adversary, to whom you know yourself to be greatly superior, refuses to take odds in playing with you, and yet does not scruple to be perpetually taking back moves when he leaves a piece “*en prise*,” set him down for a good-for-nothing, shuffling fellow. He has a mean heart. He will retail wise men's sayings as his own: he will be a downright plagiarist, cut a dash on borrowed finances, or exemplify what is termed the shabby genteel. Have no concern with him. *L'orgueil ne veut pas devoir, et l'amour propre ne veut pas payer.*—*Rochefoucault.*

A chess-player always opening his game when he has the attack, on the queen's side, may be generally set down as a stupid fellow, of paucity of ideas, and small inventive resources,—a bad companion,—his temperament nervous, and political creed conservative. Many old bachelors adopt this opening, but by no means exclusively. *Il n'a pas inventé la poudre.*—Old proverb.

If your antagonist on being checkmated, or receiving unawares any decisive blow, takes the liberty of giving the chess-table a somerset, and inflicts a general dispersion on the men; discuss not with such a man politics, religion, or the fair sex, lest you die by the hand of a duellist. *Genus irritabile.*

An artful chess-player, ever and anon tempting you by exposure of pieces to gain his end, perpetually endeavouring to blockade your pieces, and aiming at double checks and checks by discovery, will not be unmindful of the stratagems of chess in the game of life. *Bon avocat, mauvais voisin.*

If your adversary plays well, in the attack, the king's *gambit*; is nothing disconcerted though skilfully opposed; deep in his plans, decisive in execution, and keeping you from first to last in unbroken turmoil by the dexterity of his manœuvres, he will usually make his way in the world, or he will be a rich man without a shilling in his pocket. He will be a good military tactician and an acute advocate.

He will expose fallacies, detect hypocrisy and fraud, and make himself master of any subject he applies himself to investigate. He will sift deeply and ponder with patience. He might form an ingenious mechanic, and succeed in scientific inventions.

An indecisive character may be detected in a few moves. Indecision and caution must not be confounded: the latter is essential to a fine chess-player as to success in all the undertakings in life, and is an act of the judgment;—the former is an evidence of deficiency in the reasoning powers, and adverse to their free exercise. It arises from want of concentration of our ideas; from a weakness, (or if we may apply to intellectual the same term as to physical faculties,) from a relaxed condition of the mental energies. To have any dealings with such men, especially to co-operate with them, is a positive nuisance; and to place our interests in their hands, may be emphatically called, placing them at their disposal! *Deliberat Roma, perit Saguntum.*

Those players who are exceedingly fidgetty and fretful under defeat, though often tolerable players, are invariably impatient of contradiction, and positive on all subjects on which they conceive themselves well informed. This class will usually be found amongst elderly persons; and they will sometimes sooner refuse to encounter a youthful antagonist whose superiority they have experienced, than subject themselves to the annoyance of yielding to the greater merits of one they are conscious of surpassing in general acquirements. Such men lie sleepless all night after a beating, and rise feverish with a head-ache.

A good player husband, well all his resources, never gives up an advantage he can possibly maintain, or thinks the smallest advantage too mean an acquisition. Such men die rich. A player careless in his good fortune, and prodigal of his advantages, will experience reverses in his passage through life, and complain of the decrees of Providence. No chess-player who attempts to succeed through unfair means, or by snappish play, can be a man of integrity. An honourable-minded man will rather lose a trifling advantage than leave an impression on his antagonist that he has been deficient in courtesy and liberality. The object in playing at chess is to win the game, but the end only satisfies the means *under the ordinary honourable limitations*. He who would violate this generally received rule,—founded on the best feelings of virtue and justice, will sell not his birthright only, but his conscience for a mess of pottage: if a monarch, he will rule by torture and terror and venality; if a subject, he will compromise his principles with a bribe, hesitate at nothing in securing a favourite object, and set consistency and moral honesty at defiance. Such a character must Mrs. Trollope's reviewer in the Quarterly have been, who could hymn the praises of a book in which every principle of decency, morality, and religion is thrown to the winds, to get a fling at republican institutions; and we cannot but suspect the communication must have emanated from that gentleman by whom the appearance of our review, before alluded to, was interdicted, unless we illustrated the evils of power being lodged in the middle classes, by an exemplification of the weakness of pawns sustained by the superior combatants. Let the reader mark well the foregoing illustrations, and, adding to them the results of his own experience, we shall leave him in possession of a chess-table answering some of the most valuable purposes of Fortunatus's wishing-cap. "*Has vaticinationes eventus comprobavit.*"

THE DIVORCEE DEVOTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES BY THE O'HARA FAMILY."

WOMEN say of one another (oftener than men say it of them) that a plain female face never belongs to a heart which can love a handsome female face; and men say of women—

"Lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing—but their own."

I rise up and deny both assertions: listen, dear, dear women, plain or handsome, on what grounds. Some years since I was only a younger brother about town, and yet tolerably well received in the best houses. Occasionally, I won smiles from the women, and occasionally frowns from the men—the latter, however, not as often as the former. A smile costs nothing, you know, and it may show good teeth and dimples, as well as good humour, and needs lead to nothing, for, after all, 'tis but a smile; a frown is a graver affair—from a man, I mean—and may lead to—but you are not learned on that point. To continue—you will note that I have said only *tolerably* well received. You will not expect that I was ever asked to practise singing with Georgina, or Anna, or to take care of her "spirited little wretch of a palfrey," who, after all, only practised the tricks he had been taught, like his mistress. In short, whenever I was in question—on such occasions, young girls invariably had colds—so their mammas said—and could neither sing nor ride; or if they could, it was with somebody else. I must say, however, that, when there were a good many daughters, I now and then got a better footing, owing to a general belief that my elder brother was "a bad life." Caroline——was thus circumstanced; one of seven sisters; and very beautiful, very accomplished, very amiable, very highly connected, and (you will add) "very much admired, of course, even by the elder brothers, your rivals, and therefore, though not an heiress, or a co-heiress, a flight beyond you." My dear women, neither was she on the stage, nor had she the slightest interesting *tache* on her reputation; and I was, therefore, judged to be a kind of receivable lover for her. But, again, observe how I qualified my success. My attentions were rather to be connived at than admitted; in a word, I was to be so managed that I could be turned adrift, should better offer, without quite bringing on the young lady the imputation of being a—jilt.

I will do Caroline herself justice. She was no party to this fast-and-loose game. She loved me; and often used to indulge in beautiful visions of elegant retirement and domestic happiness, while listening to my eloquent appeals to her feelings—yes—eloquent, because sincere. And Caroline *had* feeling, although she wanted nerve or consistency to declare to her family that she had broken through her instructions as regarded me, and actually fallen in love with a man who could offer her only a manly heart (do let me say as much, without accusing me of vanity) and a few hundreds a-year.

But her real hour soon came. S——, an earl, a fool, and a *roué*, was struck with her extraordinary resemblance to—a first wife? No. To a sister? No: but to an individual who had just cut him for a better establishment; and he was anxious to show his former dear friend and her new protector that he could match, if not excel, the treasure he had lost. Once, dear Caroline! you merited a better husband than one who could marry you to gratify a pique like that.

"He's a fool, mamma, and a *roué*," remonstrated Caroline.

"He's an earl, my love, and has forty thousand a-year."

"But I could be happier with another kind of man on the half, the quarter, the fortieth part of that sum; believe me, I could, dear mamma."

“ My dearest Caroline, I should be very sorry to believe any such thing of your understanding. After the pains I have taken with your education,—after living to see you accomplished in every way for society, it would indeed afflict me to believe you so much in earnest as you pretend to be. You know, my dear girl, as well as I know it, that none of us can expect to marry to please ourselves. One cannot have everything in this world: and the talent, and the morality, and all that sort of thing, may be very good to read about, and to talk of,—they have no influence whatever upon occasions of real importance. And as for his being a *roué*, my dear, who expects men of fashion to be angels? And allow me to say, Caroline, I feel disappointed at hearing such an objection from you—from the daughter of a country curate, *à la bonne heure!*—but from *you!*—the most fashionable and most admired girl in London!—the thing is inconceivable and unpardonable.”

Mamma paused a moment to take breath, and drew Caroline towards her; the girl yielded to the impulse quickened by the act, and laid her head on her mother's shoulder;—not in confidence; not in hope of relief or of commiseration. The mother would have pitied her had she broken a limb, or (without fault of hers) got a new dress spoiled; but, for this sorrow of her child—the first real sorrow of her life—that mother could have had no pity. And yet, Caroline recollected that she was mamma's favourite daughter (mamma had told her so); that “establishing her well,” was the object nearest the heart of her only parent—(poor Caroline thought there *was* a heart in question); she was also afraid of mamma; afraid of a contest with a temper fearfully violent when opposed; and then came the horror of the ridicule of the whole affair among her acquaintances and “friends.” In short, dear ladies——

But you readily anticipate me; nor are you inclined to judge harshly of poor Caroline, nor do you call her fool or flirt. You know the kind of education she received, and to which her respectable mother has so pathetically alluded. You know that she had her half score masters every day, and her exhortations, every hour, to attend to them, and, of all things, to watch over, and preserve, and culture, her natural personal beauties and graces, in order to get “well established:” that is to say, well married—that is to say, richly—when is any other earthly object proposed?—(we waive the epithet “heavenly”)—to get married “richly, if you can, but married, at any rate;” the question, wisely, not being “shall I be happy with the man?” but, “shall I be intolerably miserable?” not how much love, but how little aversion. You know all this; ay, and intuitively. What I am going to tell you happened in consequence of it. Nor, again, are you astonished, or much inconvenienced; you feel quietly assured that 'tis little wonder it should have been just so; from such mammas you naturally expect just such daughters; and you are, therefore, not angry with me, my dear countrywomen, when I cry out, in a little fit of moralizing (now at thirty-seven)—“Fashionable English mammas, look to it! England can still boast of the bravery of her sons; can she do so with as loud a voice of the virtue of her daughters? And who is to blame if she cannot? Oh! you may have an answer—or think you have;—instances of frail daughters (become wives) happen among people of no fashion. True; but I pray you to recollect, that though the whole lump is leavened now, the fermentation began in the *three* measures of meal. Yes, fashionable English mammas, look to it! I, for one, think you have already given us enough women, who, fresh from your hands, most beautifully unite the frivolity of children with the vices of men—strong passions and weak judgments. And, pray, listen to a hint even from your own sweet philosopher of Geneva—“*Malheur au siècle où les femmes perdent leur ascendant, et où leurs jugements ne sont plus rien aux hommes!*”

As for you, dear women, to whom I have particularly addressed myself, in the first instance, your pardon for this long digression—ungallant I will not

call it; for, indeed, and in truth, I love you all so well, that I would wish to admire you more—above all, to honour you.

Three weeks after Lord S. proposed for Caroline, she was his wife. One other word in her excuse for the step. I had been summoned to the south of France to attend my mother, who lay dangerously ill there, and remained abroad during S——'s short courtship. Had I been near her, feeble-minded as she was, I do not believe she would have given me up, for she knew I was able and willing to save her from persecution.

When first I heard of her marriage, I entertained, however, no such charitable feelings towards her. In a bitter moment I prayed she might live to deserve my pity. Poor thing! even before that time came, I repented me of my prayer. I roamed about, here and there, on the Continent for a year, and at the end of that time ceased to be a younger brother; the old baronetcy was fifteen thousand per annum, a little, but only a little, embarrassed. I left the estate to clear itself, and in two years more returned to England. Caroline and I met in society; she was flattered and followed by crowds; neglected and treated cavalierly by her lord; and she repaid him with contempt. In the flush that overspread her face at our first re-meeting, and in her embarrassed recognition, I read plain admissions of a lurking interest for me. Had she been only the beautiful and fashionable Lady S—— query?—on such encouragement? but she was sacred in my eyes, not as the wife of another, (my dear ladies, I was then only six and twenty, and a man of fashion,) but as the woman I had once loved well enough to have made my own. Therefore, I avoided Caroline, and sought enchantments elsewhere—elsewhere, and everywhere, acquiring the knowledge (had I previously wanted the lesson) of the surprising difference between an elder and a younger brother. I might now have practised singing, or riding, or dancing, or driving, to my heart's content, with the best of the fair creatures: but somehow the easiness of attainment damped the ardour of pursuit; and when mothers saw me hold back, they began to urge me on, until I became regularly worried out of my native country, and ran over a second time to the Continent. But little rest or peace did I find in the change. At Paris, at Naples, at Florence, at Rome, wherever there were daughters to be married, I was assailed by storm, by blockade, by sap. In short, I was fairly beaten out of Christendom, and took refuge among the turbaned infidels, where, though a man may have *four* wives if he likes, he needs not have *one* if he don't.—Yes, now I breathed free, although in the land of despotism; but, be it remembered, it was also the land of harems.

Months rolled on. I used sometimes to see the English newspapers at the houses of one British merchant or another. One morning the following paragraph met my eye: "The Earl of S—— is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the Marquis of D——: the unfortunate Miss ——" (here came in Caroline's maiden name) "is, we understand, living in strict seclusion somewhere in Italy: the gallant Count M—— is more than ever the star of the Paris salons." So it was as I had anticipated, and sooner too. But I recollected that, just before I left London, poor Caroline had become intimate at the house of the notorious rich foreign countess, or princess, I suppose, whose name I wish I could put down here for the admiration it merits; but since an honest, as well as honourable, member has failed in an attempt to get some one to mention it, (in a numerous assembly where there were a good many who could,) I will hold my tongue, much against my inclination. But I remembered this fact, I say, and also the character of "the gallant count," and, whatever were my other feelings, I did not long continue wandering. Although here was poor Caroline, once innocent, (and once beloved by a tolerably honest man,) within a few brief months, guilty, detected, punished, abandoned—abandoned of all—(so I thought, at the time, but I mistook)—and, above all, by "the gallant count," who, "more than ever," &c. — I set out almost immediately for England, in order to discover, if I could,

her place of solitary retreat: and, my dear women, part of what I am now going to tell you may seem romantic, but so do many very true things.

From an accident which happened to my carriage on my way homeward, I was obliged to stop a day at a small village in Burgundy. Besieged by a crowd of ragamuffins as a "milor Anglois," I escaped from them into the silence of the burial-ground of the hamlet. I had been studying for some time the half-effaced and the recent memorials of sorrow, when my attention was attracted by a particular grave, one detached from the others. It was thickly planted round with shrubs, and, unlike the rest, bore marks of the frequent visitations of a careful and venerating hand. But I believe it was its standing alone which, vaguely, somehow first interested me: I detected myself attributing to its occupant the power of being conscious of desolateness. I stooped over it, and to my surprise read the following inscription in English:—"Beloved friend, you have sinned, and you have suffered; you have repented, and you are saved through Him, whose name be praised for ever and ever, Amen. H. C." So an Englishman, the only one of his nation, slept here. The idea was dreary, and called up others like itself. I was a wanderer too. And he had been unhappy; that deepened the melancholy of my meditations. I glanced at my past life, and was not quite satisfied with it; yet I could not charge myself with more than the usual quantum of sins of an ordinary, unoffending man of fashion. I thought of friends I had lost, and I asked where were they then? I thought of her I had lost, of her who was lost to the world and to me, by a separation more complete than that which death makes.

At this point of my reverie, a carriage stopped at the gate of the churchyard, and a lady and a gentleman alighted from it, entered the humble cemetery, and advanced to where I stood. They were English, from their dress and general expression. At their approach, I retreated to another part of the ground, and observed them, unseen. For some time they stood together at the grave. The lady appeared greatly affected; her companion spoke to her in a low, soothing tone. Presently he left her alone, and walked out of the churchyard. As soon as he was gone, she gave way to the grief she had repressed in his presence; she knelt by the grave, and sometimes her accents were those of prayer; sometimes they rose into loud lament, or sank in a passion of tears and sobs. I was touched, myself, by the depth and sincerity of her sorrow.

The thought suddenly occurred to me, that I did wrong to play the spy upon her as I was doing; and I stole out of the burial-ground and returned to the inn. The gentleman was standing at its door: our eyes met, and neither seeing the other so shy of him as Englishmen generally are abroad, we bowed almost simultaneously. He did not, after this, turn off his eyes stolidly in another direction, and I ventured to ask him a trifling question. He answered me frankly; I was encouraged to proceed, and, at the end of half an hour, we liked each other very well. He was just telling me, that if we had been alone he would have proposed joining forces at dinner, but that, having his daughter with him, whose spirits were much depressed, he was compelled to forego the pleasure,—when the person spoken of appeared, ascending the little eminence upon which the inn stood. She seemed disconcerted at seeing a stranger with her father, and drew her veil down, and turned her head away. This was an unusual manifestation towards me from a woman. Since I came into the baronetcy, at any rate, I thought I was rather an interesting-looking traveller. But, if my vanity was piqued that she did not care to look at me, my curiosity was also disappointed that I could not catch a glimpse of her features. I concluded she was handsome, because I knew her to be feeling—a slight remnant of the youthful creed which always allies beauty and sensibility.

The father followed her into the house as I moved away from the door, but shortly returned with a request that I *would* dine with him, as his daughter preferred remaining in her room for the evening. I readily agreed;

I liked the old gentleman, and I wanted to know more about his daughter : even though she might prove no heroine, or object of a poet's dream, she was worthy the interest of a rational man,—she was woman in tears, if she was not in beauty.

Her father and I got on very well together, and discussed a variety of English topics. We—or, I should rather say, I—stumbled on the frequency of divorce cases lately ; and I asked him if he knew what had become of the unhappy Lady S——? He started, reddened, grew pale, gazed at me, cast down his eyes, and answered,—“ Yes—she is dead !” Startled in my turn, and greatly agitated, I asked him to explain :—he left the room. I slept little that night ; or, when I did, my dreams were of Caroline, as my waking thoughts had been. Now I sat by her, as in former days, and she looked happy and innocent, as well as beautiful ; and now I gazed at her in a strange land, and she was pale, worn, and suffering ; and on her brow I read, “ My heart is breaking.” In the morning I busied myself in conjecturing why her name should have so much affected my new acquaintance. A note from him, requesting to see me before we parted on our different routes, solved my difficulty. Its signature was the name of Caroline's uncle by marriage ; and his daughter, who had been Caroline's early and dearest friend, I had seen often before, though he and I had never met till the previous day. I hastened out to him from my chamber, and warmly taking his offered hand, said, “ Sir, a strong bond of common feeling unites us, I hope, in friendship ; *she* was my youthful love : my name is Trevor.” He returned my pressure. We walked out together to the churchyard. I learned from him all I wanted to know, and more than I had expected to hear. Caroline had not died in solitude, without a friend as a comforter ; nor, through the ministry of that friend, had she died despairing. And, in consequence of all I heard, I began to wonder how I could have once called Helen Clinton plain. Her father and I returned to the inn ; she met us—the tears streamed from her eyes as she held out her hand to me—she blushed when I raised it to my lips—and I thought her almost handsome. Three months afterwards we were married ; and, in justice to her, and to my dear womankind in general, I will give a detail of the facts which could thus impart to a plain face the charm of beauty—ay, and more than that. Who will patronize my cosmetic ?

The cousins, Helen and Caroline, had been brought up together by their grandmother, to whom poor Caroline owed whatever she possessed of a better order of feeling than was valued by others she afterwards lived amongst. Her father, ordered on foreign service, left his little girl in his mother's, Lady T——'s, charge ; he had been medically advised not to yield to his wife's desire to take Caroline with them. Helen Clinton was the child of Lady T——'s favourite daughter, who, dying almost immediately after Helen's birth, requested that during infancy, at least, Helen might be entrusted to her grandmother. Thus the girls grew up as sisters, equally beloved by the old lady—but only by her. All the connexions and acquaintances of the family overlooked “ ugly little Helen,” to lavish admiration and caresses on “ lovely little Caroline.”—“ Charming, sweet little creature—what a sensation she will create some years hence !” “ You dear, little, merry thing, come here and kiss me with that lovely little mouth of yours !”——“ Helen, my dear, how d' ye do ?—why do you look so frightened, child ?—Nobody is going to eat you. Stupid-looking, little cold thing she is,—don't you think so ? Very odd she should be so very plain, and of such a handsome family :—horribly provoking—ugliness won't do now at all, even with money : how blind poor old Lady T—— must be ! I declare she's quite fond of the child.”

This, and more, poor Helen was doomed to hear whenever the kind and considerate speaker was out of her grandmother's presence. As a mere child, of course, she appeared plainer than as a woman, for her face then wanted intellectual expression to supply the place of regularity of feature

and brilliant colour. Yet Helen felt no shade of envy towards her cousin ; nor did she love her the less because every one loved Caroline, and no one loved herself. She would twine Caroline's fair ringlets round her finger, and kiss the little beauty's delicate features, and only wish "that she could be like her Caroline, that a great many might love her too."—"But then grandmama loves me just as well;"—and her little face would glow at the thought, and content settle upon it.

As they grew up, Helen's generosity of feeling was often put to the test ; her very instructors took no interest in her till forced to do justice to her superior intellect and docility. When Caroline was about eleven, and Helen two years older, her father and mother returned from abroad. The latter had always been unwilling to leave her daughter in Lady T——'s care, whom she strongly suspected of being no better than she should be—videlicet—a Methodist. I must acknowledge that appearances were against the old lady ; but then, in candour, we must hope the best. She certainly did read the Bible, and practise its lessons, more than was strictly proper in a woman who kept good company ; but then she had bad health and bad spirits, and perhaps it was as much for want of something more becoming to do, or perhaps, as Burns says, in consequence of

"Just a carnal inclination,"

as on account of any leaning towards Methodism, that she visited the sick, fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. However that may be, Caroline was now promptly withdrawn from a dangerous example, and settled at home among fashionable masters and fashionable acquaintances ; and, in reality, her education now began. The cousins wept, and clung to each other, in all the sorrow natural to their age—equally intense on both sides for a time, but not doomed to be equal in duration. Caroline, removed to new scenes, new friends, and new pleasures, did not think of Helen so often as Helen did of her, who, day by day, surrounded by innumerable mementos of the past, was perpetually reminded of her beloved friend and playfellow. In the honest simplicity of her heart it never occurred to her that she was relieved of the presence of an eclipsing rival.

The girls met every year, for some months, either in town or country. They grew into womanhood. Caroline continued ever amiable and affectionate ; but she valued her beauty more than formerly, and loved more to have it praised ; and longed to be presented, and to go to Almack's, and to have partners, and admirers, and lovers. And, "Helen, don't you wish to be brought out too?"—"No, Caroline, I have not the same motives for wishing it that you have ; however,"—laughing—"exchange persons, and I will long for it to your heart's content." The cousins were presented, however, on the same day ; and how did Caroline's heart swell, and her cheeks flush, and her eyes sparkle, to know herself gazed at by all ! As for Helen, she felt relieved when the ceremony was over, and only hoped she had escaped observation.

They went into society, side by side. Caroline had admirers by the hundred—lovers by the dozen—some offers. Helen had not one—neither admirer, lover, nor offer ; yet she unaffectedly took pride—a kind of personal pride—in her cousin's conquests ; and would meet Caroline's eyes, in company, with such a sincere expression of pleasure, and would congratulate her, in private, so earnestly, that the beauty's heart often beat in indulgence of higher feelings than those of gratified vanity—love and admiration of her generous cousin.

In childhood, Helen had been called cold and stupid when she was only repulsed, discouraged, and mortified. Now, however, she did not retire, terrified, into the corner of a room ; with a perfect knowledge of her abiding plainness of feature, mental cultivation gave her confidence in herself as a woman ; she ought to have added, could her modesty have permitted it, a dignified, feeling woman. She took her place among her fellow-creatures unassumingly, but easily ; and she kept it, unobtrusively, but firmly. How

stood her heart towards the neglect of the men?—As it inevitably must have stood. She felt she was above a coxcomb's compliment—thankfully felt it: but then Helen knew that all men were not coxcombs; and she would have prized the admiration of one of the exceptions. “It would not raise my opinion of myself, for I do not think the love of men the criterion of merit in woman; but it would raise my opinion of men. The man who could love me must be a superior one.” And then she would explain to herself her apparent vanity. “His affection would be grounded on moral and intellectual excellence, supposed or real, in me. Though he might not have much discernment, he would at least prove that he possessed a nobly-constructed mind in so acting upon such a conviction, and I would do my best to keep up the delusion.” Of all Caroline's admirers there was but one by whose preference Helen could have been gratified, and he, like the rest, overlooked her. I am now, as her husband, proud that when I was her cousin's suitor, she merely gave me her approbation; I was not then worthy of the slightest share of her regard.

Helen was in the country with her father when Caroline made the great conquest of the silly and profligate earl. As soon as she heard of it, and, at the same time, learnt that Caroline was inclined to the match to escape persecution, Helen wrote to her cousin.—“Accept him not, dearest Caroline,” said part of the letter—“your faith is vowed to another. Upon the mere question of not loving S——, I implore you to reject him. You know how I love my father. Do you think I should obey him if he commanded me to marry where I could not give my heart, and with it my respect and confidence? No. At the risk of being banished from his house and his bosom, I would not. But suppose your case, fully, to be mine. Suppose that, disliking my father's choice, I preferred another. Caroline, wed not with S——! Take courage, and inform your family of the true state of your affections; and if they continue to persecute you, let them—ay, let them turn you out of doors; and then, Caroline, come here to me, and to my father—and come soon—Trevor will not leave you long with us.”

Caroline did not come, and Helen did not go to her wedding, giving the plain and true reason, namely, that she disapproved of her cousin's conduct. In the admiration and envy of fashionable *roués* of both sexes, Caroline sought compensation for the loss of a friend's approbation. Time went on. Lady S—— was spoken of—not as a flirt merely. Helen remonstrated. In answer, Caroline indignantly asked if it was meant to accuse her of impropriety of conduct; and complained that Helen was changed—grown methodistical and cold-hearted. Helen had become a tiresome friend, because she was a faithful one. In the course of another year Caroline's name became coupled with that of the “gallant count,” the most successful man on the Continent; in fact, floated into England upon his *Européan* reputation. Helen once more addressed her cousin, in tenderness, yet in a tone which Caroline, spoilt by adoration, could not brook; besides, it was deserved. For the first time, a letter of Helen's remained unanswered. Soon after came the *éclat* of the affair. Helen was for many days almost senseless in her bed. She recovered to consciousness and utter misery. Her sense of honour was as deep as her principle of religion. The friend she loved as her own soul was now an outcast from society, and a sinner before God. She wished to make one last appeal. She tried every means to trace her cousin, but in vain. The usual proceedings were taken—a divorce obtained. The count refused to Caroline the only miserable reparation in his power—the name of wife. They disagreed and separated. No one knew the place of her retreat. At length Helen obtained a clue; and, entering her father's study, laid her hand tenderly and confidingly on his shoulder.—“Father, I am come to make a request.”

“Name it, my child.”—Helen hesitated.

“What could you ask, Helen, that I would refuse?”

“I have discovered her retreat—she is alone.”

“ I understand you, my love. Start when you like ; your father shall be ready to accompany you.”

They set out the following morning for the Continent, and, arriving in the little village I have already spoken of, inquired for the English lady. They were told she was too ill to see any one. Helen wrote a billet containing these words :—“ Caroline, I have traced you. I am come to remain by your side till death separates us.” She lingered in the passage leading to Caroline’s room, after sending in the little note by the servant. The woman, issuing hastily from the chamber, a moment after, ran against her, excusing her inadvertence by saying that she was hurrying for water for the lady, who had fainted. Caroline awoke in her cousin’s arms. She groaned ; she shuddered, in the agony of self-abasement. Helen folded her to her bosom, wept over her, caressed her, smiled upon her, called her by all the old terms of endearment. Caroline would have freed herself of her close embrace. “ No, no, no, Helen—leave me—leave me, Helen, in mercy ! I am a degraded wretch, fit only for your contempt. I wish for nothing else. I neglected your warnings, Helen—disregarded you, dared to insult you. Leave me—I am no company for you, Helen—let me die alone.”

Helen answered each broken sentence by an additional caress ; and, as she kissed her worn and haggard features, wondered was it indeed Caroline whom she looked upon ! Caroline became calmer, and spoke of her end as near, and as desired. But she spoke of death as a relief from shame and suffering, merely. She neither hoped nor feared anything from the change. Helen knew this was not the mood in which man should meet his Maker. She tried to awaken other feelings. The poor sufferer had never had religious impressions. The subject was now irksome, and she disliked and avoided it. Helen, at times, was tempted to despair, and say—“ Prayer is unavailing !” but she persevered, and found that it was not. “ The heart of stone” was taken away, and the softened heart given in its stead. Morning after morning the rising sun found Helen, after a night of watching, still sitting with the book of God in her hand, or kneeling in fervent prayer, by the deathbed ; and they were not unmixed tears of grief which blinded her eyes as, at length, she gazed upon the inanimate wreck of her cousin, after the sinner’s last breath had exhaled in a prayer for pardon.

A few days before Caroline died, she wrote to her former husband, beseeching him to give their only girl, and only child, to Helen’s care. “ ’Tis the last request, my lord, of a guilty and a dying woman ; except for my child’s sake, I would not dare to intrude upon you.” The petition was acceded to, and my Helen loves the child as she loved the mother. Poor Caroline also wrote a long and affecting letter to her seducer, to be delivered after her death. The count thrust it, half read through, into his pocket, as he hastened out to keep an evening engagement ; and that night he was never more redoubtable, or more followed ; and before the party broke up, he recollected the letter, and finished the perusal of it aloud, to some admired and admiring woman of fashion, who joined him in smiling at the piety of the *Divorcée Dévote*.

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON,
BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. X.*

BYRON'S bad opinion of mankind is not, I am convinced, genuine; and it certainly does not operate on his actions, as his first impulses are always good, and his heart is kind and charitable. His good deeds are never the result of reflection, as the heart acts before the head has had time to reason. This cynical habit of decrying human nature is one of the many little affectations to which he often descends, and this impression has become so fixed in my mind, that I have been vexed with myself for attempting to refute opinions of his that, on reflection, I was convinced were not his real sentiments, but uttered either from a foolish wish of display, or from a spirit of contradiction which much influences his conversation. I have heard him assert opinions one day, and maintain the most opposite, with equal warmth, the day after; this arises not so much from insincerity, as from being wholly governed by the feeling of the moment; he has no fixed principle of conduct or of thought, and the want of it leads him into errors and inconsistencies from which he is only rescued by a natural goodness of heart that redeems, in some degree, what it cannot prevent. Violence of temper tempts him into expressions that might induce people to believe him vindictive and rancorous; he exaggerates all his feelings when he gives utterance to them, and here the imagination, that has led to his triumph in poetry, operates less happily, by giving a darker shade to his sentiments and expressions. When he writes or speaks at such moments, the force of his language imposes a belief that the feeling that gives birth to it must be fixed in his mind; but see him in a few hours after, and not only no trace of this angry excitement remains, but, if recurred to by another, he smiles at his own exaggerated warmth of expression, and proves, in a thousand ways, that the temper only is responsible for his defects, and not the heart.

“I think it is Diderot (said Byron) who says that, to describe woman, one ought to dip one's pen in the rainbow; and, instead of sand, use the dust from the wings of butterflies to dry the paper. This is a *conchetto* worthy of a Frenchman; and, though meant as complimentary, is really by no means so to your sex. To describe woman, the pen should be dipped, not in the rainbow, but in the heart of man, ere more than eighteen summers have passed over his head; and, to dry the paper, I would allow only the sighs of adolescence. Women are best understood by men whose feelings have not been hardened by a contact with the world, and who believe in virtue because they are unacquainted with

* Continued from No. CLI. p. 315.

vice. A knowledge of vice will, as far as I can judge by experience, invariably produce disgust, as I believe, with my favourite poet, that—

‘Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.’

But he who has known it can never truly describe woman as she ought to be described; and, therefore, a perfect knowledge of the world unfits a man for the task. When I attempted to describe Haïdee and Zuleika, I endeavoured to forget all that friction with the world had taught me; and if I at all succeeded, it was because I was, and am, penetrated with the conviction that women only know evil from having experienced it through men: whereas men have no criterion to judge of purity or goodness but woman. Some portion of this purity and goodness always adheres to woman, (continued Byron,) even though she may lapse from virtue; she makes a willing sacrifice of herself on the altar of affection, and thinks only of him for whom it is made: while men think of themselves alone, and regard the woman but as an object that administers to their selfish gratification, and who, when she ceases to have this power, is thought of no more, save as an obstruction in their path. You look incredulous, (said Byron;) but I have said what I think, though not all that I think, as I have a much higher opinion of your sex than I have even now expressed.”

This would be most gratifying could I be sure that, to-morrow or next day, some sweeping sarcasm against my sex may not escape from the lips that have now praised them, and that my credulity, in believing the praise, may not be quoted as an additional proof of their weakness. This instability of opinion, or expression of opinion of Byron, destroys all confidence in him, and precludes the possibility of those who live much in his society feeling that sentiment of confiding security in him, without which a real regard cannot subsist. It has always appeared a strange anomaly to me, that Byron, who possesses such acuteness in discerning the foibles and defects of others, should have so little power either in conquering or concealing his own, that they are evident even to a superficial observer; it is also extraordinary that the knowledge of human nature that enables him to discover, at a glance, such defects, should not dictate the wisdom of concealing his discoveries, at least from those in whom he has made them; but in this he betrays a total want of tact, and must often send away his associates dissatisfied with themselves, and still more so with him, if they happen to possess discrimination or susceptibility.

“To let a person see that you have discovered his faults, is to make him an enemy for life,” (says Byron), and yet this he does continually: he says, “that the only truths a friend will tell you, are your faults; and the only thing he will give you, is advice.” Byron’s affected display of knowledge of the world deprives him of commiseration for being its

dupe, while his practical inexperience renders him so perpetually. He is at war with the actual state of things, yet admits that all that he now complains of has existed for centuries; and that those who have taken up arms against the world have found few applauders, and still fewer followers. His philosophy is more theoretical than practical, and must so continue, as long as passion and feeling have more influence over him than reflection and reason. Byron affects to be unfeeling, while he is a victim to sensibility; and to be reasonable, while he is governed by imagination only; and so meets with no sympathy from either the advocates of sensibility or reason, and consequently condemns both. “It is fortunate for those (said Byron) whose near connexions are good and estimable; independently of various other advantages that are derived from it, perhaps the greatest of all are the impressions made on our minds in early youth by witnessing goodness, impressions which have such weight in deciding our future opinions. If we witness evil qualities in common acquaintances, the effect is slight, in comparison with that made by discovering them in those united to us by the ties of consanguinity; this last disgusts us with human nature, and renders us doubtful of goodness, a progressive step made in misanthropy, the most fearful disease that can attack the mind. My first and earliest impressions were melancholy,—my poor mother gave them; but to my sister, who, incapable of wrong herself, suspected no wrong in others, I owe the little good of which I can boast; and had I earlier known her, it might have influenced my destiny. Augusta has great strength of mind, which is displayed not only in her own conduct, but to support the weak and infirm of purpose. To me she was, in the hour of need, as a tower of strength. Her affection was my last rallying point, and is now the only bright spot that the horizon of England offers to my view. Augusta knew all my weaknesses, but she had love enough to bear with them. I value not the false sentiment of affection that adheres to one while we believe him faultless: not to love him would then be difficult; but give me the love that, with perception to view the errors, has sufficient force to pardon them,—who can ‘love the offender, yet detest the offence,’ and this my sister had. She has given me such good advice, and yet, finding me incapable of following it, loved and pitied me but the more, because I was erring. This is true affection, and above all, true Christian feeling; but how rarely is it to be met with in England, where *amour propre* prompts people to show their superiority by giving advice; and a *mélange* of selfishness and wounded vanity engages them to resent its not being followed, which they do by not only leaving off the *advised*, but by injuring him by every means in their power. Depend on it (continued Byron) the English are the most perfidious friends and unkind relations that the civilized world can produce; and if you have had the misfortune to lay them under weighty obligations, you may look for all the injuries that they can inflict, as they are anxious to avenge themselves for the humiliations they suffer when they accept favours.

They are proud, but have not sufficient pride to refuse services that are necessary to their comfort, and have too much false pride to be grateful. They may pardon a refusal to assist them, but they never can forgive a generosity which, as they are seldom capable of practising or appreciating, overpowers and humiliates them. With this opinion of the English (continued Byron), which has not been lightly formed, you may imagine how truly I must value my sister, who is so totally opposed to them. She is tenacious of accepting obligations, even from the nearest relations; but having accepted, is incapable of aught approaching to ingratitude. Poor Lady —— had just such a sister as mine, who, faultless herself, could pardon and weep over the errors of one less pure, and almost redeem them, by her own excellence. Had Lady ——'s sister or mine (continued Byron) been less good and irreproachable, they could not have afforded to be so forbearing; but being unsullied, they could show mercy without fear of drawing attention to their own misdemeanours."

Byron talked to-day of Campbell the poet: said that he was a warm-hearted and honest man; praised his works, and quoted some passages from the "Pleasures of Hope," which he said was a poem full of beauties. "I differ, however, (said Byron,) with my friend Campbell on some points. Do you remember the passage—

"But mark the wretch whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes though half untrue;
His erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it erred no more."

This, he said, was so far a true picture, those who once erred being supposed to err always, a charitable, but false, supposition, that the English are prone to act upon. "But (added Byron) I am not prepared to admit, that a man, under such circumstances as those so poetically described by Campbell, could feel hope; and, judging by my own feelings, I should think that there would be more of envy than of hope in the poor man's mind, when he leaned on the gate, and looked at 'the blossomed bean-field and the sloping green.' Campbell was, however, right in representing it otherwise (continued Byron.) We have all, God knows, occasion for hope to enable us to support the thousand vexations of this dreary existence; and he who leads us to believe in this universal panacea, in which, *par parenthese*, I have little faith, renders a service to humanity. Campbell's 'Lochiel' and 'Mariners' are admirable spirit-stirring productions (said Byron); his 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is beautiful; and some of the episodes in his 'Pleasures of Hope' pleased me so much, that I know them by heart. By-the-by (continued he) we must be indebted to Ireland for this mode of expressing the knowing anything by rote, and it is at once so true and poetical, that I always use it. We certainly remember best those passages, as well as events, that interest us most, or touch the heart, which must have

given birth to the phrase—‘know by heart.’ The ‘Pleasures of Memory’ is a very beautiful poem (said Byron), harmonious, finished, and chaste; it contains not a single meretricious ornament. If Rogers has not fixed himself in the higher fields of Parnassus, he has, at least, cultivated a very pretty flower-garden at its base. Is not this (continued Byron) a poetical image worthy of a *conversazione* at Lydia White’s? But, jesting apart, for one ought to be serious in talking of so serious a subject as the pleasures of memory, which, God knows, never offered any pleasures to me, (mind, I mean memory, and not the poem,) it really always did remind me of a flower-garden, so filled with sweets, so trim, so orderly. You, I am sure, know the powerful poem written in a blank leaf of the ‘Pleasures of Memory,’ by an unknown author? He has taken my view of the subject, and I envy him for expressing all that I felt; but did not, could not, express as he has done. This wilderness of triste thoughts offered a curious contrast to the *hortus siccus* of pretty flowers that followed it (said Byron), and marks the difference between inspiration and versification.

“Having compared Rogers’s poem to a flower-garden (continued Byron) to what shall I compare Moore’s—to the Valley of Diamonds, where all is brilliant and attractive, but where one is so dazzled by the sparkling on every side that one knows not where to fix, each gem beautiful in itself, but overpowering to the eye from their quantity. Or, to descend to a more homely comparison, though really (continued Byron) so brilliant a subject hardly admits of any thing homely, Moore’s Poems (with the exception of the Melodies) resemble the fields in Italy, covered by such myriads of fire-flies shining and glittering around, that if one attempts to seize one, another still more brilliant attracts, and one is bewildered from too much brightness. I remember reading somewhere (said Byron) a *conchetto* of designating different living poets, by the cups Apollo gives them to drink out of. Wordsworth is made to drink from a wooden bowl, and my melancholy self from a skull, chased with gold. Now, I would add the following cups:—To Moore, I would give a cup formed like the lotus flower, and set in brilliants; to Crabbe, a scooped pumpkin; to Rogers, an antique vase, formed of agate; and to Colman, a champagne glass, as descriptive of their different styles. I dare say none of them would be satisfied with the appropriation; but who ever is satisfied with any thing in the shape of criticism? and least of all, poets.”

Talking of Shakspeare, Byron said, that he owed one-half of his popularity to his low origin, which, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins with the multitude, and the other half, to the remoteness of the time at which he wrote from our own days. All his vulgarisms (continued Byron) are attributed to the circumstances of his birth and breeding depriving him of a good education; hence they are to be excused, and the obscurities with which his works abound are all easily ex-

plained away by the simple statement, that he wrote above 200 years ago, and that the terms then in familiar use are now become obsolete. With two such good excuses, as want of education, and having written above 200 years before our time, any writer may pass muster; and when to these is added, the being a sturdy hind of low degree, which to three parts of the community in England has a peculiar attraction, one ceases to wonder at his supposed popularity; I say, supposed, for who goes to see his plays, and who, except country parsons, or mouthing, stage-struck, theatrical amateurs, read them?" I told Byron what really was, and is, my impression, that he was not sincere in his depreciation of our immortal bard; and I added, that I preferred believing him insincere, than incapable of judging works, which his own writings proved he must, more than most other men, feel the beauties of. He laughed, and replied, "That the compliment I paid to his writings was so entirely at the expense of his sincerity, that he had no cause to be flattered; but that, knowing I was one of those who worshipped Shakspeare, he forgave me, and would only bargain, that I made equal allowance for his worship of Pope." I observed, "That any comparison between the two was as absurd as comparing some magnificent feudal castle, surrounded by mountains and forests, with foaming cataracts, and boundless lakes, to the pretty villa of Pope, with its sheen lawn, artificial grotto, stunted trees, and trim exotics." He said that my simile was more ingenious than just, and hoped that I was prepared to admit, that Pope was the greatest of all modern poets, and a philosopher as well as a poet. I made my peace by expressing my sincere admiration of Pope, but begged to be understood as refusing to admit any comparison between him and Shakspeare, and so the subject ended. Byron is so prone to talk for effect, and to assert what he does not believe, that one must be cautious in giving implicit credence to his opinions. My conviction is, that, in spite of his declarations to the contrary, he admires Shakspeare as much as most of his countrymen do; but that, unlike the generality of them, he sees the blemishes that the freedom of the times in which the great poet lived led him to indulge in in his writings, in a stronger point of view, and takes pleasure in commenting on them with severity, as a means of wounding the vanity of the English. I have rarely met with a person more conversant with the works of Shakspeare than was Byron. I have heard him quote passages from them repeatedly; and in a tone that marked how well he appreciated their beauty, which certainly lost nothing in his delivery of them, as few possessed a more harmonious voice or a more elegant pronunciation than did Byron. Could there be a less equivocal proof of his admiration of our immortal bard, than the tenacity with which his memory retained the finest passages of all his works? When I made this observation to him he smiled, and affected to boast that his memory was so retentive, that it equally retained all that he read; but as I had seen

many proofs of the contrary, I persevered in affirming what I have never ceased to believe, that, in despite of his professions to the reverse, Byron was in his heart a warm admirer of Shakspeare.

Byron takes a peculiar pleasure in opposing himself to popular opinion on all points; he wishes to be thought as dissenting from the multitude, and this affectation is the secret source of many of the incongruities he expresses. One cannot help lamenting that so great a genius should be sullied by this weakness; but he has so many redeeming points that we must pardon what we cannot overlook, and attribute this error to the imperfectibility of human nature. Once thoroughly acquainted with his peculiarities, much that appeared incomprehensible is explained, and one knows when to limit belief to assertions that are not always worthy of commanding it, because uttered from the caprice of the moment. He declares that such is his bad opinion of the taste and feelings of the English, that he should form a bad opinion of any work that they admired, or any person that they praised; and that their admiration of his own works has rather confirmed than softened his bad opinion of them. "It was the exaggerated praises of the people in England (said he) that indisposed me to the Duke of Wellington. I know that the same herd, who were trying to make an idol of him, would, on any reverse, or change of opinions, hurl him from the pedestal to which they had raised him, and lay their idol in the dust. I remember (continued Byron) enraging some of his Grace's worshippers, after the battle of Waterloo, by quoting the lines from Ariosto:—

"Fù il vincer sempre mai laudabil cosa,
Vincasi ò per fortuna ò per ingregno,

in answer to their appeal to me, if he was not the greatest general that ever existed."

I told Byron that his quotation was insidious, but that the Duke had gained too many victories to admit the possibility of any of them being achieved more by chance than ability; and that, like his attacks on Shakspeare, he was not sincere in disparaging Wellington, as I was sure he must *au fond* be as proud of him as all other Englishmen are. "What! (said Byron) could a Whig be proud of Wellington? could this be consistent?"

The whole of Byron's manner, and his countenance on this and other occasions, when the name of the Duke of Wellington has been mentioned, conveyed the impression, that he had not been *de bonne foi* in his censures on him. Byron's words and feelings are so often opposed, and both so completely depend on the humours of the moment, that those who know him well could never attach much confidence to the stability of his sentiments, or the force of his expressions; nor could they feel surprised, or angry, at hearing that he had spoken unkindly of some for whom he really felt friendship. This habit of censuring is his ruling passion, and he is now too old to correct it.

“I have been amused (said Byron) in reading ‘*Les Essais de Montaigne*,’ to find how severe he is on the sentiment of tristesse; we are always severe on that particular passion to which we are not addicted, and the French are exempt from this. Montaigne says, that the Italians were right in translating their word *tristezza*, which means tristesse, into *malignité*; and this (continued Byron) explains my *méchanceté*, for that I am subject to tristesse cannot be doubted; and if that means, as Le Sieur de Montaigne states, *la malignité*, this is the secret of all my evil doings, or evil imaginings, and probably is also the source of my inspiration.” This idea appeared to amuse him very much, and he dwelt on it with apparent satisfaction, saying that it absolved him from a load of responsibility, as he considered himself, according to this, as no more accountable for the satires he might write or speak, than for his personal deformity. Nature, he said, had to answer for *malignité* as well as for deformity, she gave both, and the unfortunate persons on whom she bestowed them were not to be blamed for their effects. Byron said, that Montaigne was one of the French writers that amused him the most, as, independently of the quaintness with which he made his observations, a perusal of his works was like a repetition at school, they rubbed up the reader’s classical knowledge. He added, that “Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*” was also excellent, from the quantity of desultory information it contained, and was a mine of knowledge that, though much worked, was inexhaustible. I told him that he seemed to think more highly of Montaigne than did some of his own countrymen; for that when Le Cardinal du Perron “*appelloit les Essais de Montaigne le bréviaire des honnêtes gens; le célèbre Huet, évêque d’Avranché, les disoit celui des honnêtes paresseux et des ignorans, qui veulent s’enfariner de quelque teinture des lettres,*”—Byron said that the critique was severe, but just; for that Montaigne was the greatest plagiarist that ever existed, and certainly had turned his reading to the most account. “But (said Byron) who is the author that is not, intentionally or unintentionally, a plagiarist? Many more, I am persuaded, are the latter than the former; and if one has read much, it is difficult, if not impossible, to avoid adopting, not only the thoughts, but the expressions of others, which, after they have been some time stored in our minds, appear to us to come forth ready formed, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, and we fancy them our own progeny, instead of being those of adoption. I met lately a passage in a French book (continued Byron) that states, *à propos* of plagiaries, that it was from the preface to the works of Montaigne, by Mademoiselle de Gournay, his adopted daughter, that Pascal stole his image of the Divinity:—‘*C’est un cercle, dont la circonférence est par-tout, et le centre nulle part.*’ So you see that even the saintly Pascal could steal as well as another, and was probably unconscious of the theft.

“To be perfectly original, (continued Byron,) one should think much

and read little; and this is impossible, as one must have read much before one learns to think; for I have no faith in innate ideas, whatever I may have of innate predispositions. But after one has laid in a tolerable stock of materials for thinking, I should think the best plan would be to give the mind time to digest it, and then turn it all well over by thought and reflection, by which we make the knowledge acquired our own; and on this foundation we may let our originality (if we have any) build a superstructure, and if not, it supplies our want of it, to a certain degree. I am accused of plagiarism, (continued Byron,) as I see by the newspapers. If I am guilty, I have many partners in the crime; for I assure you I scarcely know a living author who might not have a similar charge brought against him, and whose thoughts I have not occasionally found in the works of others; so that this consoles me.

“The book you lent me, Dr. Richardson’s ‘Travels along the Mediterranean,’ (said Byron,) is an excellent work. It abounds in information, sensibly and unaffectedly conveyed, and even without Lord B.’s praises of the author, would have led me to conclude that he was an enlightened, sensible, and thoroughly good man. He is always in earnest, (continued Byron,) and never writes for effect: his language is well chosen and correct; and his religious views unaffected and sincere without bigotry. He is just the sort of man I should like to have with me for Greece—clever, both as a man and a physician; for I require both—one for my mind, and the other for my body, which is a little the worse for wear, from the bad usage of the troublesome tenant that has inhabited it, God help me!

“It is strange (said Byron) how seldom one meets with clever, sensible men in the professions of divinity or physic; and yet they are precisely the professions that most peculiarly demand intelligence and ability,—as to keep the soul and body in good health requires no ordinary talents. I have, I confess, as little faith in medicine as Napoleon had. I think it has many remedies, but few specifics. I do not know if we arrived at the same conclusion by the same road. Mine has been drawn from observing that the medical men who fell in my way were, in general, so deficient in ability, that even had the science of medicine been fifty times more simplified than it ever will be in our time, they had not intelligence enough to comprehend or reduce it to practice, which has given me a much greater dread of remedies than diseases. Medical men do not sufficiently attend to idiosyncrasy, (continued Byron;) on which so much depends, and often hurry to the grave one patient by a treatment that has succeeded with another. The moment they ascertain a disease to be the same as one they have known, they conclude the same remedies that cured the first must remove the second, not making allowance for the peculiarities of temperament, habits, and disposition, which last has a great influence in maladies. All that I have seen of physicians has given me a dread of them, which dread will

continue, until I have met a doctor like your friend Richardson, who proves himself to be a sensible and intelligent man. I maintain (continued Byron) that more than half our maladies are produced by accustoming ourselves to more sustenance than is required for the support of nature. We put too much oil into the lamp, and it blazes and burns out; but if we only put enough to feed the flame, it burns brightly and steadily. We have, God knows, sufficient alloy in our compositions, without reducing them still nearer to the brute by overfeeding. I think that one of the reasons why women are in general so much better than men,—for I do think they are, whatever I may say to the contrary,—(continued Byron,) is, that they do not indulge in *gourmandise* as men do; and, consequently, do not labour under the complicated horrors that indigestion produces, which has such a dreadful effect on the tempers, as I have both witnessed and felt.

“There is nothing I so much dread as flattery, (said Byron;) not that I mean to say I dislike it,—for, on the contrary, if well administered, it is very agreeable,—but I dread it because I know, from experience, we end by disliking those we flatter: it is the mode we take to avenge ourselves for stooping to the humiliation of flattering them. On this account, I never flatter those I really like; and, also, I should be fearful and jealous of owing their regard for me to the pleasure my flattery gave them. I am not so forbearing with those I am indifferent about; for seeing how much people like flattery, I cannot resist giving them some, and it amuses me to see how they swallow even the largest doses. Now, there is ——— and ———; who could live on passable terms with them, that did not administer to their vanity? One tells you all his *bonnes fortunes*, and would never forgive you if you appeared to be surprised at their extent; and the other talks to you of prime ministers and dukes by their surnames, and cannot state the most simple fact or occurrence without telling you that Wellington or Devonshire told him so. One does not (continued Byron) meet this last *foiblesse* out of England, and not then, I must admit, except among *parvenus*.

“It is doubtful which, vanity or conceit, is the most offensive, (said Byron;) but I think conceit is, because the gratification of vanity depends on the suffrages of others, to gain which vain people must endeavour to please; but as conceit is content with its own approbation, it makes no sacrifice, and is not susceptible of humiliation. I confess that I have a spiteful pleasure (continued Byron) in mortifying conceited people; and the gratification is enhanced by the difficulty of the task. One of the reasons why I dislike society is, that its contact excites all the evil qualities of my nature, which, like the fire in the flint, can only be elicited by friction. My philosophy is more theoretical than practical: it is never at hand when I want it; and the puerile passions that I witness in those whom I encounter excite disgust when examined near, though, viewed at a distance, they only create pity,—that is to say, in

simple, homely truth, (continued Byron,) the follies of mankind, when they touch *me* not, I can be lenient to, and moralize on ; but if they rub against my own, there is an end to the philosopher. We are all better in solitude, and more especially if we are tainted with evil passions, which, God help us ! we all are, more or less, (said Byron.) They are not then brought into action : reason and reflection have time and opportunity to resume that influence over us which they rarely can do if we are actors in the busy scene of life ; and we grow better, because we believe ourselves better. Our passions often only sleep when we suppose them dead ; and we are not convinced of our mistake, till they awake with renewed strength, gained by repose. We are, therefore, wise when we choose solitude, where ‘ passions sleep and reason wakes ;’ for if we cannot conquer the evil qualities that adhere to our nature, we do well to encourage their slumber. Like cases of acute pain, when the physician cannot remove the malady he administers soporifics.

“ When I recommend solitude, (said Byron,) I do not mean the solitude of country neighbourhood, where people pass their time *à dire, redire, et médire*. No ! I mean a regular retirement, with a woman that one loves, and interrupted only by a correspondence with a man that one esteems, though if we put plural of man, it would be more agreeable for the correspondence. By this means, friendships would not be subject to the variations and estrangements that are so often caused by a frequent personal intercourse ; and we might delude ourselves into a belief that they were sincere, and might be lasting—two difficult articles of faith in my creed of friendship. Socrates and Plato (continued Byron) ridiculed Laches, who defined fortitude to consist in remaining firm in the ranks opposed to the enemy ; and I agree with those philosophers in thinking that a retreat is not inglorious, whether from the enemy in the field or in the town, if one feels one’s own weakness, and anticipates a defeat. I feel that society is my enemy, in even more than a figurative sense : I have not fled, but retreated from it ; and if solitude has not made me better, I am sure it has prevented my becoming worse, which is a point gained.

“ Have you ever observed (said Byron) the extreme dread that *parvenus* have of aught that approaches to vulgarity ? In manners, letters, conversation, nay, even in literature, they are always superfine ; and a man of birth would unconsciously hazard a thousand dubious phrases, sooner than a *parvenu* would risk the possibility of being suspected of one. One of the many advantages of birth is, that it saves one from this hypercritical gentility, and he of noble blood may be natural without the fear of being accused of vulgarity. I have left an assembly filled with all the names of *haut ton* in London, and where little but names were to be found, to seek relief from the ennui that overpowered me, in a—cyder cellar—are you not shocked ?—and have found there more food for speculation than in the vapid circles of glittering dulness I had left. —

or ——— dared not have done this, but I, had the patent of nobility to carry me through it, and what would have been deemed originality and spirit in me, would have been considered a natural bias to vulgar habits in them. In my works, too, I have dared to pass the frozen mole hills — I cannot call them Alps, though they are frozen eminences — of high life, and have used common thoughts and common words to express my impressions; where poor ——— would have clarified each thought, and double-refined each sentence, until he had reduced them to the polished and cold temperature of the illuminated houses of ice that he loves to frequent; which have always reminded me of the palace of ice built to please an empress, cold, glittering, and costly. But I suppose that ——— and ——— like them, from the same cause that I like high life below stairs, not being born to it — there is a good deal in this. I have been abused for dining at Tom Cribb's, where I certainly was amused, and have returned from a dinner where the guests were composed of the magnates of the land, where I had nigh gone to sleep — at least my intellect slumbered — so dullified was I and those around me, by the soporific quality of the conversation, if conversation it might be called. For a long time I thought it was my constitutional melancholy that made me think London society so insufferably tiresome; but I discovered that those who had no such malady found it equally so; the only difference was that they yawned under the nightly inflictions, yet still continued to bear them, while I writhed, and 'muttered curses not loud but deep' against the well-dressed automatons, that threw a spell over my faculties, making me doubt if I could any longer feel or think; and I have sought the solitude of my chamber, almost doubting my own identity, or, at least, my sanity, such was the overpowering effect produced on me by exclusive society in London. Madame de Staël was the only person of talent I ever knew who was not overcome by it; but this was owing to the constant state of excitement she was kept in by her extraordinary self-complacency, and the mystifications of the dandies, who made her believe all sorts of things. I have seen her entranced by them, listening with undisguised delight to exaggerated compliments, uttered only to hoax her, by persons incapable of appreciating her genius, and who doubted its existence from the facility with which she received mystifications which would have been detected in a moment by the most commonplace woman in the room. It is thus genius and talent are judged of (continued Byron) by those who, having neither, are incapable of understanding them; and a punster may glory in puzzling a genius of the first order, by a play on words that was below his comprehension, though suited to that of the most ordinary understandings. Madame de Staël had no tact; she would believe anything merely because she did not take the trouble to examine, being too much occupied with self, and often said the most *mal à propos* things, because she was thinking not of the person she addressed, but of herself. She had a party to dine with her one day in

London, when Sir James and Lady —— entered the drawing-room, the lady dressed in a green gown, with a shawl of the same verdant hue, and a bright red turban. Madame de Staël marched up to her in her eager manner, and exclaimed, ‘ Ah, mon Dieu, miladi ! comme vous ressemblez à un perroquet.’ The poor lady looked confounded : the company tried, but in vain, to suppress the smiles the observation excited ; but all felt that the making it betrayed a total want of tact in the Corinne.

“ Does the cant of sentiment still continue in England ? (asked Byron.) ‘ Childe Harold ’ called it forth ; but my Juan was well calculated to cast it into shade, and had that merit, if it had no other ; but I must not refer to the Don, as that, I remember, is a prohibited subject between us. Nothing sickens me so completely (said Byron) as women who affect sentiment in conversation. A woman without sentiment is not a woman ; but I have observed, that those who most display it in words have least of the reality. Sentiment, like love and grief, should be reserved for privacy ; and when I hear women *affichant* their sentimentality, I look upon it as an allegorical mode of declaring their wish of finding an object on whom they could bestow its superfluity. I am of a jealous nature, (said Byron,) and should wish to call slumbering sentiment into life in the woman I love, instead of finding that I was chosen, from its excess and activity rendering a partner in the firm indispensable. I should hate a woman (continued Byron) who could laugh at or ridicule sentiment, as I should, and do, women who have not religious feelings ; and, much as I dislike bigotry, I think it a thousand times more pardonable in a woman than irreligion. There is something unfeminine in the want of religion, that takes off the peculiar charm of woman. It inculcates mildness, forbearance, and charity,—those graces that adorn them more than all others, (continued Byron,) and whose beneficent effects are felt, not only on their minds and manners, but are visible in their countenances, to which they give their own sweet character. But when I say that I admire religion in women, (said Byron,) don’t fancy that I like sectarian ladies, distributors of tracts, armed and ready for controversies, many of whom only preach religion, but do not practise it. No ! I like to know that it is the guide of woman’s actions, the softener of her words, the soother of her cares, and those of all dear to her, who are comforted by her,—that it is, in short, the animating principle to which all else is referred. When I see women professing religion and violating its duties,—mothers turning from erring daughters, instead of staying to reclaim,—sisters deserting sisters, whom, in their hearts, they know to be more pure than themselves,—and wives abandoning husbands on the ground of faults that they should have wept over, and redeemed by the force of love,—then it is (continued Byron) that I exclaim against the cant of false religion, and laugh at the credulity of those who can reconcile such conduct with the dictates of a creed that ordains forgiveness, and commands that ‘ if a man be

overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness ; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted ;' and that tells a wife, that ' if she hath an husband that believeth not, and if he be pleased to dwell with her, let her not leave him. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife,' &c. Now, people professing religion either believe, or do not believe, such creeds, (continued Byron.) If they believe, and act contrary to their belief, what avails their religion, except to throw discredit on its followers, by showing that they practise not its tenets ? and if they inwardly disbelieve, as their conduct would lead one to think, are they not guilty of hypocrisy ? It is such incongruities between the professions and conduct of those who affect to be religious that puts me out of patience, (continued Byron,) and makes me wage war with cant, and not, as many suppose, a disbelief or want of faith in religion. I want to see it *practised*, and to know, which is soon made known by the conduct, that it dwells in the heart, instead of being on the lips only of its votaries. Let me not be told that the mothers, sisters, and wives, who violate the duties such relationships impose, are good and religious people : let it be admitted that a mother, sister, or wife, who deserts instead of trying to lead back the stray sheep to the flock, cannot be truly religious, and I shall exclaim no more against hypocrisy and cant, because they will no longer be dangerous. Poor Mrs. Sheppard tried more, and did more, to reclaim me (continued Byron) than——but no, as I have been preaching religion, I shall practise one of its tenets, and be charitable ; so I shall not finish the sentence."

It appears to me that Byron has reflected much on religion, and that many, if not all, the doubts and sarcasms he has expressed on it are to be attributed only to his enmity against its false worshippers. He is indignant at seeing people professing it governed wholly by worldly principles in their conduct ; and fancies that he is serving the true cause by exposing the votaries that he thinks dishonour it. He forgets that in so exposing and decrying them, he is breaking through the commandments of charity he admires, and says ought to govern our actions towards our erring brethren ; but that he reflects deeply on the subject of religion and its duties, is, I hope, a step gained in the right path, in which I trust he will continue to advance ; and which step I attribute, as does he, to the effect the prayer of Mrs. Sheppard had on his mind, and which, it is evident, has made a lasting impression, by the frequency and seriousness with which he refers to it.

(To be continued.)

HIDDEN LITERARY TREASURE.

“OURS is a wonderful country,” say those meritorious persons to whom the commendation of their native land is at heart,—the salubrious climate, the fertility of the soil, the universal beauty of the landscape, the irriguous and unfading meadows, the pleasant villages, the frequent rivers with their commodious havens, all the external and visible means of enjoyment and opulence have long continued to furnish the theme of just praise. In later times, statistical panegyric, according to the fashion of the age,—of an iron age, in more than one sense,—has laboured to demonstrate the pre-eminence of England, by reason of our internal and invisible wealth—of our subterranean and hidden treasure. The value of the metals and minerals, that, with an unwearied activity and incredible ingenuity, are extracted every year from beneath the surface of this island, is, indeed, astonishing—so vast, indeed, that it would ill become the uninstructed to endeavour to measure it, or to attempt to repeat, in the language of more skilful calculators, the enormous reckoning. It is necessary, even for the most studious, to consent at once to be for ever ignorant of many things, and to be satisfied with a vague admiration, and with the conviction that our country is, in this respect, truly wonderful. If the term “hidden treasure” were understood in the largest sense; if the various capabilities that certainly exist; but as certainly have existed hitherto in vain; if all the precious things now concealed, and dishonoured, and trampled beneath our feet; if the whole of these, and whatever is now out of sight and out of mind, but might advantageously be brought to day, were included in those two familiar words, and if their extent and magnitude were fully explained, the admiration would be infinitely, and perhaps painfully, increased. Our unexplored and unprized wealth is prodigious. One instance may be adduced; which can be expressed in a few words: it will be intelligible to every one; and the simple fact, in a new and striking manner, will at once convince the most sceptical that ours is, indeed, a wonderful country.

It is not generally known, nor has it hitherto occurred to any person, not even to the most learned, to state, that there are several thousand MSS. in England, of great antiquity and importance, hidden and buried, and from the use of which scholars are practically shut out and wholly excluded, although these precious volumes are undeniably and indisputably public property. It is unnecessary and inexpedient to detail exactly the minute particulars respecting the precise amount of the treasure and the mode of concealment; it will be enough at present to offer a brief and popular history of the extraordinary fact. A collection of the catalogues of the various MSS. in England and Ireland was published at Oxford in 1697, in folio. The first of the two volumes comprehends the libraries of the two Universities only: it may be laid aside, therefore, entirely; since, however unsatisfactory the arrangements at Oxford or Cambridge, with respect to the custody of MSS. and the access to them, may be, they have no connexion whatever with that very remarkable matter to which the attention of the curious is now directed. The second volume comprises the titles of about twelve thousand MSS.: some of these were undoubtedly at that time the private property of the

individuals in whose collections they found a place; and although many of the excepted books have since been transferred to public repositories, inasmuch as a nice accuracy with respect to numbers is wholly unimportant, one-half may perhaps be subtracted, and six thousand volumes will remain—six thousand MSS. of great antiquity, value, and interest, belonging, unquestionably, to the king, or to the three estates, or to the people of England,—that is to say, being public property, whereof the use ought to be as free to all who could estimate its worth, as it is to navigate the Thames, or to expatiate in Hyde Park; but which are as inaccessible, or rather far more so, since the diving-bell has opened the secrets of the deep, as if they were submerged in the hold of the Royal George. It is probable, indeed, that the number of MSS. is far greater than has been stated; a superficial inspection of the volume before referred to will convince even the least experienced that such is the case. Several of our cathedral and collegiate churches are altogether unnoticed;—in no instance is the public library of any bishop, which is annexed to his see, and transmitted by each prelate to his successor, mentioned;—the printed catalogue of the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth alone enumerates about twelve hundred MSS. Of the collections actually inserted the list is usually scanty and imperfect, containing such volumes only as the compiler deemed valuable, or chanced to have examined. Whether the total amount be really five, or ten, or twenty thousand, it matters not, in truth; for the smallest of these numbers, or a much smaller number than the smallest, would suffice to fill a mind capable of reflection with astonishment, that such things could be in any civilized, or, indeed, in any barbarous nation. If it were possible that, through some unaccountable accident, a few hundred books should be brought together amongst Hottentots, or Otaheitans, or New Zealanders, although the casual collectors might perhaps avail themselves of their literary stores as little as our bishops and deans, is it probable, or credible, that inquisitive strangers would be kept off with equal pertinacity by the less inhospitable savages?

A recent instance will prove how effectually foreigners are prevented, by wicked and unnatural restrictions, from participating in the benefits that might be derived and communicated from our public, but concealed, hoards. Of about one hundred MSS. which are enumerated in the preface to the edition of Aristotle's works, lately published at Berlin, as having been collated by the editors in various countries, for the purification and correction of the text, *one* only is English. The MSS. of the various treatises of Aristotle, of which British damp and British worms enjoy a strict monopoly, are numerous. The intercourse of Prussian scholars with England is more frequent than that of many other continental nations: if their steady and resolute diligence were not notorious, the elaborate correction of the Stagyrte before alluded to would alone prove that such brave men are not to be driven out of the path which leads to knowledge by ordinary obstacles; yet ignorant and impudent impostors still dare to assert, that, in a land blessed by their auspices, the human mind rapidly crosses the field of science in every direction by forced marches, conquering and to conquer the difficult and the impossible.

That an alien, however bold, patient, wily, and indefatigable, should set his foot within the threshold of the library of any of our cathedral

or collegiate churches, or of the public collection of MSS. in the care of a bishop, seems, of all impracticable things, the least practicable. All-daring and all-enduring cunning was the beautiful ideal of the Greek character in the days of the father of poetry, as it is in our times ; he has accordingly embodied the national subtlety, and has wrought therewith specious miracles. His hero, Ulysses, was able to eat of the curds and cheese, and to drink the milk and whey, although they were in the custody of the Cyclops ; but the poet did not venture to predict, through Circe, or some other vehicle of prophecy, that a stranger of Grecian descent would one day enter a den guarded by a dean, and would obtain a sight of some mouldering copy of the divine poem. His loyal admirers never presume to doubt that Homer knew and foreknew all things ; the prodigy was present, therefore, to his comprehensive mind, but he rejected it, although picturesque and striking, because it would have violated even the epic probability. To a foreigner, admission is, and has long been, absolutely impossible ; to a native, it is difficult beyond description or conception. A large volume would not contain the various obstacles and disappointments which one inquisitive and active student has encountered within the space of a few years. The site of the library is not known to the vicinage ; but time at last makes wise, and experience suggests the question—"Which is the door that is always locked ?" The outer door is found and examined, being black and solid, of oak and of iron : it is unusual, but not unlawful, to call aloud, to kick, or to strike, with hand, or stone, or stick. How few persons are able to hunt out those who can declare that he is absent, who would point out him, who could declare that the man is not to be found anywhere, who should make the first excuse ! Sometimes, however, all are frank, and candid, and forward : whatever can be desired is forthcoming ; they concede, in short, every thing but the key. The credulous scholar, confiding in promises, posts thither from a distance ; and the key, he is told at the door, was forgotten, or lost, or mislaid, or another has been substituted by mistake. The resolute, however, sometimes triumph. After a resistance not unbecoming its strength, the outer door has yielded, and the inner door, in a struggle commensurate with its weakness, has also given way : but there is lock within lock ; the press is locked ; and although the back of the desired MS. is seen through the bars, it cannot be approached. A determined inquirer, who was thus tantalized, urged strenuously that a fresh search should be instituted, since the game was in sight. The delay was long, and the reluctance great ; nevertheless the key of the press was at last found ; and although the books were in the charge of a learned body far less hostile to letters than the corporations to which our literary treasures are usually confided, it was shown, by unerring proofs, that it had been missing, but never missed, for full eighty years.

At a library in the metropolis, a visiter has been repeatedly informed that the keeper of the MSS. was residing upon his living in Yorkshire : the period of his departure was so remote, that it was forgotten ; and the time of his return so uncertain, that it could not be predicted. It is no easy task, indeed, to look a librarian in the face, still less easy is it to pin him down to anything definite ; for, like a Hebrew witness, he is commonly a shifting, changeful fellow, although, like the Jew, civil and fair-spoken. An unmerited opulence, however, has sometimes gene-

rated insolence; and a churlish pluralist has manifested his vexation, that the applicant should seek to learn, with such rudeness, as has moved the mildest observer to desire that the wrathful clerk were straightway consigned to a neighbouring horse-pond, for the ablution of his angry discourtesy. Whenever the student presents himself at a conventual or corporate library without a special recommendation, the want of it is alleged against him;—robbers and burglars are addicted to the perusal and transcription of Greek MSS., and they often effect their nefarious purposes under the pretext of collation and emendation; the thing is notorious; and if the abandoned critic would escape the watch-house and the police, he must run for it. Should the simple wight appear armed with written introductions, his case is more cruel; for the refusal is not less certain, but more tedious. With gentleness and gratitude must he politely accept any excuse, and all excuses in long succession, through a regard for the feelings and reputation of the introducer; a worthless list of useless printed books for a catalogue of valuable MSS.; a broomstick for a book; or an old hat instead of a librarian. A promise misleads, by inducing the loss of time and of toil; a kick or a cuff is conclusive, and declares that satisfaction, legal or military, may perchance be had, literary never. The enumeration of evils would be endless, as the evils themselves are enormous. How, then, are they to be remedied? The cure is easy and effectual.

At Vienna, at Naples, at Milan; in France, in Denmark, it is said, and partially even in Spain; in countries which we condemn as barbarous, all the MSS. in the custody of corporations have been collected by the authority of the state, and deposited in a public library. The inconveniences which we now perceive were felt, or rather some of them only. The insecurity of most valuable possessions, and the dispersion in remote places of objects that ought to be assembled in the capital, were the alleged grievances; that access should be refused was a crime of which less arrogant nations were happily ignorant. Nor was the prudent collection, in all cases, a modern innovation; sometimes—as, for example, at Vienna—it was effected at an era which our pert philosophers would scorn as uncivilized. Our gross and guilty negligence has already received a merited, but most cruel, chastisement: at Carlisle many choice, unesteemed, but inestimable, MSS. were burnt; at St. Paul's, also, it is said, and in Sion College; and the contents of the Chapter library at Westminster were destroyed by fire; amongst the last some have asserted, whether erroneously none can now determine, that the accursed flames, hot from the depths of perdition, devoured the *Second Decade* of Livy. How much injury, never to be repaired, would have been avoided, had the scattered volumes been gathered together betimes! A folio, containing about half of the *Lexicon* of Suidas, seems to have disappeared from the Chapter library at Durham, where, however, the administration has been more careful than in other similar repositories: the MS. is described in the Oxford catalogues, but not in the particular catalogue lately published at Durham. Many stray MSS. attest the frequency of abstraction; and it is to be feared that damp and neglect have too often committed fatal ravages: hence, perhaps, in part arises the unwillingness to admit visitors. But these evils must cease.

It is the paramount duty of an enlightened administration, without loss

of time, to despatch a trusty and experienced person, armed with the authority of the legislature, to collect these precious memorials, and to deposit them in the British Museum. It is not necessary for the purposes of literature that the property should be changed; each volume may be inscribed and registered as belonging to the particular body in whose charge it is found, but entrusted by the state to the British Museum for safe custody and more convenient reference. Thus the silly quibble about the private property of corporations will be avoided; and there will be no temptation to forget that these fictitious creatures, whether sole or aggregate, are ancillary to, and wholly dependent upon, the public will. Nor will the direction of a munificent testator, that the books by him bequeathed should remain in a specified place, occasion any difficulty; for he selected the locality only because it would be commodious to the studious, and he would doubtless rejoice that their convenience should be augmented by a wise and well-ordered change. By the word manuscript, charters, records, and other muniments and evidences of legal rights, are not here signified, but those ancient writings only which the ordinary acceptation of the term by the learned would denote: the greater part of our sepulchred wealth is Latin, much Greek, and a portion in English, French, or other languages. To descant upon the value of the precious remains is needless: every manuscript has its peculiarities—an individuality, a certain idiosyncrasy; its leaves can never be turned over without profit. As those who would fully understand an author desire to consult every printed edition, so would they also examine every manuscript, each manuscript being, in truth, a different edition; the chief use of printed books being, perhaps, as some have taught, to prepare the reader for the study of MSS., inasmuch as the ancient usage of comprehending a work thoroughly existed at a period long anterior to the invention of printing. Whoever, for the moderate charge of one guinea a year, purchases the privilege of advertising his name every week or month on the drab cover of a sixpenny discourse, touching all, or not touching any, of the sciences, is deemed a patron of learning and of learned men, being himself, of course, most learned: no other encouragement is known to the age. Nevertheless, the necessity of searching for and collecting the vast mass of hidden treasure is so obvious and urgent, that if it be duly insisted upon it cannot long be delayed. Frequently and strenuously to press so important a matter will not be discreditable; nor surely is the first suggestion.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.*

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER!—Oh, for the harp of an Ossian worthily to celebrate thy charms! Oh, for the one string (the fourth) of a Paganini rightly to modulate thy praises! Ods flints and triggers—if we may swear such an old-fashioned oath—what associations are conjured up in a man's breast at the mention of thy name! How distinct sound the double crack of his Manton, and the wing-whirr of the brown covey, in his mind's ear, Horatio! How brightly lies the landscape under his eye—how bland is the breath of morning in his nostrils—how joyous the bounding of his brave dogs—how light, how glad, how *grateful* his own heart!

September! what a glorious month it is! Cornfields are yet waving in golden undulations over the hill-sides, or standing in tent-like rows along the plain. Sickles are yet plying among the brown ears; gleaners are yet stooping amid the bright sheaves; waggons are “groaning” under the weight of an abundant harvest, and, as they swing through the half-yard-deep ruts in the narrow lanes, hang “samples” of the golden grain on the unclipt hedges, for the little birds to banquet on when they are gone. In September, however, if the season has been favourable, the crops are for the most part got in; the country, in general, is crisp with stubble; Irishmen are seen returning shoeless and stockingless to Green Erin—home *is* home, after all. Harvest hymns are being sung in parish churches; and farmers are grumbling at Providence, and the corn-laws, and the assessed taxes, and are certain there never *were* such times. But, pshaw! what have we to do with politics on the First of September? The very Senate itself is silent now, and nature seems to be enjoying a universal holyday. The country is full of life and beauty: everything is consummated. The flowers of spring, those beautiful promises, have ripened into golden fruit; the poor man's orchard is an Aladdin's garden, and every schoolboy is an Aladdin. Apples, pears, plums, apricots! What temptations are hanging about in every direction! That lad must have more than his share of honesty who can resist them all. Eve and Atalanta were overcome with a golden pippin; what wonder then that little Tommy, or Bobby, or Jacky, or Billy should be unable to resist the combined influences of russet and codling, of *cœur-pendu*, and Waking-pippin, and Ribstone-pippin, and Keswick codling, and northern-greening, and pearmain, and nonsuch, and Hawthornden, and those rosy rascals surnamed peach!—Sweet or sour; but why do I say sour? They are all sweet to them; the very crab in the hedgerow hath its admirers on the “lower forms,” and many is the *hatful* that will be eaten between this and the next number of the “New Monthly Magazine.”

Then the pears! the magnificent bell-pears! hanging along the branches like so many Great Toms of Lincoln; the bergamot, the lus-

* The first of September, this year, to use an Iricism, will not take place till the second,—the Sabbath *coming in the way*. But we write for eternity, therefore such little accidents have no weight with us.

cious little jargonelle, the mouth-melting swan-egg, and the humble Tet'nall! The plums! red, yellow, purple, like little skins of nectar, so full of cool, ripe, luscious juice—bah! it makes one's mouth water to think of them! And then—(we say nothing of peach, grape, and nectarine, because they are not, or rarely, come-at-able by our little school friend)—then the stores of wild fruit that are growing in the dark woods, or among the sunny hedgerows. Nuts! who has not pleasant recollections of his nutting days, when he sallied forth into field and forest to procure, “by hook or crook,” a feast of those delicate morsels, heedless of keepers and indigestions, and blind to the murderous announcement that “steel traps and spring guns are actually set on these premises.” Oh! many's the Thursday and Saturday afternoon that I have spent over head and ears in the brown hazel-bushes; and many's the race I have run with velveteen-jacketed keeper, on emerging into day, with pockets, hat, and handkerchief *stodgefull* of brown-shellers. What luxury, to grasp the ripe clusters, scarcely distinguishable from the rough leaves among which they grew! What emulation about the bunches of fives, and sixes, and sevens! and with what joy we pocketed the same, earwigs and all, iuly trembling lest a luckier boy should find a larger cluster! Then how we went cracking all the way home, for we were too busy to enjoy any part of our treasure in the wood! Crack, crack, crack! I wonder we did not break every tooth in our head! And what games of *cob-nut* ensued when we again arrived at school, to the very considerable neglect of Bonnycastle and *Cæsar de Bello Gallico*.

September! a bright month is September. How magnificent are the sunsets and the moonlights! The air is now so clear that you can count every tree upon the horizon, and every sundown is a picture by Claude, in “his best manner.” How full is the landscape of leaf and blossom! No winter sign yet—all is the brightness of life. Not but that some Job's comforter (the damned-goodnatured friend that pointed out to you your first grey hair) will be able to discover some fading leaf or withered bough, some jaundiced chestnut or fading birch; but, spite of the monster, all is brightness and beauty. June itself is not more full of foliage, nay, not *so* full; for the young shoots that were put forth at midsummer by the oak and his comrades are now fully expanded, their hues of light-green and crimson having sobered down into the general tint.* Song-birds are newly waking their voices in the woods. Our old friend cockrobin is chirruping up for joy that the dog-days are at an end, and his breast is brighter and redder than ever. The favourite warblers of spring are again trying over their chromatics and diatonics; and *débutantes*—young thrushes and blackbirds, *cum multis aliis*—are heard in every bush. Flowers are still lying along the banksides, of which our well-beloved harebell is the chief in beauty. The furze is bright with yellow blossoms—when is it not, I should like to know? and the thistle makes a fine show, with its white and crimson tufts. Clusters of yellow, star-like flowers, with orange centres, whose name we do not know, (we

* A striking feature in July and August is the putting forth of young shoots by the timber and other trees. The oak is most conspicuous at this time, from the strong contrast afforded by the old and new leaves; those being of a very dark green, these of a light-green, red, or brown. The younger trees are most prolific of these midsummer shoots.

really must look over our botany,) are growing in every field and hedge-side; and other, smaller gold flowers are lying like spangles under our feet. The foxglove, glorious creature! is seen here and there, in the shady dingle; or on the cold side of the hedge, but no longer blowing with the vigour and beauty of its midsummer brethren. Woodbines are yet twining their flowery fingers among the hawthorn leaves, and the wild convolvulus is being smothered with dust on every road side.

Overhead ripe berries hang in juicy clusters: elderberries, blackberries, hips and haws, and the beautiful bunches of the mountain ash. Old women in scarlet cloaks, with hooked sticks and wicker baskets, are seen trudging up hill and down dale, wherever an elder tree is to be met with; and the cottager's wife sends for the annual cargo of coarse sugar to make her gudeman a keg of sweet wine. Now farm-houses are invisible; you can see nothing in that direction but massive ricks of hay and corn, with straw weathercocks a-top; or now and then, perhaps, a cluster of ancient chimneys peeping over their roofs. Flocks of geese, and turkeys, and pigeons, and guinea-fowls are met with in the fields, picking up the corn that has been scattered by the harvesters; and, every market day, chubby dairymaids are seen trudging to town with the fattest of them for sale.

Now the hop countries are in a complete turmoil: every man, woman, and child seems to be engaged in the gathering—a happy, sunny scene as one would wish to see on a September day. The merry groups of children, laughing among the bright foliage, and twining the green tendrils round their innocent brows; the men and women—pshaw! nymphs and swains, we mean—plucking the pleasant-smelling flowers from their stems, and cracking their jokes, and casting sheeps'-eyes and hop-flowers at one another in amorous frolic; the bright-faced boys, bearing away the lofty plants—stems, leaves, flowers, and all—to where their seniors are picking and sorting them for the service of glorious Sir John Barley-corn, Bart.; these altogether form a picture of pleasure and plenty that no age or country can surpass. In the orchard counties, tod, perry, and cider are flowing from the juicy presses; very nice liquors to those who like them; but, for our part, Burton against Worcestershire all the world over.

Now London is a desert, so to say, and the *legitimates* open to empty benches. Now young ladies and gentlemen throng to the sea-coast and gaze upon the ocean, exclaiming, "There is a rapture in the lonely shore," &c. &c. (*vide* any young lady's album *passim*). Now the Cockney, telling over the gains of the season, resolves on a voyage and a continental tour, and embarks with Mrs. Smith and the Messrs. and the Misses Smith, at the St. Katherine's Docks, incontinently. Now Parliament breaks up, and Parliamentary reporters attend union meetings and county assizes. Now "patent percussion guns," "unrivalled pointers," "pedometers for the waistcoat pocket," "anti-corrosive powder," "chemically-prepared wadding," "gambroon shooting jackets of an entirely new cut," and "waterproof hats on a new principle," are advertised in all the newspapers. Now Mr. Robins is instructed to offer to public competition divers "eligible country residences," "elegant Gothic villas," "charming rustic retreats, with right of sporting," &c.; all of course "claiming to approach FAIRY LAND."

Now wasps are very annoying in fruit gardens and confectioners' shops ; and you cannot take hold of a nice ripe plum, or green gage, without getting into a squabble with some of these impertinent gentry. Think yourself well off if you don't get one of them into your mouth before you are aware of it. Now barrels of oysters and haunches of venison pass from friend to friend, and from landlord to tenant, and from honourable member to worthy and independent elector ; and boxes of grouse come in from the moors *rather* the worse for the journey. Now sons and heirs are invited to parks, and places, and castles, and halls, and manor-houses ; where beautiful, and elegant, and accomplished young ladies sing, and draw, and knit blue and white purses, and play at billiards " a little ;" and a system of manœuvring ensues, in which the one party is desirous of carrying flirtation as far as it will go *without matrimony*—the other of extending it to such a length that nothing less than a parson or a brother can settle the business. The younger branches, meanwhile, are content to take their station at Bath or Cheltenham, patiently waiting for a god-send, in the shape of a rich citizen's daughter or merchant's widow. But we are getting scandalous : let us haste back to the country.

To the sportsman September has much to offer ; his year may be said to begin with this month. Hunter, courser, fisher, shooter—wake up every one of you—for September has joy for you all.

THE HUNTER.—Now he is abroad among the thick covers, rattling about the cub-foxes, exercising the old hounds and blooding the young ones. How gladly the old fellows—Trueman, Turbulent, Bellman, Burster, Mentor, Merryman, Rockwood, Rambler, and Co.—resume their joyous game among the fern and furze, and how well do the new entries profit by their example and the whip's corrections ! *Whoo ! tahllo !* pug's in the open, and off they go, old and young, men and hounds, over field and fence, through the wood, up the hill, and away out of sight before we can say " Jack Robinson."

THE COURSER.—Now he is out upon heath and hill ; and his " long dogs " are bounding among the furze blossoms. Poor puss has a weary life of it ; harriers, and beagles, and greyhounds beset her by day, and poachers, villanous poachers, by night. *Halloo ! halloo !* away she bolts out of that patch of gorse ; and Lily and Phantom, like two flashes of lightning, are zigzagging at her heels. Lily turns her, and Phan' loses ground. Lily has her—no ! she turns again, and Lily is a couple of lengths behind. Again they are together ; once again puss dashes off at a right angle. Lily strains every nerve to catch her before she reaches the plantation—she cannot—puss is through the paling—Lily leaps over. Where are they now ? and Echo, down in yonder farm-building, answers " Where ?" Has Lily been victorious ?—has puss escaped ? Who shall tell ? None but Lily herself, for there she comes—yonder, by the birch tree—over the pale ; like a spirit—poor thing, how she pants ! but no hare, and no stain upon her lips. Good Lily ; here, here, here,—you have done your best—done bravely ; but remember, there's many a slip between the cup and the lip !

THE FISHER.—September is a new birth to him. The hot weather of July and August have been the reverse of favourable to his sport. The jack would not run with his choicest baits ; nor trout nor grayling

rise at his cunningest flies. But now his Hackles and his spring duns (the sweet little Violet in particular) come into play again; and heavy is the creel at his back as he trudges homeward at starlight, unwillingly tearing himself from the pleasant stream-side. A delightful sport is fishing; not your sleepy, lackadaisical float and punt work, where you are obliged to sit hour after hour, like a cat in a cherry tree, waiting to pounce upon your prey; but the wild ramble along a singing trout-stream, where every moment is full of incident, and every nook brimful of beauty—where a man is a naturalist, and a sportsman, and a painter, and a poet, and a philosopher, and a moralist, in spite of himself. *Plash!*—a four-pounder is rising behind that grey stone. Light as gossamer floats our line in the air—softly falls the mimic fly upon the wave—*snap!*—he has it—ay, and we have him too—fast, fast as fate on our trusty O'Shaugnessy. Down stream we go, with master trout in tow—heads up, my old boy—steady over the weeds there—he begins to reel, and to show his sides of silver and gold. Now for the landing-net, boy; here he comes—get it well under him—gently—soh—out with him; and a fine fellow he is as ever gobbled up greendrake of a May morning. What colours—silver, and gold, and purple, and rubies plentifully sprinkled over all; and what a fine hump back! and what a beautiful, thoroughbred-looking head! By Jove, he is a fine creature, and if we could but catch another such, to make up the *sixteen brace!*

THE SHOOTER.—Happy he on the First of September! 'Tis true there has been shooting before to-day; but it is not every one that can afford, or that can awhile to go to the moors. It is only the first of September that makes it general. Now the yeoman as well as the squire, now the real as well as the gentleman farmer, can take the field. Shooting is shooting now. There is as much gunpowder expended on this one day as would serve to blow a Miguelite fleet out of the water. Great is the note of preparation throughout the land during the latter days of August. Our guns are newly furbished; our shot-belt is freed from the summer's dust; and our pointers and setters, that have been idling about like halfpay officers these six months, are suddenly become of especial importance. There has been much discussion on the relative merits of setter and pointer, and many ingenious objections have been raised against both. For my part I have a decided predilection—prejudice, may be—in favour of the setter; not because he beats, stands, or backs better than the other, but *because he looks the most good tempered*. There is a sweetness of disposition about the face of the setter that is very heart-winning, to my mind; and—it may be fancy—but it has always seemed to me that this physiognomy was borne out by the character of the dog. The pointer has a sterner look; he is certainly of a more serious turn; and, I think, neither so amiable nor so faithful as the setter. However, I may be wrong; and if so, I beg the pointer's pardon. But this he must confess, the setter has the advantage of him in beauty. Yes, our favourite certainly is the handsomer; those flowing locks—those flossy ears—that feathery tail—mister pointer cannot come up to him in any of these; and last, not least, the beauty and variety of his colours! There is my own sweet pet, Ponto, spotted “like the pard;” there is not a stain upon his sides that should not be there, nor could you

add one blot of gold or jet to improve the balance of light and shade. He is a perfect beauty—and so amiable—and such a finder!

Come, Ponto, my old boy, don't you know it's the first of September? Ay, that you do, as well as any dog in the nation. And Carlo—where's Carlo? Oh! there the rascal is, wagging his tail, and whining and looking out at the hall door, as much as to say, "Come, it's time to be off, the day is breaking, and the coveys are waiting to be killed." Away, then, we go. How refreshing is the morning air—as sweet and exhilarating as a draught of champagne! Lord, what one *does* lose by lying snoring in bed of a morning! We'll never do so again—so we believe at this moment. Aurora and we will henceforth be sworn friends—chums, cronies, inseparables; we will write a sonnet to Phœbus and an ode to Lucifer forthwith; the lark, that sings "i' the plighted clouds," shall sing no more unheard by us. Pillow, and couch, and blanket, and counterpane, we will no longer yield to your feathery fascinations.

We are upon the hill—what a glorious sight! the wood is on our right, alive with pheasants; we shall be after 'em this day month, we promise 'em. Pasture, and stubble, and standing corn lie under us—down, down, through every shade of green and orange, to the meadows yonder, where the river glides smoothly and brightly through its never-fading banks. Beautiful is that river—our own dear Dove, winging its way through mead and mountain, like a dove indeed, and spreading peace and plenty wherever it stretches its glittering wings. Swans are upon its surface—two, four, six, eight, nine of them—two white and seven brown—parents and progeny—swans and cygnets. Elegant creatures! How gracefully they kiss their shadows in the stream! how they plunge headlong into its crystal depths, and scatter the liquid gems from their silver necks!

But a truce to rhapsody. We are upon "the ground," and Carlo and Ponto are on the look-out for a signal to begin. Stay, my old fellows, a preparatory squib, just to wash the detonator's mouth out, and then—*Whush!—Whush!—*There. "Hallo! Carlo, you devil, where are you going? Down charge, you brute—that I should have to say such a thing to a dog of your years. Mind you don't get your ears lugged, you old madcap. There, hey on!" And away go Ponto and Carlo, dashing over the crisp stubble, as happy as a brace of emperors. Hark! a shot in the valley—another behind the wood. Soh! we are not first, then, it seems. Hush! Ponto sets—Good Carlo, well backed! How beautiful they look now! not a muscle in motion; they are fixed as statuary, as lifeless as if they had been plunged in the *Grotto del Cane*—the covey are lying close under their noses—still to a feather. We advance—the hammer *talks*—the birds leap into the air—bang goes the sinister barrel—the smoke sails over our head. Bang again! Why, what the devil! is this we that picked off swallows on the wing as easily as an alderman would bolt an oyster, and could snuff a farthing rushlight with our eyes shut? And have we really missed both birds? Is there not so much as a feather to show for all this expense of powder and shot? Carlo—Ponto—No, I can't lay it on you; but, confound you, you needn't stare so; it was no fault of mine; it was the gun—the powder—the shot—these infernal copper caps—the state of the atmosphere—the awkward way the birds went off—any thing, every thing, in short,

but no fault of mine. Never mind, we'll have 'em yet; they're only in the next piece, the turnips yonder, and——Lord, how nervous I am! I can hardly hold the gunstick—and there, by Jove, I've put the shot into the wrong barrel. What *can* be the reason? Surely not the brandy-and-water I drank last night; and certainly not the coffee I took at breakfast this morning, for I didn't swallow enough to drown a tadpole. Nervous, eh! well, that's a good one, however. Sylvanus Swanquill, Esquire, of Swanquill Hall, in the county of ——, endowed with nerves—shaking like a poplar in a high wind! Nonsense! Ponto, get away, and don't look so like a fool. Carlo, come in, and don't put me in a passion, if you regard those long, silky ears of yours. War' fence, both of you! What a hedge this is! Now, come along, and mind what you're doing—hey on!

By the time the dogs have stood to the birds again, we have recovered our equanimity, and advance with a tolerable degree of assurance. All is silent, save the rustling of our feet among the turnip-tops: but there is a busy discourse of eyes going on amongst the various parties. The birds, not a little frightened at the recollection of the last cannonading, turn their timorous gaze towards the two ogres, Ponto and Carlo. Ponto and Carlo return the compliment in a fixed stare, as if they would fascinate the whole covey. We, on our side, are keeping a good look-out to leeward, ready to take signal vengeance on the birds for former mishaps. Once again the air is turbid under their wings,—the whole covey rises together, father, mother, and Suke,—*bang!*—there goes the son and heir, head over heels, leaving some half-dozen of his feathers floating in the breeze;—*bang again!*—there goes another, the father himself,—the covey divides,—Carlo and Ponto become *couchant proper*, as they say at the Heralds' Office,—the smoking barrels are loaded with new death,—a word, nay a sign, gives life to Ponto and Carlo, and away we go, over hedge and ditch, through stubble and fallow, to renew the dread warfare against the trembling fugitives.

Then, when at mid-day we find ourselves miles away from home, and melting under a hot sun, how welcome the invitation of the honest farmer on the hill to “Walk in and have a crust of bread and cheese!” You, gourmands and gluttons, you, disciples of Kitchener and deifiers of Ude, would ye know where the daintiest morsel in creation is to be tasted, and when? It is in farmer Stubble's little parlour at the Hill Grange, after a hard day's shooting in September. Try that, and you will no longer need your vile zests and diabolical dinner-draughts; you will then know that there is indeed no sauce like hunger, no viand like honest bread and cheese. Ponto and Carlo are popped into the stable, and left to revel in a paradise of hay and straw. We make an apology for our dirty shoes, which are in a terrible plight to be sure, but the worthy Cincinnatus “won't hear a word about it,” and begs we'll make ourselves quite at home.

“Come, Sir, come in: never mind scraping your shoes; you find us quite in the rough; but we can't be always neat in a farm-house.”

“My dear Sir, you are neatness itself.” And, sooth to say, you might tie your cravat in any one of those bright black quarries that pave the hall floor. What a glorious sight that hall is! roofed with beef and panelled with bacon. You might almost fancy friend Stubble was going

to victual the navy. And what a fire-place! those hobs were surely made for Gog and Magog when they spent their Christmas in the country; and those great globes of polished steel, big enough and bright enough to serve for mirrors,—what nice places to warm one's hands upon on a cold winter's evening! A long oaken table, on twisted legs, occupies one entire side of this spacious room, under the old bay window; and there, as in the olden times, the worthy yeoman and his dame take their dinner, in the midst of their domestics and dependents. We would fain stop in this pleasant apartment, and have our luncheon on the old oaken board; but our host won't hear of it, and drags us, *nolens volens*, into the little parlour aforesaid. He is sorry to say that his wife is not at home, (a circumstance which, looking at our shoes, we have no great reason to lament,) and regrets that he cannot get at the wine-cellar. But he knows we are fond of ale, and flatters himself that he can give us as good a glass as here and there one.

"No doubt of it, Mr. Stubble; your tap is celebrated far and near. A glass of good ale for me before all the wine in the universe."

"Well, that's what I say. I'm no great drinker, it's true, (Stubble can take his two bottles at rent-day without 'turning a hair,') but I *do* like a glass of good ale, *that* I must say. Nothing relishes like it, to my mind; and as I said before—but good wine needs no bush, as the saying is,—and no more doesn't good ale; so excuse me a minute or two, and if I don't give you as prime a glass as ever you put your lips to, my name an't John Stubble, that's all."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Stubble; no doubt of it."

"You'll excuse my leaving you alone a few minutes, Mr. Swanquill——"

"My dear Sir——"

"For, you see, we've lost our old servant, poor Nanny——"

"Pray don't mention——"

"And new ones an't to be trusted no farther than you can see 'em——"

"Certainly not, Mr. Stubble."

"They're terrible plagues,—leave the cock running, and play the——"

"Play the devil;—very true,—horrid nuisances!"

"If the missis had been at home——"

"Oh! pray——"

"But I shan't be a moment. There's the magazine and the newspaper just come in: you can amuse yourself with them till I come back. Never mind the sofa,—put your legs up if you're tired;—make yourself at home, I beg."

The magazine, be it known, is that yclept "The Penny;" the paper is the county hebdomadal,—the "Derby Mercury," in fact,—where's the use of making a mystery about nothing? A glance over "The Penny" is enough:—"The ruins of Palmyra—South American beetle—section of a seventy-four—a flea magnified." Very wonderful, and only puzzled to know how they can get it up for the money. There,—now for the news:—"Derby Mercury—um, um!—Rowland's Kalydor—Doctor Lignum's antiscorbutic drops—mineral succedaneum—county meeting—genuine teas—Daffy's Elixir—new coach to Matlock—turn over—House of Lords—um, um!—Lord Ellenborough rose—um!—Earl Grey replied—majority for ministers—um, um!—House of Commons—Mr.

O'Connell—honourable member—withdraw motion—late in the session—poor Ireland—bloody usurpers—hell-fire—ten thousand devils—repeal—purgatory—limbo—Mr. Hume—second the motion—house and window-tax—ten thousand pounds—fifty-two and a fraction—eight million four thousand nine hundred and ninety-four—national debt—sinecure places—tattle of the whole—honourable member—name unknown—inaudible in the gallery—Mr. Cobbett—humbug—genteel blackguards—look at America—glory—liberty—slavery—my son William—*um, um!*—latest intelligence—Donna Maria—surrender of Lisbon—consols 89—"why, God bless me, this paper's a month old! the horrid anomaly, an old newspaper;—pah! out upon it!"

At this moment, honest farmer Stubble appears at the door, with a candle in one hand and a huge flagon in the other.

"Would you like to see our cellar, Mr. Swanquill? I'm just going down, and if you would——"

"No, dear Sir; no, thank 'e, not to-day; for, to tell you the truth, I'm a *little bit* tired."

"Well, some other time,—glad to see you make yourself at home,—don't be afraid of the sofa,—nothing but horsehair,—soon brush off,—must be tired, I know,—shan't be long."

And once again John Stubble disappears, leaving me to the silent contemplation of his little parlour. Nature abhors a vacuum: so do I: therefore I shall endeavour to fill up the space with a slight sketch of the room before me.

First and foremost, there's myself, recumbent upon a black sofa studded with brass nails, "elegant reeded legs," as George Robins would say, and casters. Behind me is the door, and, behind the door, a weather-glass, a bunch of seaweed, a parasol, and an old hunting-whip. Over the chimney-piece is a choice collection of paintings, by ancient and modern masters. The biggest and best of these is an elevation of a fat ox, that was bred by our worthy host himself, and obtained the silver cup which you see on the mantelshelf below, as a reward for its obesity. On either side of the ox are likenesses—so to say—of our host and his lady, taken in fifteen seconds by an itinerant profilist. Above it, almost touching the ceiling, is a small smoke-dried print, but whether line or lithograph, mezzotinto or aquatinta, I cannot, at this distance, take upon me to determine. Beneath these is an old looking-glass in a mahogany frame, with divers letters and "small accounts" stuck in between it and the wall. The mantelshelf itself is well furnished with *bijouterie*. In the centre, as we have already intimated, is the silver cup from the Agricultural Club. A large cowry and half a nautilus occupy the right and left sides of the plate. A cornu-ammonis and a hawk's egg lie hard by: a piece of coralline and a glass poodle adjoin these; then comes a pair of Blue-John candlesticks; then a rice-basket and a snuff-box made out of a cow's-hoof; and beyond these, at each end of the ledge, a large China figure garnished with peacock's feathers and spun-glass. In the window (which overlooks the poultry-yard) are a dusty myrtle, two geraniums, and an ice-plant, in pots of an unnatural complexion. An oak cupboard, full of china, occupies one corner of the room, and a fire-screen of worsted-work another. A bookshelf hangs against one of the walls, in which we discover nine

volumes of the "Spectator," two of the "Penny Magazine," two of the "Racing Calendar," one "Holy Bible," *ditto* "Domestic Cookery," (very much thumbed,) *ditto* "Gazetteer," *ditto* "Complete Vermin Killer," *ditto* "Moore's Vox Stellarum," and half *ditto* "Every Man his own Farrier;" the whole surmounted by a fox's brush, a pair of superfine spurs, and a dog-whip. Opposite to this, between the fireplace and the window——

"Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but couldn't help it; the cock wouldn't run,—something in it, I believe,—and the maid's only just done churning. Come, Caroline, bring the things. I'm sure you must be hungry."

And in comes Caroline. But *what* a Caroline! as fat as the ox over the fireplace, and as red as the flower-pots in the window. And how the wench stares! we are not more modest than another, but positively she makes us feel ready to blush. And why all these journeys backwards and forwards? A knife one time,—a plate another,—then a loaf,—then a cheese,—then a piece of hung beef,—then a cold chawl,—then a salad,—then a plate of butter,—then the mustard,—then the salt,—then the vinegar, in a huge quart bottle,—then more knives,—then tumblers——

"My dear Mr. Stubble, I shan't eat half these things: pray don't make all this fuss with me. I assure you——"

"Oh! not at all; no fuss at all: I wish we'd something better to offer you; pot luck, that's all. Wish you'd come yesterday,—we'd a beautiful leg of lamb;—or on Thursday, when we had the venison;—but no use crying for shed milk, you know,—so come, draw to,—or stay, I'll bring the table to the sofa. There, now help yourself, and don't spare what there is. Let me give you a glass of ale to wash the dust out of your throat: some folks say it an't well to drink fasting, but I don't think there's much in it. I always do,—never harms me;—but, thank God, I can digest an old shoe stuffed with hobnails, as the saying is. That's right, help yourself: there, taste that. Sir, your good health, and very glad to see you."

"Thank you, good Sir; thank you. By Jove, this looks rare stuff."

"Don't speak till you're dead, as the saying is. Taste it before you give your opinion:"

"Your health, Mr. Stubble, and success to agriculture."

"Thank you, Sir; I'll drink that toast if I never drink another."

"By Jove, Mr. Stubble——"

"Here's success to agriculture."

"By Jove, Mr. Stubble, this is prime stuff."

"An't it? My wife brewed it herself, and I grew the barley,—twelve bushels to the hogshead; and no running over again, I promise you. If you want a glass of good ale, Mr. Swanquill, never let 'em make any beer*; they're sure to rob Peter to pay Paul, as the saying is. But come, Sir, cut away, or else I shall say you don't like it."

"That man must be more or less than a man that could fall out with such a table. This beef, Sir, is excellent."

* In the midland counties the terms *ale* and *beer* are not synonymous. The name of *beer* is applied to a wishy-washy sort of stuff, made by pouring fresh water over the malt which has already furnished the *ale*.

"Glad you like it, Sir; bred it myself, and fed it too: all grass and turnips; none of your oilcakes, and such unnatural stuff for me. But talk of beef, I wish you'd tasted that ox over the fire-place: that *was* beef,—took the first prize at the Agricultural Meeting,—a hundred and ten stone, fourteen pound to the stone,—all meat and no bone,—such a beast! Seen the cup, I suppose; that's it on the mantelshef; solid silver: wish my wife was at home, we'd have a jorum o' punch out of it. Come, Sir, you don't eat: now pray help to,—you don't drink nayther; let me fill up your glass."

"You speak ironically, Mr. Stubble?"

"Exactly so; I always say what I think: no humbug in me, Mr. Swanquill. Your health again, Sir."

Being desirous of maintaining our credibility, we shall not say how much of honest John Stubble's beef, and bread, and cheese, and Bath-coss fall under our knife and fork within the next quarter of an hour: neither shall we notify the magnums of Anno Domini that are quaffed to the most patriotic toasts and social sentiments. Suffice it to say, there is no more shooting for us to-day; and when Mrs. Stubble comes home to tea at five o'clock, there are we, lolling at our ease on the horse-hair sofa, with jug and glasses before us; and our worthy host smoking his pipe, and laying down the law like a second Lycurgus.

Mrs. Stubble is the model of a farmer's wife; the most notable woman in the county. Like the butterfly, she has two states; the one so entirely different from the other, that a person who has not seen her in both would have some difficulty in recognizing the identity. In her chrysalis state, which occupies from cockcrow till about three o'clock in the afternoon, the good lady is habited in a dark cotton gown, at eightpence a yard, a checked apron, and black worsted stockings; the whole surmounted by a cap, which is neither a day-cap nor a night-cap, but a sort of cross between both. During this period, Mrs. Stubble is in a continual bustle of hands, and feet, and eyes, and ears, and tongue, and thought; running here, hurrying there; commanding this, countermanding that; feeding the chickens, cramming the turkeys, rolling the butter, pressing the cheese, shelling the peas, paring the apples, scolding the maid, beating the cat, pickling walnuts, preserving pears, drawing the beer, kneading the dough, *et cætera, et cætera*, the particulars of which I have not power to recollect, nor time to enumerate.

But, in the afternoon, how different a person is Mrs. Stubble! The very maids perceive and acknowledge the alteration; and those who were hail-fellow-well-met with her in the morning are now *pénètrées* with deference. She is the butterfly that was the pupa—the Columbine that was the Cinderella. Her cotton gown has given place to a silk *dress*, fitted up with patent bustle, buckram sleeves, and all those other little elegancies with which the ladies know so well how to beautify nature. Her black worsted stockings have been exchanged for white cotton, or perhaps silk ones, and are tastefully criss-crossed with black silk riband at twopence a yard. A halo of lace encircles her neck, scallop over scallop, vandyke over vandyke, eyelet-hole over eyelet-hole, wonderful to behold! Her cap,—but who shall describe that cap? Who shall attempt to picture in verbs and adjectives, nouns and participles, those towers of blond lace, those labyrinths of bobbin net, those *rouleaux* and *nœuds*

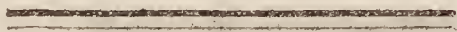
of white satin or *rose de Parnasse*; those *brides* (brides, Mrs. Stubble calls them) of gauze riband, bobbing into all the tea-cups, and the gravy at supper, and furnishing Mr. Stubble with many a boisterous joke; those roses, and lilies, and major-convolvuluses, and ears of barley, interspersed with leaves of silver and green? Not we indeed; let Mrs. Bell's poet laureate undertake the task if he will: our pen is dumb.

A kind creature, after all, is Mrs. Stubble, and we won't hear a word said against her. What tea she makes! black as Phlegethon, and strong as aqua-fortis. It takes the breath of one like a glass of Glenlivet, and makes one's hand shake for a month after. And what cream! Cream! it an't cream: it's oyster sauce: that will never amalgamate with our Twankay;—*blob, blob*,—you can't pour it, you are obliged to *jerk* it out. Won't mix, eh? Only stir it, and you'll see;—*whirr, whirr*,—how, after a turn or two, every luscious blot melts in the foaming cordial, “making the black one white!” Taste it now. My eyes! this *is* tea, (pardon the *lapsus*;) never knew what tea was till now. “Stubble, my dear fellow, this beats your ale hollow. Mrs. Stubble, upon my word, you're a phoenix.”

Stubble, however, sticks to the ale; he never takes tea; considers it horrid slop, mere baby-lap, I know, only won't say so because we are drinking it. Mrs. Stubble, of course, is not proof against our praise. Takes a fancy to us, in fact; gives us the strongest tea; offers us the thinnest bits of bread and butter; wishes she'd got something better; begs we'll make free, and kindly intimates that she'll show us the cheese-room, and the dairy, and the young peafowls, and the Guinea-pigs, as soon as ever “the things are took away.”

We shall not insist on our reader's making this tour with us, as he has not partaken of Mr. Stubble's hospitality. For us there is no escape. Not a cheese but what is told over; not a milkpan but what is overhauled; not a peafowl but is made to peck in our presence; not a Guinea-pig that is suffered to lie perdue among the straw while our head is in the pen. God forgive us the unfelt ecstasies we assume for our hostess' gratification! the “beautifuls!” and “charmings!” and “no, reallys!” and “you don't say sos!” and “dear little things!” that we pour forth into her too, too credulous ears! But no; we are not to be forgiven: punishment follows quickly on the heels of transgression. Mrs. Stubble insists on our accepting a couple of the peafowls, and the whole litter of Guinea-pigs, *to keep for her sake*.

Such was our *last* FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.



SEASONABLE DITTIES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NO. I.—DON'T TALK OF SEPTEMBER!

I.

Don't talk of September!—a lady
Must think it of all months the worst;
The men are preparing already
To take themselves off on the first:
I try to arrange a small party,
The girls dance together,—how tame!
I'd get up *my* game of ecarte,
But *they* go to bring down *their* game!

II.

Last month, their attention to quicken,
A supper I knew was the thing;
But now from my turkey and chicken
They're tempted by birds on the wing!
They shoulder their terrible rifles,
(It's really too much for my nerves!)
And slighting *my sweets and my trifles*,
Prefer my Lord Harry's *preserves*!

III.

Miss Lovemore, with great consternation,
Now hears of the horrible plan,
And fears that her little flirtation
Was only a flash in the pan!
Oh! marriage is hard of digestion,
The men are all sparing of words;
And now 'stead of *popping the question*,
They set off to *pop at the birds*.

IV.

Go, false ones, your aim is so horrid,
That love at the sight of you dies:
You care not for locks on the forehead,—
The *locks* made by MANTON you prize!
All thoughts sentimental *exploding*,
Like *flints* I behold you depart;
You heed not, when priming and loading,
The load you have left on my heart.

V.

They talk about patent percussions,
And all preparations for sport;
And these *double barrel* discussions
Exhaust *double bottles* of port!
The dearest is deaf to my summons
As off on his pony he jogs;
A doleful condition is woman's;
The men are all *gone to the dogs*!

CURATES OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—You have devoted much of your attention to law and lawyers, pray give a little of it to divinity and divines. After you have so amply discussed the merits of the practitioners of the Irish bar, we should be well pleased to see you take up the cause of the curates of the Established Church in Ireland. There is no subject that more loudly calls for public attention; and your periodical, distinguished for its impartial insertions, and known not to be the advocate of any particular sect, is always read with that attention which is due to fair and candid representation, while its extensive circulation ensures that whatever information it contains will be generally spread abroad. It is by such means that the community are informed of the real state of things, public opinion is directed, and old abuses and established absurdities yield at length to the expression of its will, which becomes irresistible, because founded on common sense, and the unalterable reason of things.

It has been stated, that the total expense of the Established Church in Ireland was about 2,239,000*l.* per annum, and this is not overrated. It might have been further added, that this enormous sum is paid for the spiritual instruction of about 500,000 persons who frequent that particular service: and so, comparing the income of the pastors with the number of the flock, it is the *richest Church* that not only *now is*, but that *ever was* in the world.

Was this large sum allocated in any fair or reasonable proportions for the maintenance of the clergy, so that every one who ministered to others in spirituals should have a competent share of temporal things, it might serve to abate the public clamour against this immense and, as it appears to them, unnecessary expenditure; but when they see it accumulated in heaps, and monopolized by the indolent few, while the active, laborious, and efficient members are abandoned to absolute want; when they see the dignitaries like large wens on the human body, with the limbs that support it feeble and emaciated, while the whole nutriment is absorbed by a few unsightly and morbid excrescences,—they consider it not only a useless waste, but a scandalous abuse; and it is one of the principal causes which increases the sectarian congregations by the secession of Protestants from the establishment who first disapprove of, and then desert, what they call a worldly, mercenary, and unchristian system of worship.

In order that this opinion of the public may be fairly appreciated, let us see what grounds there are for it. There are in Ireland about three thousand clergymen of the Church of England. Of these two-thirds have no benefice of their own, but officiate for others as their curates or deputies. They are men who have all, or with very few exceptions, graduated in Trinity College, Dublin. Their education in a university more strict than those of England procures them a literary reputation to which they are well entitled; the certificates of grave and reverend men, who have known their deportment for some years before ordination, is a pledge of their moral worth; and the severe examination they must undergo by the archdeacon of the diocese renders it next to impossible that they can be other than men of religious knowledge. They are, moreover, gentlemen in rank and deportment, and their general conduct is such, that there is no class of persons more esteemed, and justly esteemed, in the community. When appointed to a duty, they are never absent from the spot, but always to be found in active service on their cure, officiating in church, baptizing infants, catechising children, visiting the sick, burying the dead, in fact performing all the necessary functions, and so supporting all the real interests of the Established Church. Yet what is their reward out of the expenditure of more than two millions of the public money? Their stipend, till of late

years, was 60*l.* and under. A trifling amelioration of their condition then took place, and it was fixed at 75*l.*, as an important favour, at the very time when the salary of the lowest clerk in the Custom-house of Dublin, down to the seventeenth grade, was raised to 80*l.* with an arrangement for a gradual increase. Even this paltry addition of 15*l.* was not mandatory, and at this day some laborious curates are obliged to work for 50*l.* and 60*l.* Supposing; however, the whole to have been 75*l.*, their case will stand thus :—

Expenditure of the Established Church for one year	2,239,000 <i>l.</i>
Stipend of 2000 curates at 75 <i>l.</i> each	150,000 <i>l.</i>

Thus it appears that, out of this enormous sum paid by the country for the support of the Church, the active, serviceable clergy, who do all the real duties, receive no more than one-fifteenth part !

It further appears that the following income is divided among the beneficed clergy, the majority of whom are pluralists, and hold two and three benefices at a time, so that the actual number of individuals who share this income does not amount to one thousand :—

Tithes of 2436 parishes	880,000 <i>l.</i>
Glebes	120,000 <i>l.</i>
Value of houses	48,000 <i>l.</i>
Churchyards	102,000 <i>l.</i>
Marriage and other fees	12,000 <i>l.</i>
Ministers' money, Dublin	10,000 <i>l.</i>
<hr/>	
Income of 1000 beneficed clergy	1,262,000 <i>l.</i>
Ditto of 2000 curates	150,000 <i>l.</i>

The curate, who is bound to the soil, and cannot hold, because he cannot do the duty of, more than one cure, thus receives no more than one-sixteenth part of his rector's income, who, being usually a pluralist, is necessarily a non-resident on one or more of his livings, and so does no part at all of the duty.

Finally, there are twenty-two * bishops whose income is as follows :

Income of 22 bishoprics in rent and fines	222,000 <i>l.</i>
Income of 2000 curates	150,000 <i>l.</i>

Thus it appears that twenty-two persons, who are known to do comparatively nothing, receive more than one-and-a-half as much as the whole two thousand effective and operative members of the Church. In order that the operation of this system may be justly appreciated, I will take an individual case out of the multitude, because it has been recently made a subject of public notice. The living of Finglas, in the vicinity of Dublin, consists of a union of four parishes, on all of which there were formerly places of worship, as is evident by the existing ruins ; but at present there is but one church which has three clergymen nominally attached to it,—a rector, a vicar, and a curate. The rector is a pluralist: he holds, with Finglas, the benefice of Chapel Izod, in the county of Dublin, and the living of St. Werburgh's, in the city ; he has, moreover, a stall in the Cathedral as Chancellor of the Chapter ; enjoys the pay of Chaplain to the Dublin Regiment of Foot ; and, finally, is one of the Chaplains to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.† The vicar is the son of the late Archbishop, and is also a pluralist. He holds a living in the diocese of Raphoe, and was appointed by his father to a stall in his Cathedral. The curate has not, nor cannot, have any other cure. The rector never goes near the parish, except to collect his tithes ; he performs no duty, never officiated in

* Our Correspondent wrote before the Irish Church Reform Bill had passed.—ED.

† This young gentleman has been lately promoted to a much more lucrative benefice.—ED.

the church in his life, and, such is the state of things, that it is not even expected that he would. The vicar has other engagements, so numerous that he, of course, is seldom present. The curate is never absent, resides near the church, and attends alone to the duties of four extensive parishes, and this is the division of the income:—

Rector, who never attends,	. . .	1400 <i>l.</i> per an.
Vicar, who has other duties,	. . .	800 <i>l.</i> per an.
Curate, who is never absent,	. . .	75 <i>l.</i> per an.

It would be a waste of time to multiply instances of this kind, when four-fifths of the parishes in Ireland are similarly situated.

Now, this shameless inequality and gross injustice in the expenditure of public money would be in some slight degree compensated, if the injured curate himself had hopes of reaping, in his turn, a similar harvest. Was the succession to a benefice like the succession in any other department this would be the case. An officer in the army, and a clerk in the revenue, usually succeeds his senior; and, indeed, there is no pursuit in life where industry, integrity, perseverance, and length of service, will not advance a man in his profession, except in the Church of Ireland; there, and there alone, is an extinguisher put on his hopes; and it is notorious, that the last man who expects to succeed to a vacant benefice is the existing curate. Bishops and patrons are so exceedingly jealous of the right of presentation, that the very fact of being the curate is a sufficient bar to his hopes, lest the succession should grow into a precedent.* This is so well understood, that of the many and exemplary persons who have been recommended to bishops by the unanimous address of their parishioners, not one, that I know of, has been successful. Indeed, the recommendation has been taken so ill, that some good but timid men have rather declined this flattering testimonial of their merits, and requested it might not be forwarded, lest it should offend the bishop, and so prove a bar to any other expectation. I shall mention one or two men who were in this predicament, whose memory is dear to many in Dublin.

The Rev. Henry Savage was curate of St. Michael's, a Prebend of the Cathedral of Christchurch. The Chapter of Christchurch is one of the richest endowments of the rich Church of Ireland. It consists of few members, and they share between them large emoluments. Besides the several offices of the Chapter, they have the presentation to four livings in the city of Dublin, to which they present one of themselves. St. Mary's is estimated at 1500*l.* per annum. The members, besides, are all pluralists. The Dean of the Chapter is also Bishop of Kildare *ex-officio*. The precentor was Dean of Raphoe; he was, moreover, an Englishman and an absentee, and had not been in Ireland for fifteen years. The late rector of St. Mary's was also dean of Ardagh, incumbent of Rathenny, and professor of divinity in Trinity College, Dublin; and the present rector is a young man, son to the Bishop of Kildare, archdeacon of his diocese, and incumbent of the rich parish of Monkstown: so of the rest. To this rich and abounding body the Rev. Henry Savage was curate. It was impossible to know the man and not to love him; his kindly heart, his honest mind, his independent spirit, his cordial manners, and his gentlemanly demeanour, had endeared him to all that knew him as friends; while his exemplary life, his unaffected piety, and his active charity, had engaged the good will of all his parishioners. He was, indeed, a man equally beloved and respected. Having for more than thirty years served the cure of the parish, and seen several incumbents removed; and being, moreover, a man ad-

* The valuable living of St. Anne's, in the metropolis, was lately vacant, and the parishioners applied in favour of the Rev. Mr. Cotton, who has been their curate nearly forty years. To the great regret of the people of Dublin, the present Archbishop gave it to another, and neglected to establish a precedent which would have rendered him deservedly popular.—ED.

vanced in life, with a wife and children to support, he was persuaded by his friends to offer himself as a candidate for the living on the next vacancy, and he was backed by his parishioners. And how was his application received? I shall never forget his account of it. "I was laughed at," says he, "for my folly, and threatened for my presumption." In effect he did meet with such discouragement and discountenance, that he immediately withdrew his application; but his parishioners still hoped that some other remuneration would be made to him for his long services. It did come at length, and what was it? There are certain state sermons periodically preached in Christchurch, which the members of the Chapter were not disposed to preach themselves, and had appointed the curate of St. Michael's to preach for them at a trifling salary, and this situation he had enjoyed with his curacy for a series of years. It was now, however, deemed expedient to add another member to the chaunting service of the Cathedral, and the question was, how was the salary of this new singing member to be made up. It is an absolute fact, that they would not touch their own "exceeding many flocks," but they took the ewe-lamb of the poor man, and "dressed it for the man that was come to them." They withdrew from Mr. Savage the small stipend allowed for preaching the sermons, in order to make up the stipend of the stranger. This sum, paltry as it was, was a serious deduction from the little income of a curate with a family; it involved him in embarrassments, I am informed, which embittered his latter days, and shortened his life. He left a widow and children, and I have never heard that they received the smallest countenance or support from the Chapter since his death.

The case of the Rev. Richard Drury is another of the every-day occurrences of the Church of Ireland, and which still occupies the conversation of the good people of Dublin. This venerable man had been curate of St. Bride's, in the city, for half a century, and had outlived several rectors. When the last died, it was expected by the parishioners that this aged and now feeble clergyman would, at length, become the incumbent of the parish, of which he had for so long a time assiduously performed the duties. But no,—the living was conferred on another gentleman, who was already possessed of the parish of Dunshaghtlin, a pluralist holding another benefice. Poor Richard Drury died soon after in poverty, and his children are now objects of charity among his surviving friends. Is it not a stain on the Church of Ireland thus to belie the scripture of God, to suffer "the righteous man to be forsaken," and to "see his seed begging their bread?"

It may be said, however, that there are means to which unbeneficed clergymen may resort, and add to their limited income by useful and appropriate employment. This has been done heretofore; and many excellent schools and seminaries were kept by Dublin curates, highly beneficial to the parishes in which they resided. It appears, however, that his Grace the late Archbishop had thought that this employment of leisure hours might interfere with parochial duties, and so it was notified to every teacher in the diocese that he must give up either his curacy or his school. Of the effects of this very extraordinary and cruel act I shall mention one, of many instances, which the people of Dublin talk of. The Rev. John Fea is curate of St. Thomas's, and has been so for thirty-five years. Having a large family, he added to his scanty income by a school, which he kept with considerable reputation, on Summer-hill, close by his parish church; and his school, whatever benefit it might be to the parishioners, was never known to interfere with any clerical duty he had to perform for them. He, however, was informed by his Grace that he could no longer keep his school and hold his curacy. He humbly represented that he had done both for a number of years, and it was never objected to before: he was given to understand that "former times were bad precedents; and, if he continued to keep his school, he would see that one else would be appointed to his cure." He had no alternative;—so, unwilling to abandon a flock

endeared to him by such long connexion, he dismissed his more profitable scholars. Having reared a large family respectably, he, of course, could not make any provision for them or himself; and being suddenly obliged to give up two-thirds of his income, he must also forego all the comforts and many of the decencies of life, at an age approaching to seventy. He is to be seen every day taking a solitary walk on the Circular-road, at the hours when he was more usefully and profitably employed in attending his school; and it is highly probable that privation and anxiety will soon add him to the catalogue of Dublin curates, whose grey hairs were brought in sorrow and poverty to the grave.

The Rev. John Robinson was curate of St. Luke's for forty years, at a salary of about as many pounds, though his rectors were generally pluralists; one of them held in addition the living of Donoughmore, and others different other benefices. He could hold nothing else, so he eked out his scanty subsistence by a day-school in Cuff-street. He was well and long known in Dublin, not less by the simplicity of his manners, than by the heterodox shape of his wig, which, on one occasion, brought him into serious trouble. During the illness and incapacity of a late archbishop, Dr. Duigenan, the vicar-general of the diocese, as his grace's *locum tenens*, held his annual visitations of the clergy in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The ferocity of this man's temper, and his uncompromising enmity to curates and Catholics, on whom he used to vent it, will never be forgotten. During the long illness of the archbishop this scourge was allowed to lacerate the feelings of the inferior clergy with impunity, if indeed he was not encouraged to do so. Humility is a virtue which cannot be too often inculcated; and the lessons of endurance taught by this man to the curate, might be intended as a salutary instruction to their superiors, whom he would not venture personally to rebuke. He generally bottled up his wrath for a year, and then poured out the full phials on the heads of these devoted men, at his annual visitations. As churchwarden of our parish I generally attended those visitations, and I shall never forget the anxiety and agitation of some sensitive elderly men at the ordeal they were about to undergo, or the indignant feelings of the younger, who, being more recently from college, had not yet ceased to remember that they were men and gentlemen. On one occasion he was particularly disposed to insult and abuse; but after vainly searching for cause of complaint, and finding none, his natural temper was soured by disappointment. He determined to make a cause where he could not find one; and, to the astonishment of a large congregation, he suddenly fastened on Mr. Robinson's wig, which he tattered and tore with all manner of abuse. There is a market in the vicinity of the church, in which a butcher kept a very savage bull dog, to the terror and annoyance of the passengers. On my way to church in the morning, I had seen him seize a poor sheep by the throat, and throttle him in the street. When I looked at the countenance of poor Mr. Robinson, writhing in the gripe of this no less savage animal, it strongly reminded me of the innocent and woolly head of the sheep under similar circumstances. He never rightly recovered the attack, or held up his head afterwards. He thought the indignity of this personal abuse lessened him in the estimation of his parishioners, and took from him the respect of his scholars. It certainly attached to the worthy man something lessening in the eyes of the unthinking, and it has added a proverb to the phraseology of Dublin, where, from that time, "Wigging a man" is a common expression for abusing him.

I shall trouble you with one more anecdote of a Dublin curate, and then leave them in your hands. The Rev. Andrew Staunton was many years curate of St. Nicholas Within, at a salary still lower than the former; but having had some difference with his rector, who was, as usual, a pluralist, about a few pounds, which were of great importance to the one, but of very little to the other, he was advised to sue him at law to recover it; and his sole dependence in the mean time was a little school in Clarendon-

street, on which he supported a wife and family. I knew not how the inhibition of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin affected him; but I am afraid there was nothing left to embarrass his choice,—for the sacrifice of his curacy was already made. He was an excellent scholar, and known in Dublin as a literary man. He published several works, and, among the rest, one which, at this moment, ought to be of considerable interest. You know that James I., like Henry VIII., was a great theologian; but, unlike his predecessor, he did not execute every person who differed with him in opinion: on the contrary, in order to form a fair estimate of the several arguments that might be adduced in favour of the respective doctrines of Catholics and Protestants, he directed that each party should select a man to manage the disputation; collect, digest, and arrange the tenets of their respective churches; and support their own or subvert their opponents', by argument or authority. The acute and learned Jesuit Fisher was selected by the Catholics; Dr. Francis White, Dean of Carlisle, by the Protestants; and these men pleaded their cause before James, like Paul and Tertullius before Felix. The arguments were handed in writing to the King, who caused them to be published, by royal authority, in one volume folio, in 1624. This book, so curious and important, and once so celebrated, had become exceedingly scarce, and was rarely to be met with; but by the industry and zeal of the Rev. Andrew Staunton, a copy of it was procured, and a new edition published in a more agreeable form, divested of the superfluity with which the heavy and syllogistic mode of argument had encumbered the original. It is managed in the form of a catechism. James proposes the questions,—Fisher replies,—and White rejoins. In the course of the dialogue, the learned and pious pedantry of the King, the smooth and specious polish of the Jesuit, and the downright and impatient rudeness of the Reformer, are exactly suited to the real characters of the drama; and so the book is a literary curiosity, displaying traits of character and peculiarity of manner that gave the very “body of the time its form and pressure.” The motive of the worthy man to republish this work is best given in his own words. “It is divested,” said he, “of acrimonious bitterness and bigoted animosity; and exhibits the purest picture of the various articles of faith wherein both Churches essentially differ; and thus the sincere admirers of each distinct system of religious worship may *approximate to cherish a cordial reconciliation of Christian amity and mutual concord*, founded upon an accurate knowledge, and discriminating the precise causes which separate and divide the Churches.” Whether the tolerant and Christian sentiments contained in the above passage were altogether at variance with the angry and pugnacious spirit of modern disputants, and so gave offence, I know not; but certain it is, that a work which should have recommended him to his superiors has been consigned with himself to neglect and obscurity. It is highly probable the greater part of the edition which was published in Dublin, about thirteen years ago, is still lying on the shelf of the bookseller; and you will render a good and learned man, or, if he be dead, his impoverished family, a service, by directing public attention to this work. It is infinitely more important and curious than the recent controversy between Pope and Macguire, which, after all, was but a faint and imperfect copy of the other.

That nothing might be wanting to complete the series of injustice which a Dublin curate has to complain of, the injury does not cease with the dead, but seems to be visited, as it were, on the surviving families of those devoted men. In almost every other department, provision is made for the widow of a public servant whose income dies with him, and she has either some house or asylum provided for her, or the means of procuring it; but there is no such thing for the widow of an Irish curate: indeed it was naturally supposed that the immense revenues of the Church would be sufficient for every such purpose, and that its guardians would take care that a competent part of it should be so applied. In the diocese of Dublin there

are about 70 unbeneficed clergymen. The repeal of the ecclesiastical law enjoining celibacy, being one of the supposed great improvements of the Reformation, the curates think they are not only permitted, but enjoined to marry, and so they do, unwarily entangle themselves with a family they are not allowed the means of providing for, die in indigence, and leave the survivors in deep distress. A subscription had been tried among themselves to provide some asylum to shelter their widows, but the poverty of the subscribers rendered this project hopeless, and it was soon abandoned. For a long time there was no place for these forlorn persons, till a beneficent lady, whose name deserves to be recorded, did that for strangers, out of her limited income, which the dignitaries of the church would not do for their own, out of their abundant means. Lady Anne Hume built an asylum for six clergymen's widows of the diocese of Dublin, and endowed it with an income of 60*l.* per annum. This bequest, highly creditable to the amiable donor, is the sole dependence for the widows of the clergy of the Established Church. The house, however, is a meagre little edifice, close by the walls of Mercer's Hospital, and the relief afforded is a very small naked room, and 10*l.* a year, for each person's support! Yet for the accommodations of this place, more dismal than a parish alms-house, the applications of the desolate and distressed, on every vacancy, are so numerous as to make the choice exceedingly embarrassing.

Thus then with a revenue exceeding two millions per annum, adequate, and more than adequate, to all the wants which an establishment could feel, the most numerous and respectable part,—because its real and efficient strength,—is left in extreme indigence while they live, and their families denied the common protection of a pauper asylum when they die.

But it may be said that the Church in England is chargeable with the same inequality in its remuneration of services, and that of Ireland has no exclusive right to complain. This is very true; yet it does not at all lessen the grievance because another is equally afflicted with it. But besides this, there is an infinite difference in many respects in the state of both Ecclesiastical establishments. That of England is the religion of the people; it has grown up with their habits and is interwoven with all their feelings; and if any part of their pastors receive too large a remuneration, they have at least a numerous flock to attend to, and an apparent duty as extensive as their income. Besides, the character of their dignitaries is of that high tone, that it ensures veneration and respect; and, except in the collision of politics, they never commit it, nor is there any other standing beside it to lessen it by invidious contrast. In the Church of Ireland, there have been also many excellent and learned men of exalted rank, and there are some now who would do honour to any profession; but, unfortunately, there have been others who do not stand so high in public opinion, who have devoted their whole attention to the acquisition of wealth, and stamped upon the Church that mercenary character which its enemies delight to attach to it; and whose immense accumulation formed not only a strong contrast with the poverty of their own humble curates, but with persons of correspondent standing with themselves in other persuasions. As it is not safe to meddle with the living, we will advert to those that are gone, as mere matter of historical record.

The Rev. Dr. Moody, the Rev. Dr. Troy, and his Grace the Rev. Dr. Eager, were lately the contemporary heads of the Presbyterian, the Catholic, and the Protestant Church in Dublin, and for many years were well and personally known to every inhabitant in the city. Dr. Moody was a tall, thin man, with long grey hair. He had an income of about 400*l.* per ann., on which he lived in a plain, hospitable manner, and had besides something for acts of kindness and charity. He was never absent from his duties in his church, or among his congregation. All his leisure hours were devoted to literary labours connected with his sacred profession; and he was not less distinguished as an author than as a pastor. After a most useful life

of 80 years he was called away, leaving behind him nothing but his writings and the memory of his good works, which is still cherished by people of every persuasion.

The Rev. Dr. Troy was a short, fat man, of an exceedingly kind disposition, and an active and useful clergyman. Without compromising the interest of the Church over which he presided, he was distinguished by his attachment to the government of the country; and his various addresses and exhortations to his flock, in times of peril and commotion, are a proof of his zeal and utility at a trying period. The whole income of this Archbishop, who presided over the spiritual concerns of five millions of people, did not exceed 800*l.* per ann., the voluntary contributions of his flock, and this sum he immediately returned to those who gave it. He was never known to have a shilling in his pocket; he was so liberal to others and so careless of himself, that he would have wanted common necessities if his friends did not take care of him; and when he died, at the age of 85, it was well known that he did not leave enough to bury him.

Of Dr. Eager's services to his Church I am unable to speak, not being acquainted with them. I know, however, that he was neither so tall as Dr. Moody, nor so fat as Dr. Troy, nor so liberal or charitable as either of them. He had an income of about 12,000*l.* per ann., which he endeavoured to increase by every allowable means. He sold the venerable archiepiscopal residence in Kevin-street to government for 7000*l.*, and the Bishop's Palace is now a soldier's barracks. But there was one expedient for increasing his income which the curates of his diocese, at least, will never forget. It was once upon a time a practice in the Church, as the curate of our parish tells me, for bishops, as *ἐπισκοποι*, or overseers, to visit their clergy in person, and inspect their parishes; on which occasion certain among the clergy were appointed *procuratores* to provide a suitable dinner for the bishop when he came. But when prelates fell into that love of ease, which too much wealth naturally brings into it, instead of visiting their clergy, they enjoined their clergy to visit them; and as they came from different distances to a strange place, the bishop always provided for them the same kind of dinner which they were accustomed to provide for him. But in order that this should be attended with no expense to the prelate, they were still obliged to pay for it under the form of fees, called, in their visitation ticket, *proxies* (quasi *procuratores*) and *exhibits*, which every clergyman is obliged to pay when he visits his bishop on this occasion. During the prelacy of Dr. E. the dinner was omitted, though the *proxies* or price of it was regularly exacted. This was really a severe privation to the curates, some of whom looked forward to the periodical enjoyment of a good dinner, wine, and the society of friends, as indulgences which their own scanty means never allowed. Many of them came from distant parts of the country, and had no friends in the metropolis who would give them a dinner. On this occasion the worthy curate of our parish always sent out into the highways to collect stragglers. He could not well afford it, but he could not see his brethren hungry in the streets while he could procure any thing to give them to eat. Dr. Eager died, like his contemporaries, at the advanced age of 80, but left behind him rather more money: his property sworn to, I think, amounted to 200,000*l.*

It is to this mercenary character of the Church here, to which the conduct of some of its dignitaries gives too much cause, that is to be attributed much of that disrepute into which it has fallen; and from which all the excellence of its pure and tolerant doctrines, and apostolic and becoming discipline, cannot rescue it; for that it has fallen, and is falling, in public estimation, its real friends at once admit and deplore. In fact, what part of the community have any feeling of interest or sympathy in its prosperity, out of the seven millions of people among whom it is established? Five millions of Catholics hate it as an usurpation on their own, refuse to pay its tithes, and loudly complain of the misapplication of those immense

funds, which they say were much more equally and usefully applied by themselves. One million of Dissenters profess to despise it, as a mere worldly establishment, whose ministers, they say, sacrifice not to God but to Mammon. Even the half million of its own members think of it without affection and talk of it without respect; while two-thirds of the ministers who officiate within its walls have reason to repine at its injustice, and to wish that their lot had been cast in any other establishment. It is quite idle to talk of its numerous conversions of late from the Catholic Church, and of the "mass of Papists which," the Warder says, "had melted down before the light and heat of Protestantism." The *mass*, I am sorry to say, remains unchanged, and the only real and efficient conversions have been from the Established Church to the Dissenters. To be convinced of this, it is only necessary to visit a Dublin church, where the people are not attracted by fashion, or some temporary cause. Let any stranger, for example, enter the Church of St. Nicholas Within or St. Nicholas Without, or St. —, of which I am myself a Churchwarden, and contemplate their empty pews on a Sunday morning. Should he wish to know what has become of their congregations, let him go to meeting-houses in Plunket-street, Whitefriar-street, York-street, &c., and there he will see them in crowds.

The projected reform, therefore, in the temporalities of the Church of Ireland is what every well-wisher to its character and stability have long and ardently wished for. In this reformation it is to be hoped that the deserving curates will not be forgotten, and that we shall no longer see that bitter satire on its conduct exhibited by the late Archbishop, a begging-box set up in a bookseller's shop to collect *charity* "for the unprovided for and deserving clergy of the Established Church in Dublin."

A CHURCHWARDEN.

Dublin.

SONNET.

A VILLAGE TOMBSTONE:

Approach! thou visitant of gorgeous tombs,
And costly mausoleums, whose august
And sculptured massiveness bespeaks the dust
Beneath once noble,—*here* no statue glooms
Rebuke from its dark niche, nor earth resumes
Her own with ghastly pageantry; nor bust,
Nor aught of grandeur's dim heraldic trust,
Here flatters the poor clay that clay consumes.
Approach, and mark where last the sod hath heaved,
And trace one record of the lowly dead,
"He lived—he died," What sculptor e'er achieved
More on rich marble, trusted not when read?
This simple stone speaks truth, and is believed!

Bishop Wearmouth.

G * * * *

THE POST-MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH.

I DIED on the 1st of April, 1823; and if the reader will go to the parish-church of Smithton, ask the sexton for the key, and, having gained admission, if he will walk up the left-hand side aisle, he will perceive my family pew, beneath which is my family vault, where my mortal remains are now reposing; and against the wall, over the very spot where I used to sit every Sunday, he will see a very handsome white marble monument: a female figure is represented in an attitude of despair, weeping over an urn, and on that urn is the following inscription:—

“ Sacred
to the Memory
of
[ANTHONY SMITH, Esq.,
of Smithton Hall,
who departed this life
on the 1st of April, 1823.
The integrity of his conduct and the amiability of his temper
endeared him
to a wide circle of friends:
he has left an inconsolable Widow,
and by her
this Monument is erected.”

The gentle reader may now pretty well understand my position when alive; popularity had always been my aim, and my wealth and situation in society enabled me to attain what I so ardently desired. At county meetings—at the head of my own table—among the poor of the parish—I was decidedly popular, and the name of Smith was always breathed with a blessing or a commendation. My wife adored me; no wonder, therefore, that at my demise she erected a monument to my memory, and designated herself, in all the lasting durability of marble, my “inconsolable widow.” I had a presentiment that I should not be long-lived, but this rather increased my thirst for popularity; and, feeling the improbability of my living very long *in the sight* of Mrs. Smith and my many dear friends, I was the more anxious to live in their *hearts*. Nothing could exceed my amiability,—my life was one smile, my sayings were conciliatory, my doings benevolent, my questions endearing, my answers affirmative. I was determined that my will, unlike most wills, should be satisfactory to everybody. I silently studied the wants and wishes of those around me, and endeavoured to arrange my leavings so that each legatee should hereafter breathe my name with a blessing, and talk of “that dear good fellow Smith,” always at the same time having recourse to a pocket-handkerchief. I perpetually sat for my picture, and I gave my resemblances to all the dear friends who were hereafter to receive “the benefit of my dying.”

So far I have confined my narrative to the humdrum probabilities of every-day life; what I have now to relate may strike some of my

readers as less probable, but, nevertheless, it is not one jot the less true. I was anxious not only to attain a degree of popularity which should survive my brief existence; I panted to witness that popularity; unseen, to see the tears that would be shed,—unheard, to mingle with the mute mourners who would lament my death. Where is the advantage of being lamented if one cannot hear the lamentations? But how was this privilege to be attained? Alas! attained it was; but the means shall never be divulged to my readers. Never shall another Mr. Smith, self-satisfied and exulting in his popularity, be taught by me to see what I have seen, to feel what I have felt.

I had perused St. Leon; I therefore knew that perpetually-renovated youth had been sought and had been bought. I had read Frankenstein, and I had seen that wonders, equally astonishing and supernatural, had been attained by mortals. I wanted to watch my own weepers, nod at my own plumes, count my own mourning-coaches, and read with my own eyes the laudatory paragraph that announced my own demise in the county newspaper. I gained my point,—I did all this, and more than this; but I would not advise any universally-admired gentleman and fondly-idolized husband to follow my example. What devilish arts I used, what spells, what conjurations, never will I reveal; suffice it to say that I attained the object of my desires. Two peeps was I to have at those I left behind me,—one exactly a month after my demise, the second on that day ten years!

And now for the result of peep the first.

In some degree my thirst for posthumous popularity was certainly gratified; and I will begin with the pleasantest part of my own “post mortem examination.”

My own house (or rather the house that had been mine) looked doleful enough: no mirth, no guests, no music; the servants in deep mourning, and a hatchment over the door. My own wife (or rather my relict) was a perfect picture of misery and mourning, in the extreme of the fashion. She heaved the deepest sighs, she was trimmed with the deepest crape, and wore the deepest hems that ever were seen. The depth of her despondency was truly gratifying. Her cap was most conscientiously hideous, and beneath its folds every hair upon her head lay hid. She was a moving mass of crape and bombasin. In her right hand was a pocket-handkerchief, in her left a smelling-bottle, and in her eye a tear. She was closeted with a gentleman, but it was no rival—nothing to arouse one jealous pang in the bosom of a departed husband. It was, in fact, a *marble masonic meeting*. She was giving directions about my monument, and putting herself into the attitude of lamentation in which she wished to be represented (and is represented), bending over my urn: she burst into a torrent of tears, and in scarce articulate accents called for her “sainted Anthony.” When she came a little to herself, she grumbled somewhat at the extravagance of the estimate, knocking off here and there some little ornamental monumental-decoration, bargaining about my inscription, and cheapening my urn!

She was interrupted by the entrance of a milliner, who was ordered to prepare a black velvet cloak lined with ermine; and no expense was to be spared. Alas! thought I, the widow’s “inky cloak” may well be warm; my black marble covering will be cold comfort to her. “Just to amuse you, ma’am,” said the *marchande des modes*, “do look at some things that are going home for Miss Jones’s wedding.”

The widow said nothing; and I thought it was with a vacant eye that she gazed apathetically at satin, blonde, and feathers white as the driven snow. At length she cried abruptly, "I cannot—cannot wear them!" and covering her face with her handkerchief, she wept more loudly than before. Happy late husband that I was—surely for *me* she wept! A housemaid was blubbering on the stairs, a footman sighing in the hall; this is as it should be, thought I: and when I heard that a temporary reduction in the establishment was determined on, and that the weeping and sighing individuals had been just discharged, I felt the soothing conviction, that leaving their living mistress tore open the wounds inflicted by the loss of their late master, and made them bleed afresh. My dog howled as I passed him, my horse ran wild in the paddock, and the clock in my own sitting-room maintained a sad and stubborn silence, wanting my hand to wind it up.

Things evidently did not go on in the old routine without me, and this was soothing to my spirit. My own portrait was turned with its face to the wall: my widow having no longer the original to look at, could not endure gazing at the mute resemblance! What, after all, thought I, is the use of a portrait? When the original lives, we have something better to look at; and when the original is gone, we cannot bear to look at it. Be that as it may, I did not the less appreciate my widow's sensibility.

On the village green the idle boys played cricket; they mourned me not—but what of that? a boy will skip in the rear of his grandmother's funeral. The village butcher stood disconsolately at the door of his shop, and said to the village baker, who was despondingly passing by, "Dull times these, neighbour Bonebread! dull times. Ah! we miss the good squire, and the feastings at the hall."

On a dead wall I read, "Smith for ever." "For ever," thought I, "is a long time to talk about." Close to it, I saw, "Mitts for ever," written in letters equally large, and much more fresh. He was my parliamentary successor, and his politics were the same as my own. This was cheering; my constituents had not deserted my principles—more than that I could not expect. The "SMITH," who, they said, was to be their representative "FOR EVER," was now just as dead as the wall upon which his name was chalked!

Again I retired to my resting-place under the family pew in the church of Smithton, quite satisfied that, at the expiration of ten years, I should take my second peep at equally gratifying, though rather softened, evidences of my popularity.

TEN YEARS! What a brief period to look back upon! What an age in perspective! How little do we dread that which is certain not to befall us for ten years! Yet how swiftly to all of us will ten years seem to fly! What changes, too, will ten years bring to all! Yon schoolboy of ten, with his toys and his noise, will be the lover of twenty! The man now in the prime of life will, in ten years, see Time's snow mingling with his dark and glossy curls! And they who now are old—the kind, the cheerful, looking, as we say, so much younger than they really are—what will ten years bring to them?

The ten years of my sepulchral slumber passed away, and the day arrived for my second and last peep at my disconsolate widow and wide circle of affectionate friends.

The monument already mentioned opened "its ponderous and marble

jaws" for the last time, and invisibly I glided to the gates of my old domain. The old Doric lodge had been pulled down, and a Gothic one, all thatch and rough poles, little windows and creepers, (a sort of cottage gone mad,) had been erected in its stead. I entered, and could not find my way to my own house; the road had been turned, old trees had been felled, and new plantations made; ponds had been filled up, and lakes had been dug; my own little "Temple to Friendship" was not to be found, but a temple dedicated to the blind God had been erected in a conspicuous situation. "Ah!" thought I, "her love is a buried love, but not the less dear. To me—to her dear departed—to her 'sainted Anthony,'—this temple has been dedicated!"

So entirely was the park changed that I did not arrive at the mansion until the hour of dinner. There was a bustle at the hall door, servants were assembled in gay liveries, carriages were driving up and setting down, and lights gleamed from the interior. A dinner party!—no harm in that; on the contrary I deemed it fortunate. Doubtless my widow, still in the sober grey of ameliorated mourning, had summoned round her the best and the dearest of my friends; and though their griefs were naturally somewhat mellowed by time, they remembered me in their calm yet cheerful circle, and fondly breathed my name! Unseen I passed into the dining-room—all that I beheld was new to me—the house had been new built on a grander scale—and the furniture was magnificent! I cast my eyes round the table, where the guests were now assembled. Oh! what bliss was mine! At the head sat my widowed wife, all smiles, all loveliness, all pink silk and flowers—not so young as when I last beheld her, but very handsome, and considerably fatter. At the foot (oh! what a touching compliment to *me*!) sat one of my oldest, dearest, best of friends, Mr. Mitts, the son of a baronet who resided in my neighbourhood: his father too was there, with his antiquated lady, and the whole circle was formed by persons whom, living, I had known and loved. My friend at the bottom of the table did the honours well, (though he omitted to do what I think he ought to have done—drink to my memory,) and the only thing that occurred to startle me before the removal of dinner was my widow's calling him "*my dear*." But there was something gratifying even in that, for it must have been of me she was thinking; it was a slip of the tongue, that plainly showed the fond yearning of the widowed heart.

When the dessert had been arranged on the table, she called to one of the servants, saying, "John, tell Muggins to bring the children." What could she mean? who was Muggins? and what children did she wish to be brought? *I never had any children!* Presently the door flew open, and in ran eight noisy, healthy, beautiful brats. The younger ones congregated round the hostess; but the two eldest, both fine boys, ran to Mr. Mitts, at the bottom of the table, and each took possession of a knee. They both strongly resembled Mitts; and what was my astonishment when he exclaimed, *addressing my widow*, "Mary, my love, may I give them some orange?"

What could he mean by "Mary, my love?"—a singular mode of addressing a deceased friend's relict! But the mystery was soon explained. Sir Marmaduke Mitts filled his glass, and after insisting that all the company should follow his example, he said to his son, "This is your birthday, Jack; here's your health, my boy, and may you and

Mary long live happy together! Come, my friends, the health of Mr. and Mrs. Mitts."

So then, after all, I had come out on an exceeding cold day to see my widow doing the honours as Mrs. Mitts!

"When is *your* birthday?" said Sir Marmaduke to his daughter-in-law.

"In June," she replied, "but I have not been in the habit of keeping birthdays till lately: poor Mr. Smith could not bear them to be kept."

"What's that about poor Smith?" said the successor to my house, my wife, and my other appurtenances. "Do you say Smith could not bear birthdays? Very silly of him, then; but poor Smith had his oddities."

"Oh!" said *my* widow, and *Mr. Mitts's* wife, "We cannot *always* command perfection; poor dear Mr. Smith *meant* well, but every man cannot be a *Mitts*." She smiled, and nodded down the table; Mr. Mitts looked, as well he might, particularly pleased; and then the ladies left the room.

"Talking of Smith," said Sir Marmaduke, "what wretched taste he had, poor man! This place was quite thrown away upon him; he had no idea of its capabilities."

"No," replied a gentleman to whom I had bequeathed a legacy—"with the best intentions in the world, Smith was really a very odd man."

"His house," added another, who used to dine with me three times a-week, "was never thoroughly agreeable;—it was not his *fault*, poor fellow!"

"No, no," said a *very* old friend of mine, at the same time taking snuff from a gold box which had been *my* gift, "he did every thing for the best; but, between ourselves, Smith *was* a bore."

"It is well," said Mr. Mitts, "that talking of *him* has not the effect which is attributed to talking of another invisible personage! Let him rest in peace: for if it were possible that he could be reanimated, his reappearance here to claim his goods and chattels, and above all, his wife, would be attended with rather awkward consequences."

So much for my posthumous curiosity! Vain mortal that I was, to suppose that after a dreamless sleep of ten long years, I could return to the land of the living, and find the place and the hearts that I once filled, still unoccupied! In the very handsome frame of my own picture, was now placed a portrait of John Mitts, Esq.; mine was thrown aside in an old lumber-room, where the sportive children of my widow had recently discovered it, and with their mimic swords had innocently poked out the eyes of what they were pleased to denominate "*the dirty picture of the ugly man*." My presumption has been properly rewarded: let no one who is called to his last account, wish, like me, to be permitted to revisit earth. If such a visit were granted, and like me he returned invisibly, all that he would see and hear would wound his spirit: but were he permitted to reappear *visibly*, in *propria personâ*, mortifying indeed would be his welcome!

It is not my intention to bequeath to my reader a lecture, or a sermon, ere I return to my family vault: yet "*THE POST MORTEM COGITATIONS OF THE LATE POPULAR MR. SMITH*" are not without a MORAL.

T. H. B.

MEN AND BOOKS.

A Challenge accepted.—Does Phædrus deserve his reputation?—His idle vauntings of himself in comparison with Æsop.—Merits of Mr. Keightley's Mythology.—Tales of Classic Lore.

LOOKING the other day into Lord Woodhouselee's agreeable "Essay on the Principles of Translation," and being addicted to attempting versions in rhyme, we could not help accepting a challenge into which he piqued us, by assuming the impossibility of its being accepted to any purpose. We cannot but think, indeed, that his lordship highly over-rates the difficulty, and even the merits of his author in the passage we are about to quote; so that if our version of it should not appear to be anything so very extraordinary (which we are heartily willing to grant), we must take the liberty of thinking that the fault is as much his as our own. The attempt, however, may amuse the reader, and perhaps set him upon mending both our opinions and our translation.

"In the following fable of Phædrus," says the learned lord, "there is a *naïveté* which I think it is scarcely possible to infuse into any translation:—

"In prato quædam rana conspexit bovem,
Et tacta invidiâ tantæ magnitudinis,
Rugosam inflavit pellem, tum natos suos
Interrogavit, an bove esset latior.
Illi negarunt. Rursus intendit cutem
Majore nisu, et simili quæsivit modo,
Quis major esset? Illi dixerunt, bovem.
Novissime indignata, dum vult validius
Inflare sese, rupto jacuit corpore."

"It would be extremely difficult," continues his lordship, "to retain in any translation the laconic brevity with which this story is told. There is not a single word which can be termed superfluous, yet there is nothing wanting to complete the effect of the picture. The gravity likewise of the narrative, when applied to describe an action of the most consummate absurdity, the self-important but anxious questions, and the mortifying dryness of the answers, furnish an example of a delicate species of humour, which cannot easily be conveyed by corresponding terms in another language."—"Essay on the Principles of Translation." Third edition, p. 336.

We must try our hand, notwithstanding this caveat:—

"A frog one day, envying an ox's figure,
Blew up her wrinkled sides with might and main,
And asked her children if their dam was bigger?
They told her 'No.' At this she tried again,
With double might; then asked the little folks,
Which was the bigger now? Quoth they, 'The ox.'
Furious at this, and straining like a fit,
She split."

These English iambs are, at any rate, shorter than the Latin. We subjoin a literal prose translation, that we may not be thought to have dropped any of the joke:—

“ A certain frog beheld an ox in a meadow, and, touched with envy of a size so enormous, blew up her wrinkled skin, and asked her children whether she was larger than the ox. They told her, ‘No.’ Again she stretched her skin with a greater effort, and inquired in like manner which was the bigger. They said, ‘The ox.’ With renewed indignation, while trying to inflate herself more vehemently, she lay flat with a burst body.”

Now, as to the exquisite dry humour which the critic speaks of, it may or may not have been intended by the author : but one of Phædrus’s fables has set us looking at others ; and, with all due reverence for antiquity, nay, with a very great share of it (for we will yield in the fitness of that matter to nobody), we cannot help feeling something like an uncomfortable misgiving as to the general deserts of the Roman fabulist, and the justness of his reputation. We do not like to dwell upon this point ; but let anybody read for himself half-a-dozen of his fables at random, or let him take up the first one in the book, the third, fourth, sixth, seventh, and the prologue. Those that are omitted in this list are of a more humorous nature in the story, so that the author could not help giving them to better advantage. They contain here and there some better expressions ; and it is to be conceded that delicacies may escape us in an ancient language, which were perceptible and pleasant to the native reader. But the wholesale tendency to admire every classic author is a fair set-off to the hazard of doing him injustice ; and what strikes us as the most suspicious thing in Phædrus is, that he is *generally* dry, in a bad sense ; extremely dull and matter-of-fact ; so that he brings his wit into question, even when we think we perceive it. What can possibly be duller, for instance, than fable the first ? We will give the original, and a prose translation to show what the author says literally :—

“ Ad rivum eundem Lupus et Agnus venerant,
Siti compulsi : superior stabat Lupus,
Longèque inferior Agnus. Tunc fauce improbâ
Latro incitatus, jurgii causam intulit.
Cur, inquit, turbulentam fecisti mihi
Aquam bibenti ? Laniger contra timens :
Qui possum, quæso, facere quod quereris, Lupe ?
A te decurrit ad meos haustus liquor.
Repulsus ille veritatis viribus,
Ante hos sex menses at maledixti mihi.
Respondit Agnus, Equidem natus non eram.
Pater herculè tuus, inquit, maledixit mihi.
Atque ita correptum lacerat injusta nece.
Hæc propter illos scripta est homines fabula,
Qui fictis causis innocentes opprimunt.”

“ A wolf and a lamb came to the same stream, compelled by thirst. The wolf stood the higher up the stream, the lamb much lower. Then the thief, impelled by his wicked maw, took occasion of quarrel. ‘Why do you trouble the water,’ said he, ‘while I am drinking ?’ The frightened wool-bearer answered, ‘How can I possibly do what you complain of, wolf ? The draught runs from you to me.’ The other, repelled by the force of truth, said, ‘It is now six months ago since you spoke injuriously of me.’ ‘I was not born then,’ said the lamb. ‘Faith, then,’ returned the wolf, ‘it was your father.’ And so saying, he seized and tore him, putting him unjustly to death.

“ This fable is written on account of those men who oppress the innocent under false pretences.”

Now the version here given may be objected to, inasmuch as any prose translation deprives verses of a certain elegance. But what signifies mere elegance of phrase where the matter is so poor? And surely the unnecessary words *unjust death*, and the excessive obviousness of the "Moral," are no specimens of this author's boasted freedom from superfluity.

If Phædrus, who is said to have been a freedman of Augustus, had written his fables expressly for none but children, and as exercises in the elegance of the Latin tongue, there might be nothing to object to him; but in his prologue he boasts of having worked up Æsop's raw material into something better:—

"Æsopus auctor quam materiem reperit,
Hanc ego polivi versibus senariis."

And in several other places he plainly gives us to understand that he thinks himself superior to his original. He claims two merits for his book: first, that it gives good advice; and second, that it is very amusing, *risum movet*; and with a superfluity of solemn dulness, he admonishes the reader, that if anybody objects to beasts and trees speaking, it is to be recollected that the author is telling stories and joking:—

"Calumniari siquis autem voluerit
Quod et arbores loquuntur, non tantum feræ,
Fictis joculari nos meminerit fabulis."

But is it certain that Phædrus wrote the prologue to his work or the morals? Is it certain that even the fables are his? The suspicious circumstances under which many of the classics have been handed down to us are well known, and in Phædrus's case are very strong. "It is remarkable," says the General Biography, "that no writer of antiquity has made any mention of this author; for it is generally supposed that the Phædrus mentioned by Martial is not the same. Seneca evidently knew nothing of him; otherwise he never could have laid it down, as he does, for matter of fact, that the Romans had not attempted fables and Æsopean compositions:—'Fabellas et Æsopeos logos, intentatum Romanes ingeniis opus.' This may account for the obscurity in which the name of Quintus Curtius lay buried for so many years; which was likewise the case with Velleius Paterculus and Manilius. Even Isaac Casaubon, with all his learning, did not know there was a Phædrus among the ancients, till Peter Pithou, or Pithæus, published his Fables. 'It is by your letter,' says Casaubon, 'that I first came to be acquainted with Phædrus, Augustus's freedman, for that name was quite unknown to me before; and I never read anything either of the man or of his works, or if I did, I do not remember it.' This letter of Casaubon was written in 1596, at which time Pithæus published the Fables of Phædrus at Troyes. He sent a copy of them to Father Sirmond, who was then at Rome; and this Jesuit showed it to the learned men in that city, who judged it, at first, a supposititious work; but, upon carefully examining, altered their opinion, and thought they could observe in it the characteristical marks of the Augustan age."

We know not what reasons the learned men at Rome gave for thinking the work supposititious: nor do we set any store by the opinions of Scioppius and others, who imagine they discover something foreign

and barbarous in the style, because Phædrus was a Thracian. Terence, it is well known, was an African; Theophrastus was thought to betray his provincial origin because he wrote Attic *too well*; and modern Europe has had Frenchmen and Englishmen who wrote the language of their neighbouring countries as felicitously as their own. Motteux is an instance of the one, and Captain Townley (the French translator of *Hudibras*) of the other. But we ask the question about Phædrus's authenticity, because it appears to us, that if he was really an ancient, he fell into obscurity for want of genius; which would account for the apparently strange fact, that Seneca never heard of him. It is observable throughout his book, whoever he was, that he entertained an overweening sense of his merits, and had a great many opponents who held him in little esteem. See particularly the Epilogue of the Second Book, the Prologue to the Third, the sixth fable of Book the Fourth, fable seventieth of the same book, and the Prologue to the Fifth. The everlasting necessity under which he felt himself of defending his pretensions diminishes, at all events, the sense of immodesty in a modern objector, and shows that we had ancients on our side.

To conclude this unwilling subject, into which we have been led by what appears to us an extravagant panegyric, we are of opinion that Phædrus was really what he seems to be in his work,—namely, a dull author, of high pretensions, in the Augustan age; and that he furnishes a singular instance of such an author's being dug up out of obscurity, and obtaining an admiration he never got before, purely because he happened to write not inelegantly, in a language consecrated by time and disuse.

We are led, however, into another ungracious reflection, though it is accompanied with double admiration of the people with whom it is contrasted; and that is, that we never have occasion to see the Greek and Roman genius together, but we are compelled to lessen our respect for the one in a double portion of delight at its original. Here is Phædrus overvaluing himself in comparison with Æsop. It is true that there is a doubt whether Æsop himself was an original; but, at all events, he affects nothing. He is simple and sapient, and does not spoil the wisdom he utters, whether his own or another man's. Pilpay would not have been ashamed of him. We cannot say that Æsop would not have been ashamed of Phædrus. One of the things that vex us with the Roman poets is, that they give themselves a sort of air of patronage with regard to the Greeks, and seem to think they do them honour by imitating them; sometimes without a syllable of acknowledgment. There is nothing to show for Virgil's ever having mentioned Homer; and yet without Homer, it is doubtful whether he would have written a line of epic poetry, especially as he owns that his chief inclination did not lie towards poetry. By the way, Virgil speaks of nobody else, ancient or contemporaneous, except court poets and "great men,"—Gallus, Varus, &c. It is the same with Horace, who does not appear to have noticed a single name that was not in good receipt at the court of his quondam enemy, though he is more ingenuous in acknowledging the merits of the Greek writers, and boasts of having introduced their metres. Query,—how much would be left of his originality, or even of Catullus's, if we possessed the writings of Alcæus.

and others, in whose few remaining fragments we find wholesale passages of those Latins? Cæsar called Terence a "half-Menander," and there is reason to suspect that the half was not the better half,—that it was the elegance without the wit. But we need not multiply examples. It is acknowledged that the Latin genius was but a reflection of the Greek, and a cold one;—a moon looking upon a city of stone and steel.

By nothing, in our reading of late years, has this truth been more strongly impressed upon us than by the perusal of the admirable "Mythology" lately written by Mr. Keightley, one of the objects of which (and it is in strict scholastic propriety) is to restore to the Greeks the integrity of their repute, as the original and almost exclusive possessors of the ancient mythic fables. The true Olympus was, in fact, almost as much confined to Greece poetically, as it was geographically. The poor and spare deities of old Italy did but appropriate to themselves the histories of those of Greece, and clumsily too; for they not only left the localities where they found them, (which they could not well avoid, since the Greek poets had made them so famous,) but these deities, with foreign histories, they called by Latin names,—a practice which (unfortunately for what should have been the first object, in every sense, of a classical education) has been maintained in modern literature in consequence of the long survival of the Latin language, and its thrusting itself before the Greek in school teaching. Mr. Keightley reminds us of the usurpation in almost every page of his book by refusing to uphold this anomaly, and restoring to the gods of Homer and Hesiod their right appellations. We cannot say how much this has pleased us, and how we delight to read our History of the Gods over again with this new old gloss upon it, this consciousness of a Greek instead of a Roman presence. It is no longer a "Pantheon," which, grateful as we are to the word for old associations, reminds us of a temple at Rome; (even *that* the Romans were forced to call by a Greek word, their comparatively poor language having no genius for compounds.) Mr. Keightley's is the true Olympus restored; his book is entitled "The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy:" it consists of 484 pages, and 447 of these are devoted to the gods of Greece—those of Italy occupy but a twelfth part of the volume. This alone gives a lively idea of the true state of the matter. Mr. Keightley's gods, except in this small portion of his work, are no longer Jupiter, Juno, Mars, Mercury, and Venus,—the gods of Virgil and Horace,—but Zeus, Hera, Ares, Hermes, and Aphrodite,—those of Homer, Æschylus, and Theocritus. Mercury is a pleasant word, and Venus has been rendered delightful by a thousand loving associations; but Hermes, not Mercury, was the god who invented the lute, and stole the herds of Apollo; Hermes, not Mercury, was the messenger of heaven, the god with the winged sandals and the rod of gold; and Aphrodite, not Venus, was the goddess of love and beauty, who possessed the magic girdle, and was in love with Adonis. The Greek poets, the compatriots of the gods of Olympus, knew nothing of the insignificant Italian *godlings* called Mercury, Mars, and Vulcan. Mercury (from *Merx*) was the *market*-god! What a poor hand to claim affinity with the god of the lute and of eloquence, whose divine thefts were but laughing vindications of the common right of wit, and done out of a cer-

tain energy of the jovial ! Mr. Keightley doubts whether Apollo, with his Grecian name, ever belonged to the original system of Italy ; and Venus (strange words to hear !) is a deity “ about whom it is almost impossible to learn *anything satisfactory*.” Since our second perusal of this gentleman’s book (for we have read it open in hand, twice over, and mean to read it again) we begin to be intolerant of the Latin names of Greek gods, and do not like to hear of Jupiter and Juno, of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo—*vinorum*, as the grammar unintentionally hath it of Jupiter, to be sure, may be a barbarous pronunciation of the Greek compound *Zeus-pater* ; and Apollo wants but an *n* to complete him. Even Mr. Keightley writes him Apollo, instead of Apollon ; and Apollo is a beautiful word, which the Latins, by good fortune, did not seriously injure. We are glad that we are not forced to give it up. But we begin to be indignant at the erroneous fame given to Mars instead of *Ares*, to Minerva instead of *Pallas Athene*, to Mercury instead of *Hermes*, Bacchus instead of *Dionysus*, Neptune instead of *Poseidon*, &c. &c. How much better would “ Poseidon ” have sounded than “ Neptune,” in all the poetry which makes mention of the watery god ! It was not Neptune that shared the third part of the empire of the universe, that had his palace beneath the ocean, and was the shaker of the earth, and the husband of Amphitrite, and the giant that took the peninsula in three (as the leapers phrase it) ; it was *Poseidon* ! Neptune was probably little better than the water-elf, the Number-Nip of the Germans, with a termination similar to other Latin sea-gods—Neptunus, Portumnus—a sort of Tunny-fish god, not the majestic emperor of the main. We are sorry that such poets as Ovid and Spenser made mention of him*. There is a certain coldness in Virgil (who was a northern Italian) which renders us comparatively indifferent to his Latinizings ; but Ovid, a poet of the Neapolitan territory, the region of the modern Fairy Tales, had the warm genius of the Grecian part of Italy, and we could wish him to have escaped Romanisms of all sorts, Augustus included ; whose frigid barbarity knew too well how to punish a southern temperament, when he sent the poor singer of the loves of gods and men to die near the Danube. Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* are almost all Greek stories ; when he gets to Romulus and Numa, his poetry is drawing to a close. Among the very few things we should care to retain from the Roman mythology (and for some we confess no mean affection), are the domestic gods, or *Lares* ; Pomona, the beauty of the gardens ; and the name of Aurora, the goddess of the *Golden Hour*. Aurora is better than Eos.

It is said that the fictions of the ancient poets are no longer popular. Popular scarcely anything can be said to be just at this moment, except politics ; and nothing poetical was ever popular in the multitudinous

* In “ Lempriere’s Classical Dictionary ” (a work, however, of merit, and to which we owe gratitude for many a pleasant hour in childhood) the true appellation of Neptune is thus given,—“ *Posidon, a name of Neptune among the Greeks.*” Some Italian author is said to have made mention of Dean Swift as the celebrated “ Decano Veloce.” This Posidon is as much as if the Italian had put the Dean’s real name in a biographical dictionary, and said, “ Swift, a name of Dean Veloce among the English.”

sense of the word—though quite enough so to interest the majority of readers. But by popular is meant fashionable, which is a very different thing, and may exist or not, in its particular phase, no longer than next week. The wits of the court of Charles the Second made trifles fashionable and of importance which nobody cares for now. Lord Byron made little rhymed tales fashionable, such as the “Giaour” and the “Bride of Abydos,” which, but for better writings of his, would, before now, have perished. If Keats had been a lord, he would have made the heathen mythology fashionable by his poem of “Hyperion;” which, however, will not perish, and may perhaps one day make it fashionable still. Meantime, if booksellers were wise, they would give full play to every man of genius; for fashion, after all, in literary matters, does not create what it follows, and genius sometimes leads it without the help of rank. Walter Scott was not in fashion when his revivals of old stories in verse set a fashion in literature, inferior as they really were to their reputation. His novels, partly by the help of the fashion he had created, but more by their wonderful merits, extinguished even the *Nobler* strains of Lord Byron. There are instances, even in our own times, of writers becoming popular in other walks of literature, in spite of the very hostility of fashion. In France, Italy, and Germany, the love of the ancient mythology has never ceased to exist, since the poets revived it. French literature abounds, if we are not mistaken, in popular and compendious mythologies. At all events, Dumoustier alone is an evidence of its popularity, and the poetry of the *Classicists* has never given it up. In Italy, besides its being mixed up from first to last with the current literature, there is a publication in several volumes, the “Dizionario d’Ogni Mitologia,” which is a popular enlargement of the French work of Noël. We are glad to see that the plan of referring to the fine arts in these works—we mean to the mythological illustrations furnished by statues and pictures as well as books—has been adopted in a late compendium of ancient fables, written by a lady for her children, entitled “Tales of the Classics*.” As to the Germans, they are too great universalists to abandon any true source of the beautiful. Wieland and Goethe himself must perish, before the beautiful and ever youthful forms of old Greece shall cease to possess their haunted groves, in common with the gloomier and more questionable visions of hypochondriacal self-seeking. The day-dreams of health and love stand as good a chance in the long-run (pray believe it), as the nightmares of the sublimest German that ever slept upon crime and a pork-chop.

* These prose versions of old poetical stories, if done well, are excellent preparatives with children for the more grown narratives of the original.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Malibran—De Bourrienne's Madness—Reading and Writing—Dangerous Doctrine
of the Arabian Nights—Medical Corporations—Editorial Autocracy.

MALIBRAN.—Three songs of Malibran now fill a house, and would probably, well managed and duly changed, make the fortune of a theatre. Her fame is not merely European, it is of the *deux mondes*. Her genius is universally acknowledged, and universal hands are never weary of applauding her, and the press takes up the note of praise and re-echoes it from one end of its dominion to the other. Amateurs in listening to her forget to be critical, and judges can find no fault. She is surrounded by private worshippers, who, when she but affects to nod, fly to attend to her slightest wishes. The means of life are too abundant with her to be made a subject of calculation: who measures or thinks of the quantity of the air he breathes? Genius both delights in its own exercise, and revels in the admiration it excites in others. Malibran enjoys a perpetual triumph of both kinds. It is usual to class the professional actor or singer somewhat low in the scale of society: but is there any other position that, looking to the human being itself, its passions, its objects, its desires, relatively placed so high above all the points of comparison that are ever presented to its mind, as that of the individual on whose breath nightly hangs the rapture of thousands? Oratory is not a high art when we analyse the character of its productions, and examine into the faculties which go to make up its triumphs, but estimate it by its power over mankind. What matters it that the electric vase is cold and powerless after it has communicated its shock? The orator takes up his thousands in the palm of his hand, and wields them at his pleasure;—they rise, they fall, at his command;—now they are still as death;—now they roll tumultuously like an ocean after the settling of a storm. Look into the causes: it is perhaps an eye that electrifies,—a voice which thrills through the frame and swells into a diapason that strikes the nervous mass of a multitude with illimitable, incalculable undulations of physical exquisiteness. If, then, originality or profundity of ideas go for little in oratory, when it is looked into, the singer and the orator, it will be seen, use very similar means, and, indeed, the effects most closely resemble each other. Conceive such an instrument as Malibran, used, or choosing to act for herself, in any great agitation of the masses, who could calculate the effects? What if, during some epoch of some revolution, in which the guillotine is not the only argument, a Malibran were to announce a scene of song,—well selected, or original, at any rate as original as Mirabeau, that is to say, the work of a few other minds given only to supply materials,—could not she so play upon the feelings of a multitude as to bring back very forcibly to the experience of the people the lyric times of old? Could she not dismiss her audience ripe for action? And what can oratory do more? Let us, then, reform our classification; let us not class genius like Malibran's with common arts. She is a Demosthenes in her way; and perhaps the only name to be mentioned with hers is Sappho, who had the luck to live in the time of lyric opportunity. We are remote admirers of Malibran, or we would do our best to induce her to try a fine, but

altogether novel, occasion for ascertaining the power of oratorical song. Many causes at this moment conspire to fill the public heart with sympathy for the cause of Poland; let Malibran give half-a-dozen evenings to the reconstruction of a nation. Suppose that, with a few assistants, she got up a night or two of patriotic lyricism. Moore, and Campbell, and Procter, would aid her, if she wanted aid: something like interlude might easily be got up by the Poles themselves to give her relief; but neither on poets, nor musicians, nor coadjutors, would we have her depend. Divine music, and the true voice which always raises superhuman feelings in the human heart, are enough: liberal teaching would go by lightning. We would ask no charity: the gift is to be done by sympathy, and not by money;—and perhaps we are less interested in the particular success of the Polish cause than in the universal triumph of genius, of which this would be the proof and the example.

Malibran we recollect on her coming out was coldly received, almost contemned; generally termed an imitator,—the only sign of approbation arose from the supposed nearness of the imitation of Pasta. This was at the King's Theatre, when we remember in her first character she introduced an extraneous song; for this crime she was nearly thrown back. At the little Haymarket Theatre her one or two songs, introduced without reference to anything on earth, fill the house and serve London for talk. How is this? Who is changed? Malibran or the public? Mademoiselle, at that time, was only seventeen, and may be supposed to have improved; but the public is an old and an incorrigible jade: we fear there is but little good in her.

DE BOURRIENNE'S MADNESS.—They who read the Memoirs of Bourrienne with interest, and in this country that number was not small, will learn with regret that a late visit to one of the lunatic institutions of France revealed the melancholy form of the poor ex-secretary of the mighty ex-emperor. What a termination to a tortuous career! What a mystery is the brain! Read the Memoirs of Bourrienne, and say who appeared to have a cooler head, a more worldly view of life, a more exact appreciation of character and of events than the author; and yet all of a sudden the mental structure totters and down it comes with a crash, involving all it reaches in eternal confusion, irremediable ruin. De Bourrienne is only one of very many whose intellects have sunk under the intensity of the Napoleon era. But the remarkable feature of mental disease of this character is, that the cord snaps on the instant. Compare Bourrienne's Memoirs, just finished previous to this melancholy event, from end to end, the close is as collected as the beginning; there is neither flagging in vigour of thought nor in fulness of information, and yet no sooner was the work done than the machine stopped. The brain is material, but the intellect follows none of the laws of matter; it does not decay, it disappears and leaves its place vacant. "Il ne faut qu'un léger accident, qu'un atôme déplacé pour te faire périr, pour te ravir cette intelligence, dont tu parais si fier." One of the best works that has lately appeared in Europe on the awful subject of mental disease is that of Dr. Uwins; he gives himself up not to theories little less wild than the hallucinations of his patients, but to observing and recording the phenomena that present themselves in the cases that come before him. Can anything be more eloquent than this description of a state of active nullity,

a volition dead, and a power of thought spinning away without balance, or weights, or guide? "I have asked patients sometimes their motives for refusing to speak, and the answers I receive are various. In one instance I was struck with the affecting account a patient gave of his feelings. It seemed, he told me, 'As if I could and could not, or as if I would and would not, in such a strange way, that though silence was the result of the conflict, I felt in a manner guilt connect itself with my silence.' Well may we exclaim with Hamlet, 'What a piece of work is man!'"

The insanity of the great men of France is not of the suicidal character; suicide is more common in France than in England, but it is far less mad. Intensity of occupation and anxiety in France may be abruptly stopped at the gate of the *Maison des Fous*, but it is rarely terminated by the razor. In that country they have their Junôts and their De Bourriennes, in this we have our Castlereaghs and our Romillys. Looking at the tragical fates of so many of the prime movers in events during the last fifty years of European politics, the moralist may be tempted to say, the paths of glory lead but to the premature grave, or to a still darker abode, the cell of the lunatic. But let no mistake be made, the deaths of the illustrious obscure make no noise. Perhaps more men have fallen victims to the fox-chase than have thrown themselves into the Curtian gulf of politics. While Whitbread was sacrificing himself to his Majesty's opposition, his Majesty's brother, the Duke of Kent, was catching his death of cold in snipe-shooting. Lord Althorp will survive the tremendous labours of the last session, while news comes that the wealthy Sir Harry Goodricke has just died of *otter-hunting*.

READING AND WRITING.—There has been a good deal of controversy this month among the public writers on the value of such portion of literary education as is included in the arts of reading and writing among the poorer and laborious classes of the people. All the disputants appear to have overlooked the real nature of these accomplishments. In themselves they are strictly mechanical. Learning to read is no more in itself than learning to play the flute, and does not indeed require intellectual capacities of so high an order. To read, is simply to connect a sound with a sign. To write is still more mechanical; it is the art of making very simple signs which it has been agreed upon shall represent a certain number of sounds. The mental processes employed in acquiring and practising these arts are of a very mean kind. No sound human being was ever found incapable of them. But they are instruments of stupendous power, and it is the uses to which they may be applied that has caused so much confusion respecting them. Under the old and clumsy methods of instruction, these arts were so slowly and painfully acquired, that, incidentally, numerous ideas were collected which contribute still more to complicate the notions attached to the subject. But in the midst of other improvements, the mode of communicating a knowledge of these arts in the least possible time has been discovered. By the Lancasterian and other methods of teaching, the art alone is acquired, and in the least possible time, so that the incidental addition of a few ideas is lost. If then a boy, immorally educated, is taught also reading and writing, he is in nothing, or by very little, raised in intellectual cultivation, while two powerful instruments are put into his

hands. Thus the child of a pickpocket or burglar will probably be neither pickpocket nor burglar; he will probably be a begging-letter writer, a forger, or an embezzler. If, on the other hand, a child be *morally* educated, these instruments of power will, according to his moral impressions, be turned to use. Like all power, however, they expose the possessor to temptation; and the greater the pressure of this force, the greater ought to be the moral and guiding power. A servant ungifted with the noble art of reading manuscript will not open letters or pry into secret papers—they tell him nothing. But if he can so read, then some sense of right and wrong, and the habit of moral conduct, is necessary to strengthen him against the temptation of curiosity. This is a small case of very universal application. But while a temptation is afforded on the one hand to do evil, there is also presented the means of instruction; the taste for reading is not an unbalanced good: it depends in part on the books read; the chance, however, perhaps is in favour of a wholesome result. From these considerations, it is manifest enough that literary education is so far from being a substitute for a moral one, that, on the other hand, it demands that a higher moral power should be exerted in order to steady and direct the progress of the human vessel. Reading and writing are like a too powerful steam-engine in a small and weakly boat—the helm is disobeyed, and the timbers are shaken to pieces. The helm, in these cases, is instruction, moral and religious.

DANGEROUS DOCTRINES OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.—The newspapers tell us that the censorship at St. Petersburg has prohibited the importation into Russia of the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments,” lately translated into German by Professor Habicht. What are the revolutionary principles of the “Arabian Nights?” How can the politics of Bagdad affect those of St. Petersburg? Where is the libel on the Holy Alliance? Is it in the story of Sinbad the Sailor? And is despotism typified by the Old Man of the Sea, who would ride on Sinbad’s shoulders, and would not be thrown, and who, the more Sinbad struggled to get him off, stuck in his knees the harder, kicked with his heels, and so aggravated the inconvenience of his mere weight, that the oppression became intolerable? Or, perhaps, arbitrary power sees its likeness in the fisherman and the giant who rose out of the iron pot, and threatened to put an immediate end to the existence of him, the being who had been the unconscious cause of erecting him into a great power. Is it supposed that the people will take the hint of cajoling the giant into the pot again, and once more cast him to the bottom of the sea, there to remain for ever?

MEDICAL CORPORATIONS.—The licentiates of the College of Physicians have petitioned the House of Commons against the privileges of the College. The petition occupies a column of the morning papers, and is signed by a great number of the most distinguished medical names in London, whom the public, that knows little about these matters, will be surprised to hear are not in the enjoyment of all the honours, as well as most of its profits. Surely nothing can be more absurd than that a distinction should exist in the profession, turning neither upon skill, knowledge, practice, or fame, but on the fact of being educated at one of two Universities, where, in truth, medicine is not taught! But, then, is it more absurd than a good many other things in the same profes-

sion? Is it more absurd than that two men shall receive precisely the same education at the same schools, and that one shall be called a physician, and charge a guinea for a visit, while the other is entitled to no fee at all, but lives by vending the drugs in his shop, and is called apothecary, &c. The first has a direct interest in protracting the patient's complaint, and the other in overwhelming him with noxious medicaments. Surely these things might be better managed? It will, however, not be much improved by the licentiates being admitted to all the privileges of the College, which, however, is a step to reform, and in the right direction. The only thing to be regretted is, that it is not general enough. In this, however, as in other matters, a general reform is hardly to be expected from *within*. When the public mind is more fully enlightened on the great subject of education, embracing the medical as well as other departments, the true and philosophical reform will come from *without*.

EDITORIAL AUTOCRACY.—The business of an Editor is necessarily a despotism: it admits no participation, no hesitation, no deliberation. It will it so—is the rule in all well-conducted publications. The reason is plain: discussion once allowed between Editor and penman on the subjects that come under the *surveillance* of the press, it would be an endless and continual source of embarrassment. Thus an Editor becomes undisputed sovereign of a certain territory of opinion, and is in a great measure irresponsible: altogether so to his subjects, that is to say, his readers, who have no means of calling him to account: their only remedy is that of quitting his kingdom and changing their allegiance, a process he does not feel, for it generally happens that where he loses one subject he gains another. Sometimes his brother sovereigns of the neighbouring kingdoms of opinion presume to find fault with the manner in which he rules his subjects; but then the discussion is always carried on as between sovereign and sovereign, power and power. Now, we all know the effect of irresponsible power on the human heart: it is not, therefore surprising, that Editors should be much influenced in their characters and dispositions by the circumstances in which they are placed; and it is incumbent on all writers, who deal with the signs of the times, to warn them of the dangers incident to the high places in which they maintain their supreme control. The Press pretty nearly governs the world, so we are much concerned as to who governs the Press. And when the *stamp* is annihilated, it is probable that the Press will become still more gigantically powerful, and Editors still more numerous. The faults Editors are likely to fall into, curiously resemble those of other despots who rule not opinions, but deeds; and that by the application of police and armies. The Editor feels he must not be argued with, consequently he becomes conceited; by finding his opinion always prevail, he begins to fancy it is by its excellence, and not by the nature of his office. Having a good deal in his hands, he is, of course, liable to the approach of flatterers and parasites, who, for the sake of small advantages, puff up this conceit to the most extravagant pitch. To differ with an Editor, is simply to excite astonishment as to where you have lived—evidently out of the atmosphere of his domain. An Editor must necessarily avoid society, for the same reason as Kings and Emperors; the rules of society would impose the necessity of listening to remarks conceived in a tone of freedom—this is disagreeable to the despotic ear: besides, an Emperor might

find himself *vis-à-vis* some gentleman whose brother he had sent to Siberia or Gehenna, the day before. This grieves the Imperial heart; so an Editor may get seated side by side with some criminal whom he had that morning punished with the critical knout, or the paragraphical cat-o'-nine tails: this is disturbing to that tranquillity that ought always to reign in the bosom of an Editor. In the amusements even of despots, the vicious effects of irresponsible power may be detected: the appetite comes to revel in wanton cruelty: so it is with Editors under a fit of bile or ennui—they take to stinging individuals with pointed pens, they will crush a poor fellow under the weight of a tremendous column of matter, simply for pastime, and because he happened at the moment to pass across the mental retina. The intolerance of Editors is remarkable: Paul could not bear that any of his subjects should wear a round hat, and he had their coat flaps cut according to his fancy; the alternative was the knout or Siberia. So it is with every man in the editorial territory; he must be exactly of their mind, and the slighter the difference the greater the heresy. It will be found that an Editor-despot sometimes will publish an ukase, ordaining the establishment of the most liberal opinions; but the opinions must be neither more nor less liberal than the editorial standard, or the heretic must expect to be immediately sacrificed to the moral Moloch. Sometimes an Editor does not know himself what opinion to be of—the duty of others is not therefore the less clear; they must vacillate as he vacillates; if he shakes his head they must do the same; if he stumbles they must also make a false step, and what is of the highest importance, they must maintain, as he does himself, that his course has always been straightforward, that he has never hesitated, that he was prompt, decisive, and clear from the first. It is one of the first rules of the editorial court, that an Editor cannot be inconsistent. It often happens that very arbitrary monarchs think themselves the most humane and benevolent beings in the world: it is one of the evils of their situation: the truths we have here told the Autocrats of the Press they are probably ignorant of, and some, we dare say, of the most intolerant of them all are little aware of the tyrants they are become. But being now warned, they will set a watch upon themselves.

The Lion's Mouth.

“ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.”—*Horat.*

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTERS.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—The quarrel between Mr. O'Connell and the Parliamentary reporters produced, among many other paragraphs on the subject in the newspapers, the following in the leading article of “The Times,” of Monday, the 29th of July:—

“There is one other consideration connected with this matter which must not be concealed, and which, if not kept carefully in view, will inevitably lead to the most prejudicial results, both as regards Parliament and as regards the public; it is this:—that part of the press of this country which consists of the reporters was at one time filled by persons of

lamentable ignorance and incompetence, and of characters very far from respectable. They were for the most part those low Irish, who may yet live in the recollection of some hon. members, and of whom it has been said, not with more smartness than truth, that they came to England to be porters or *re-porters*, as luck might have it. It is no longer worth while for this class now to emigrate. With great pains, at no small expense, and with no less advantage to Parliament than to the country, this old leaven was rooted out, and sufficient inducements were offered to literary men and to students-at-law, in their progress to the bar, to persuade them to embark in this pursuit. Very many gentlemen now at the English bar, and at the bar of Ireland, are indebted to this means of acquiring an easy independence by honourable exertions till better prospects opened to them in the profession for which they were intended; but in most cases those prospects never could have been realized had it not been for the certain, and not remarkably small, income they derived from reporting.

Though I never was a reporter myself, yet I have had a considerable knowledge of newspapers for forty years past. I have known many of those reporters, whose characters and talents are so flippantly spoken of in the above paragraph, and I am desirous, by a very short statement, to show how unfounded the imputations against them are. Some of these "low" and "ignorant" reporters still survive, and may boldly challenge a comparison with their boasted successors, either for talent or for respectability. More than one are at present members of the House of Commons; although I regretted to observe that none of them got up, during the recent discussions on the subject, to defend their ancient colleagues and themselves. Very different indeed was the conduct, thirty years ago, of Mr. Stephen, the late Master in Chancery. When such complaints as those of Mr. O'Connell were made by Mr. Windham, and debates ensued, Mr. Stephen, then a member of the House, and a gentleman of high consideration, who had long occupied important legal offices in the West Indies, manfully stood forth and avowed that he had been a parliamentary reporter; an employment which he always recollected with pleasure, as in it he had acquired much information and imbibed sound political principles. The reporters in his time, he said, were men of talent, education, and respectability; and so they undoubtedly were.

Why it was that the publication of the Parliamentary debates was prohibited thirty or forty years before the American war, I will not stop to inquire. Their publication was renewed in 1774, the date of the first volume of Debrett's Collection. At that time, William Woodfall began to report in the "*Morning Chronicle*;"—he was the brother of Harry Woodfall, who published "*Junius's Letters*" in the "*Public Advertiser*;" and both were men of high respectability. Notes it was not allowed to take; but William, from memory, would, as necessity occurred, fill his whole newspaper, containing, by the by, not more than a third of the papers of the present day. Perry, afterwards possessed of an income of 10,000*l.* a-year from the "*Morning Chronicle*," began as a reporter on the "*General Advertiser*," in 1777. Joseph Richardson, a barrister, author of the play of "*The Fugitive*," the friend of Sheridan, and eventually a member of Parliament, began his London life as a reporter on the "*Morning Post*." Mr. Radcliffe, husband of the celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe the authoress, a man of high education, who had taken a degree at Oxford, was a reporter at the "*Gazetteer*," and afterwards proprietor and editor of the "*English Chronicle*." Mr. Heriot, late Comptroller of Chelsea Hospital, and formerly Deputy Paymaster of the Forces in the West Indies, was a reporter on the "*World*," and subsequently established the "*Sun*" and "*True Briton*" newspapers. The Rev. Mr. Armstrong, a man of distinguished literary attainments, was a reporter on the "*Morning Chronicle*," and "*Morning Post*." Gray, one of the Masters of the Charter-house, and an accomplished scholar, and George Gordon, a Scotch solicitor of high

family and connexions, were Parliamentary reporters of that day. But the Irish! the low Irish reporters! Leonard Macnally, an Irishman, afterwards in great practice at the Irish bar, fifty years ago reported debates for the "Public Ledger." James Sheridan, an Irishman, reported the debates for the "Morning Herald," from memory, nearly as well as Woodfall. He did not give the scope of the argument so faithfully, but his style was better, and the quantity and the rapidity of his writing were astonishing; he was a barrister, a highly-educated man, with a fine person and elegant manners. Two gentlemen of the name of Batho, who afterwards went to high appointments in India, also highly-educated Irishmen, reported for the "Morning Post." Dr. Fleming, the college associate and most intimate friend of Sir James Mackintosh, an Irishman, and an accomplished scholar, was a reporter on the "Morning Post." At the same time, Messrs. Fitzgerald, Hogan, and Donovan, three Irishmen, excellent scholars and perfect gentlemen, were Parliamentary reporters; the first two on the "Morning Post," the last on the "Times." Messrs. Fitzgerald and Hogan died chief justices; Mr. Donovan, attorney-general, at Sierra Leone. Townsend and Quin (the late Common Councilman) were at that time Parliamentary reporters on the "Times;" they were Irishmen, and men of talent and education. I could mention the names of others—Wallace, Goold, &c., to show that the Parliamentary reporters of the last age were not the despicable persons the "Times" of the present day would make them, especially the Irish reporters, who were generally very superior men, both as regarded natural talents and acquired accomplishments. Let them be compared with the gentlemen at present engaged in the same laborious and useful occupation, and I am sure they will not be found less worthy of esteem. It is true that the reports are now given more fully, and, generally speaking, better than they were at the time I have been alluding to; but it must be recollected that, as I have already observed, the papers are three times the size they then were; that the number of reporters has increased in proportion to the size of the papers; and that every possible accommodation is given to them. They are allowed to take notes; they have access to the gallery at all times; and they have a room to themselves into which they withdraw in case of divisions. Formerly it was necessary for reporters, upon great debates, to be at the House at nine or ten o'clock in the morning; they were turned out, with the ordinary strangers, on every division, and forced to struggle with them for re-admission, and, in short, every possible impediment was thrown in the way of the performance of their arduous duty.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

SENEX.

[A fair correspondent has transmitted to us the following poem from the other side of the Atlantic. It is pleasant to see one lady-poet praising another; and on this account, as well as for its own merits, we give it insertion.]

TO MRS. HEMANS.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

WHENCE dost thou fill thy golden urn?

What fountain is unseal'd for thee?

Thou mistress of the mighty thought!

Daughter of Poesy!

Tranquil and deep that fountain flows,

And flowers of rarest, richest dye

Droop o'er to view themselves as stars

Set in its pure blue sky

Beneath the lofty shades around,
 Forms of simple grandeur move ;
 Such forms as youthful Greece conceived
 In her all-glorying love.

Such is thy spirit's dwelling-place ;
 With Beauty shrined—serene—alone :
 Breathing forth tenderness and truth—
 Thou highly-favoured one !

I ask not whether this world's pomp
 Be thine or not : a perfect bliss
 Springs with each life-gush of thy heart ;—
 Canst thou have more than this ?

No gem that glows, no bird that sings,
 No leaf that glitters in the dew ;
 No gift of love in air, earth, skies,
 But hath a voice for you.

Poetess ! we thank thee—in thy strains
 Of melting melody *that voice*
 To us thou dost pour forth ; with thee
 We worship and rejoice !

Rio de Janeiro, December, 1832.

THE ARABIAN.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

ALL breathing things delight in this green world !—
 Behold in yon small paddock a fair steed,
 Arabian-shaped, sleek-limbed, eyes that like fires burn—
 In action graceful as the swimming swan—
 The mould and model of his kind—as proud
 And glorious a thing as eyes can see.
 Fixed, statue-like, he stands, like Parian stone
 Chiselled by art to the similitude
 And attitude of life ! But greater hands
 Than human hands have made him what he is—
 The beautiful, the buoyant thing, whose speed
 Could tire the shadows coursing o'er this ground ;
 A creature that we love, while to our will
 We bend his nature down, and teach him fear.
 But he must leave the field in which he fed,
 And joyful ran his own impulsive race.
 See where the groom, with sieve thin spread with corn
 Presented oft, oft seen, as oft refused,
 (For the shy creature knows that the decoy
 Covers the thralling rein, and more prefers
 Freedom uncurbed, and his own wanton play,)
 Comes now to snatch him from his heaven of ease.
 He stands a moment only, as if caught ;
 The coaxing groom believes his task is done,
 And wonders where his freakishness is fled.
 Almost his hand has clutched the dangling mane—
 Almost the rein is slipped upon his head,
 When, ere an eye can turn, with rampant prance,
 Short, snuffling snort, and instantaneous spring,
 As if in mockery of the powers of man,
 Away he flies, swift as an eagle shoots.

The shrinking air, and scours his prison-bounds,
Till the air thunders as his frolic feet
Strike with strong clatter on the hollow ground.

Breathless, but patient, still the dodging man
Follows the dodging beast, soothes the coy thing,
Calls him by name, whistles, and, lastly, swears,—
“That *first* infirmity of noble *grooms*,”—
Now reddens with fierce rage, and now, once more,
Comes whispering wheedling words into his ear.
He knows and hears him, and seems fairly won;
Too sure he has him, and too slow when sure—
He's gone again, straight as an arrow flies,
As hopeless to pursue. Down drop the sieve
And jingling rein; and now the savage whip
With shrilly threatenings thrills along the air:
He heeds it not, and still his race he runs.
No—tired of play, or else instinctive fear,
Or more instinctive love, tames the wild thing,
And makes him docile. He has had his will,
And now resigns the mastery to man;
For suddenly he turns in his mid flight,
And stands a prisoner, willing to be bound.

C. W.

TO ROSA.

Sing, my Muse, in praise of Rosa!
Vita mia preziosa;
Graceful, kind, bewitching Rosa!
— Have you ever seen my Rosa?
Piccolina bella cosa;
Naughty, little, laughing Rosa!
Queen of Smiles is pretty Rosa;
Never, never dolorosa;
Always charming, always Rosa!
Passing sweet's the voice of Rosa;—
Haydn, Mozart, Cimarosa,
Should have liv'd to hear my Rosa!
The pouting lip of wicked Rosa;
Che dolce! che deliziosa!
Tempting lips, but cruel Rosa!
Countless are the charms of Rosa
As the leaves in Vallombrosa;—
Zephyrs, waft my sighs to Rosa!
When I read, my book is Rosa:
Farewell Leibnitz, Locke, Spinoso;
I forsake you all for Rosa!
How sweet, if Cupid conquer'd Rosa,
And made her sad and amorosa,
To soothe and share the pain of Rosa!
— Can you love me, gentle Rosa?
Will you be my cara sposa?
Tell me, tell me, dearest Rosa!

B. K.

THE REWARD OF MERIT.—Gentlemen,—The following paragraph has (as the phrase is) gone the round of the newspapers:—

“Joseph Lancaster, the celebrated founder of the new system of education, is residing in poverty at Montreal, in Canada, labouring for his living, and the maintenance of a wife and family.”

Here, indeed, is an illustration of the march of intellect, for in this case intellect has been obliged to *march* to Canada, because it found no reward in its native country. It has been, indeed, truly said that “we pay least of all to those who instruct us,” since the founder of a system of education is obliged to resort to manual labour abroad, because at home he did not meet with adequate encouragement. An Italian fiddler who plays upon one string, (so well is the English character known to foreigners,) visits our country with the professed object of taking away from it so many thousand pounds. He observes, “I know John Bull has got them for me,” and the result proves him to be right. Had Mr. Lancaster been able to play the overture to “Tancredi” upon a single string of a piano, or to stand upon his little finger for a quarter of an hour, without fatigue, he might have counted on making a rapid fortune at home, the only drawback then being the fact of his being an Englishman. Could he contrive, instead of trusting to his intellect, to *stand upon his head*, in the literal sense of the words, he would be more likely to prosper than he is at present, with no other claims than that of being the founder of a system for the instruction of his species.—I am, Gentlemen, &c.

THE DIGNITY OF JUSTICE.—Gentlemen,—Much has been said, from time to time, of the efficacy of certain outward appearances in a court of justice, much of the dignity of which has been attributed to the mountain of wig upon the head of the judge, or to the gown in which the nature of his office demands that he should wrap himself. It seems strange that solemnity should be ensured by the assumption of an unnatural pile of powdered hair, or that wisdom should be found in a few yards of blue drapery. So far, however, does this notion prevail, that a learned judge, who, perhaps, felt how much he depended upon his outward trappings for his own dignity, positively refused to listen to a celebrated counsel who presented himself in court without the usual professional appurtenance. If a wig really exercises a magic spell upon the judicial *caput*, why is not the charm tried upon the metropolitan magistrates? If wisdom be really communicable by the medium of false hair, why is the Bench suffered to continue to expose the folly and imbecility which a general assumption of wigs by the great paid might at once remedy?

These observations are suggested by the accounts of a recent inquest, where, it is said, the jurymen took off their coats and waistcoats in the course of the investigation. It does not, however, appear that justice was at all retarded by the circumstance; for though they abandoned part of their habiliments, they adhered pertinaciously to the verdict which they conscientiously arrived at. There are, doubtless, many who will maintain that justice could not have been administered in so undignified a scene; but it appears, that though the jurymen continued to dispense with dignity they were resolved to maintain their authority. They would not allow a verdict to be dictated to them, but persisted in their liberty to give an unbiassed decision; and thus, coatless as they were, they succeeded in preserving their *right* as jurymen, though, in one sense at least, it could not be said to be *vested*.—I am, Gentlemen, &c. &c.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, ESQ.

THIS distinguished and excellent gentleman died in Cadogan-place on the 3d of August, in the 74th year of his age. He was born at Hull, in 1759, of respectable parents, his father having been twice mayor. St. John's College, Cambridge, was his *alma mater*; and he was contemporary with William Pitt, with whom he contracted an intimate friendship. On coming of age, he was sent to parliament for Hull; and at the ensuing general election being returned for that place and the county of York, he chose to sit for the latter. In 1787, he brought forward his first motion for the abolition of the slave-trade; and to the end of his public life steadily and earnestly persevered in endeavouring to effect this important measure, the consummation of which may be said to be almost contemporary with his decease. Mr. Wilberforce's publications have been chiefly pamphlets—his speeches in parliament, letters, &c. &c.; but his most popular production (having run through fifteen or twenty editions) is, "A Practical View of the prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians, contrasted with Real Christianity," which appeared in 1799. We may also mention his "Apology for the Christian Sabbath," in 1799, and frequently reprinted. In person, Mr. Wilberforce was diminutive, but in mind his proportions were great and admirable. His voice, in speaking, was exceedingly clear and musical; and his influence in the House of Commons for many years superior to that of any individual not possessed of official power. In private life he was most amiable and exemplary; and, altogether, he must be classed amongst the most eminent men of a period full of eventful circumstances, and illustrated by many striking examples of human genius.

JOHN HERIOT, ESQ.

Mr. Heriot was originally an officer in the marines; but, as well as his elder brother George, much attached to literary pursuits. They were both natives of Haddington, Scotland, and severally born in 1759 and 1760. George published a poem descriptive of the West Indies in 1781: a history of Canada (being deputy postmaster-general of British America) in 1804, and Travels through the same province in 1807, with some free and admirable plates from his own drawings. He is, we believe, still living. John commenced his literary career, by publishing "The Sorrows of the Heart," a poem, in 1787; which he followed by a novel, entitled "The Half-pay Officer;" and, in 1792, "An Account of the Siege of Gibraltar." When the Pitt administration resolved to have a newspaper faithful to its cause, and the "Sun" daily evening journal was established with that view, Mr. Heriot was chosen to be its first editor, with the able co-operation of Mr. R. G. Clarke, now the printer of the "London Gazette." Countenanced by the government, the "Sun" rose rapidly into public notice; and within a few months circulated above four thousand a day. About twenty years ago Mr. Heriot was appointed by the Right Hon. C. Long (Lord Farnborough), who had always been his steadfast friend and patron, deputy paymaster-general to the forces in the Windward and Leeward Islands. On his return he received the appointment of Comptroller of the Royal College, Chelsea.

N. G. CLARKE, ESQ., K.C.

Died on the 24th ult., at his residence at Handsworth, near Birmingham, Nathaniel Gooding Clarke, Esq., King's Counsel, and late Chief Justice of Brecon. The learned gentleman had practised for half a century honourably and successfully at the bar, and had been for some years senior counsel on the Midland Circuit, from which he had very recently retired. He also held for nearly forty years the office of Recorder of Walsall; and during a long and active life he devoted much of his intervals of relaxation as a barrister, to the duties of a magistrate for Staffordshire and Warwickshire. His occasional and valuable services as a Judge on the circuit must also be within the remembrance of most of our readers. He was elevated to the distinction of a Welsh Judge shortly before the abolition of that office, but did not proceed on more than two or three circuits. Mr. Clarke for many years commanded the Handsworth Troop of Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry; and in that capacity, as well as in his magisterial character, he rendered on many occasions important services to the town of Birmingham. He was universally esteemed for his zeal, accomplishments, and eloquence as an advocate—his steady principles as a politician—his uprightness and impartiality as a magistrate—and as an amiable man in all the relations of private life.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830 and 1831. By James Montgomery, Author of "The World before the Flood," "The Pelican Island," &c. &c. 12mo.

SELDOM is the enthusiasm of the poetic temperament united with the calm reasoning spirit of philosophy. Yet the combination is indispensable when the genius and art of poetry are the subject of critical inquiry and popular appeal. In Mr. Montgomery it exists in a pre-eminent degree, and these lectures fully justify the fame he has acquired in the departments of literature to which, for so many years, he has devoted his admirable talents. Few of our poets excel as writers of prose, but Mr. Montgomery's Lectures (like his "Prose by a Poet") are a fine specimen of pure English composition. The style is simple; just what prose ought to be; and yet every sentence breathes of poetry.

We care not how hackneyed a subject the man of genius undertakes to illustrate. In his hands, if not a new creation, it will come forth a new coinage. The essential elements may remain, but the metal will be purified, its substance enriched, and its form embellished. We had, indeed, imagined that poetry was an exception—that Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson in pronouncing its eulogy had exhausted eloquence itself—that nature and art could no farther go; but we had not calculated upon the powers of modern ingenuity. In acquaintance with his subject, in enthusiasm, in the variety and beauty of his illustrations, Mr. Montgomery's lecture on the pre-eminence of poetry among the fine arts is not only equal to the essays of his illustrious predecessors, but in some important particulars it is decidedly superior to them both.

This lecture may be considered as intended to establish the position which the author assumes at the commencement, and which he has thus eloquently expressed.

"Poetry is the eldest, the rarest, and the most excellent of the fine arts. It was the first fixed form of language; the earliest perpetuation of thought; it existed before prose in history, before music in melody, before painting in description, and before sculpture in imagery. Anterior to the discovery of letters, it was employed to communicate the lessons of wisdom, to celebrate the achievements of valour, and to promulgate the sanctions of law. Music was invented to accompany, and painting and sculpture to illustrate it."

We dare not indulge at any length in the luxury of quotation, for we should really know not where to begin nor where to end; we must therefore content ourselves with two short extracts, in which the lecturer contends for the pre-eminence of poetry over sculpture.

"Poetry is a school of sculpture in which the art flourishes not in marble or brass, but in that which outlasts both,—in letters which the fingers of a child may write or blot; but which once written, Time himself may not be able to obliterate; and in sounds which are but passing breath, yet being once uttered, by possibility may never cease to be repeated. Sculpture to the eye, in palpable materials, is of necessity confined to a few forms, aspects, and attitudes. The poet's images are living, breathing, moving creatures; they stand, walk, run, fly, speak, love, fight, fall, labour, suffer, die;—in a word, they are men of like passions with ourselves, undergoing all the changes of actual existence, and presenting to the mind of the reader solitary figures or complicated groups more easily retained (for words are better recollected than shapen substances), and infinitely more diversified than the chisel could hew out of all the rocks under the sun. Nor is this fanciful or metaphorical illustration of the pre-eminence which I claim for the art I am advocating. In proof of it I appeal at once to the works of the oldest and greatest poets of every country. In Homer, Dante, and Chaucer, for example, it is exceedingly curious to remark with what scrupulous care and minuteness personal appearance, stature, bulk, complexion, age, and other incidents, are exhibited for the purpose of giving life and reality to the scenes and actions in which their characters are engaged. All these are bodied forth to the eye through the mind, as sculpture addresses the mind through the eye."

Leaving the ancient poets in the hands of the critic, we select the following "modern instance," because it is not only fine as an illustration, but powerful as an appeal to the feelings of the heart.

"Let us bring—not into gladiatorial conflict, but into honourable competition where neither can suffer disparagement—one of the master-pieces of ancient sculpture, and two stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' in which that very statue is turned into verse which seems almost to make it visible.

"THE DYING GLADIATOR.

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;

And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;
 And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ;—and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.'

"Now all this sculpture has embodied in perpetual marble, and every association touched upon in the description might spring up in a well-instructed mind while contemplating the insulated figure which personifies the expiring champion. Painting might take up the same subject, and represent the amphitheatre thronged to the height with ferocious faces, all bent upon the exulting conqueror and his prostrate antagonist—a thousand for one of them sympathizing rather with the transport of the former than the agony of the latter. Here, then, sculpture and painting have reached their climax: neither of them can give the actual thoughts of the personages whom they exhibit so palpably to the outward sense that the character of those thoughts cannot be mistaken. Poetry goes further than both, and when one of the sisters had laid down her chisel, the other her pencil, she continues her strain; wherein having already sung what each have pictured, she thus reveals that secret of the sufferer's breaking heart which neither of them could intimate by any visible sign. But, we must return to the swoon of the dying man:—

' "The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.]"

" "He *heard* it, and he *heeded* not,—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away;
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother ;—he, their sire,
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday;
 All this gush'd with his blood."

"Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble, which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries,—not one had ever before thought of 'the rude hut,' 'the Dacian mother,' 'the young barbarians.' At length came the poet of passion; and looking down upon 'the dying gladiator,' (less as what it was than what it represented,) turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; then away over the Apennines, and over the Alps, away, on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were 'the eyes' of the victim, under the night-fall of death; for 'there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother.' This is nature, this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory;—when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and his little children."

We assure our readers that this volume abounds with such touches of nature as these, united with the same critical acumen, and softened and beautified by the taste and delicacy of the most refined poetical sentiment. The five remaining lectures are on the following topics:—What is poetical?—the form of poetry—the diction of poetry—the various classes of poetry—the poetical character—the theories and influences of poetry. These lectures must have been hailed by the lovers of poetry at the Royal Institution with enthusiastic pleasure; and to their powerful effect may be traced, we have little doubt, the cultivation of a taste for poetry among many who had never before heard its "planet-like music." Their appearance from the press, we confidently hope, will awaken the love of this delightful art in many a bosom yet untouched by its blessed influences; and as for those who can resist them, who, "with creeping minds," cannot lift themselves up to look at the sky of poetry, this merited curse we must send them, in behalf of all poets, (as Sir Philip Sidney quaintly hath it,)—"that while they live they may live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when they die, their memory may die from the earth for want of an epitaph."

Historical Memoirs of the House of Russel; from the Time of the Roman Conquest. By J. H. Wiffen, M.R.S.L., Corresponding Member of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Wiffen is most happy in the selection of his motto—"It is a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect; how much more to behold an ancient noble family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time." Such a spectacle is presented to us in the illustrious family of Russel. We contemplate its origin through the dim

obscurity of remote time—we follow its line in an unbroken series—we behold it a continued ascent to greatness till it reaches the highest rank in the aristocracy, preserving that rank down to the present day without the slightest taint in its blood, or imputation upon its honour—a noble tree, one branch only severed from the trunk by the hand of despotism, but that branch adding to its imperishable distinctions the glory of patriotic martyrdom. The Stewart and the Russel are placed in everlasting contrast,—the royal murderer will be execrated through all time—his illustrious victim will be renowned as long as public and private virtue, ennobled by suffering, can awaken sympathy and admiration in the human bosom. It is remarkable that one member of the name of Russel was destined to disgust the nation with tyranny, and to hasten its downfall; and another to achieve the liberties of his country by purifying its constitution and reforming its abuses. There are some portions of these memoirs that excite an intense interest. It has been observed that the romance of real life often exceeds that of the imagination, and the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of one of the early ancestors of the Bedford family abundantly confirm the truth of the observation.

No man could have had better opportunities for accomplishing the task of domestic historian to this illustrious house than Mr. Wiffen. No man, from his acquirements and pursuits, could be more competent to undertake it; and, we are happy to add, all that knowledge, taste, and industry can perform, under these advantages, these volumes exhibit.

Old Bailey Experience. Fraser.

For the first time in our remembrance, a literary man has undertaken the task of proving that our legislators are wrong, and our laws founded upon mistaken principles, without stating his proofs with high-coloured party feeling, and mingling his condemnation of a system with the bitter spirit of political sectarianism. The mischief has ever been, when plans have been propounded for the amelioration of society, that society has itself too often opposed them, on account of the attack which accompanied the doctrines of the propounder on some offending class who were irritated into opposition: this will not be the case in the present instance. The philosopher who attacks legislation is always excused by all parties; for all parties consider that they are the exceptions, and chuckle with delight at the fancied exposure of their opponents. Manifold are the causes to which our author attributes the present increase of crime, and the general depravity of the lower classes; but chiefly, and rightly, he arraigns our horrible penal code. With the feeling of a philanthropist, and the brain of a logician, he brings home the causes of the disease of society to their proper source. He exposes, with eloquence, and quotes innumerable facts in support of his exposition, the miserable method in which our bad laws are so badly administered. He shows the premium that is given to pauperism, the honours that wait upon crime, and the infamy that accompanies honest poverty: the poor-house is found to be the retreat of the indigent, broken-down, and often diseased tradesman, where he is compelled to herd with the lowest of the low, the outcasts of the abject;—a new soil, in a far land, with certain freedom and probable competency, are the blessings that await the convicted felon.* Excess of crime is not met with proportionable punishment, and the petty dabbler in guilt is visited with penalties equal to those endured by the hardened rogue, while reform is rendered impossible from the nature of his associates, and, with the particular prospects before him after his conviction, amendment is to him the least desirable of matters. To the practised pauper, or the lazy and dissipated villager, our poor-laws offer every inducement for indigence and trickery. The honest husbandman, who struggles hard to keep himself from the workhouse, has his independence mortified by perceiving that those who have half his industry and none of his honest pride, receive a relief from the churchwardens that places them in compa-

* It appears, however, from very numerous statements in the work, that there is nothing the convict in general dreads so much as transportation, they frequently having been known to express a wish that they might suffer capital punishment rather than undergo transportation. The authority is too great for us to dispute. We cannot, however, divest ourselves of the remembrance of many convicts, whose tales we have heard, having risen to some degree of eminence by their industry and good conduct while under their sentence in N. S. Wales, and of having afterwards returned to this country and pursued a course of honesty and honour. Many too who have been transported for life have, in consequence of their good conduct, obtained leave to return to England, after having served a certain period in the colony.

rative affluence, while he meets with no encouragement—with no reward. Thus, “a bold peasantry, its country’s pride,” are hourly falling into self-abasement, and we, as a people, into national degradation.

Another matter that our author primarily insists upon is the badness of our present system of instruction, if the teaching that some small portion of the poor receive is worthy of that dignified name, and the necessity of an immediate improvement in our present meagre plans of education. “It cannot be denied,” says our author, “but this country is embellished with some noble instances of bounty and munificence, but why spend time and money in sciomachy, leaving the substance untouched? Why employ your time and means in baling out at the extreme end of the drain dribblets of impurity, when by going to the cesspool at the other, you could stop up the source from whence all the feculent matter flows?” Why, indeed, we ask? So long as the poor remain in their present state of moral, intellectual, and religious ignorance, so long will every large town in the empire be the centre and resort of a petty bandit of pickpockets and burglars, whose interest it is to thieve rather than to be honest. From youth they have followed their calling; they have gloried in its hazards and its excitement; they are part of a well-organized fraternity, who assist each other in their need; they never knew the advantage of honesty; they have no sympathy with the honest, and love not the society that they are taught to believe is their hereditary hater. But educate them, let there be, as our author proposes, in each parish a school; not like our present national schools, but where the judgment and the reasoning powers of the children are cultivated; and they will then begin to perceive the advantages of those laws of order that they now either break or elude, and will become good citizens, where, without such a system, they would only have been good thieves. The education, however, must be of the right sort; it must address the understanding. It is perfectly useless to tell a child that it must be honest, and it must be good, without first making it clearly understood what honest, and what good, really mean. Every thing the children are told should be placed in a definite manner before them, so that it should be a matter of impossibility that they should misunderstand. What they are told should also be of an useful nature, comprehending a principle, a rule, or some basis for the foundation of judgment. The reasoning powers thus cultivated, the child taught from its early infancy to think, would be competent to discern between right and wrong, and it would rarely happen that an instance occurred of a child absolutely preferring the course of vice, with its certain punishment, to that of virtue, with its certain reward.

The arts of reading, writing, and figuring are now the utmost that is taught in the generality of schools. The two former are only the *means* of acquiring knowledge; the latter is only the commencement of knowledge itself; it is the commencement of the calculating power, essentially necessary to the formation of a reasoning mind. Were children, previous to their being taught the *pro forma* accomplishments, to have questions put to them, in the answering of which they would have to exercise their infantine ingenuity, and their latent reason—questions involving the difference between good and bad, between just and unjust—we should doubtless have less of the peculations of servants and the embezzlement of clerks, less of petty concealed dishonesty, less of open and daring crime.

In such a way would our author alter part of our present vicious social system, and such is one of the means he vehemently insists upon for reducing our criminal calendar. In a letter professedly written from a boy who had been convicted of pickpocketing, is the following passage:—“In our street, he who thieved most cleverly was the most admired, and the only disgrace that could be incurred was the shame of detection.” Again: “I have heard of God, and hell, and the devil; and they once told me, when the bell tolled at St. Giles’s, that people went there to pray that they might go to heaven; but I saw nobody who seemed to believe this, and I thought these words, like many others, were only useful to swear by.” Be this an actual fact or not, it is not the less true as a description of the state of the moral condition of the lower classes. The deficiency in education is with the legislature a crime of omission; we now come to one of commission—of shameful spoliation, and heartless robbery. We allude to the inclosure acts. The peasant has not now the motive for industry he once had, for as our author says, “after compelling them to take refuge in large towns, and finally preventing their return, by passing within these last forty years *four thousand inclosure bills*, you have seized their inheritance,” &c. He then proposes that a piece of ground should be given to each agriculturist as a stimulus to honourable labour; that it should be given

either rent free, or at a something more than a nominal rent. Thus offering a reward for industry, instead of there being, as there now is, every motive for the encouragement of the vicious, and no protection for the honest poor. In short, laws have been made for the protection of game and the aristocracy, while the poor man and his garden have been utterly neglected; or if attention has been called to him, it has only been to abridge him of his comforts, or to assist in his punishment.

The whole of the work is valuable, first in its numerous facts displaying our present state of crime, and of the mal-administration of our bad criminal law; and, secondly, in the remedies the ingenious, well-meaning author suggests for the amelioration of those classes in which crime is most found to abound. As a composition it is clear, concise, and logical. In some few instances there is a little pedantry of term, but it is well atoned for by the general warmth and eloquence with which the subjects are treated.

Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies. By Mrs. Carmichael, Five Years a Resident in St. Vincent and Trinidad. 2 vols.

An air of candour seems to pervade these volumes; and, from a superficial glance at their general contents, we should certainly give their author credit for the sincerity of her statements, without any deduction on the score of prejudice or party feeling. We are sorry that a closer examination strongly inclines us to draw a very different conclusion. The fairest professions are not always to be relied on; and when we see an angel of light in suspicious company, and employed on a mission that is at least equivocal,—instead of being dazzled by his effulgence, we should scrutinize his lower extremities: the cloven foot may be studiously covered, but not perfectly concealed. Though not avowedly a defence of the slave-holder, the slave-dealer, and the system of colonial slavery, as carried on in the West Indies, this work of Mrs. Carmichael is entirely in favour of them. The planters are all humane; the slaves are less their servants than their humble friends: those that drag them to the ship, and subject them to all the horrors of the middle passage, are the great instruments of improving their condition; and there is not a slave of any character that does not shudder at the idea of returning to his native country,—who does not view it as a very bad land, and not for a moment to be compared with the West Indies, where the blessings of slavery far outweigh all the savage freedom of Africa. Far be it from Mrs. Carmichael to offer one word in favour of the abstract question; yet it is strange that, in her view, it is only in the abstract that slavery is an evil,—its practical operation, it seems, is highly beneficial to all parties. The slaves do not want freedom,—civilization is all that is necessary to render them perfectly happy; but we are not told how men may be held in the most servile bondage, and yet advance in civilization. As far as Mrs. Carmichael's observation extended, the slaves were universally well-clad and fed; the crop season was always with them a joyous harvest; and through the year they revelled in luxury. Dancing and singing were the common recreations of every evening; and the writer records it as her deliberate conviction, that the slaves of the colonies are in a far superior condition to that of the peasantry and manufacturers of Great Britain. To be sure, they are the greatest thieves and liars upon earth,—so lazy and insolent—so brutish and besotted—that the best of them cannot be managed by any treatment short of systematic and unrelaxing coercion. No obligations can bind them; and the dread of insurrection from her own slaves, who had received from her the greatest consideration and kindness, whom she had nursed in sickness, and whose ignorance she had instructed,—was her principal inducement for relinquishing her slave property, quitting the island of Trinidad, and returning to Scotland, where, alas! she is exposed to no peril from the virtues of a slave population. Mrs. Carmichael, in labouring to make the best of her case as the advocate of the planters against the enemies of slavery in the British legislature, has not only failed, but has indirectly, and therefore with the greatest effect, corroborated the testimony of those whose evidence she has attempted to impugn. The facts are few and insulated; they have also been got up with great care, and with the implied, if not the avowed object of destroying the impressions hostile to slavery which exist in this country. “Before the agitation of the question by the present Government,” (but not before it had been decided by public opinion,) Mrs. C. informs us “that her manuscript was on the point of publication by an eminent house, *with the special recommendation of an*

influential body of men." Here, at least, we catch a glimpse of the cloven foot. Mrs. Carmichael has written for the meridian of the West Indies ; and the pro-slavery people in Great Britain are the patrons and recommenders of her book. And yet, after all, what does it disprove ? Has it weakened the force of the volumes of evidence by creditable and impartial witnesses which lie on the table of Parliament, and which are familiar to the nation ? Many of Mrs. Carmichael's statements may be strictly true, and she may have had too much honour to assert a deliberate falsehood ; and yet the opposite statements of other witnesses may be equally true. The testimonies are not given to the same facts : what Mrs. Carmichael did not see, other respectable individuals did ; and an accurate judgment can only be formed of the whole question by a close examination of its apparently conflicting parts.

Mrs. Carmichael's enmity to the missionaries reflects little credit upon her Christian charity and zeal. She professes, indeed, to regard the religious instruction of the negroes as indispensable to the improvement of their character ; yet she endeavours to cover with ridicule and contempt the only men, except the Catholics, who have entered, heart and soul, upon the great enterprise of their conversion. When Mrs. Carmichael tells us that the Church of England is alone qualified to teach Christianity to slaves, and intimates that attempts from all other quarters should be discouraged, we begin to question the sincerity of the desire she expresses for their spiritual illumination. She well knows what kind and what amount of instruction the Church of England has afforded to the slave population of the West Indies ; she also well knows the secret of all the persecuting enmity which now rages so furiously against the missionaries.

Mrs. Carmichael's volumes have appeared somewhat late : the controversy is decided. Planters and slaves must henceforth stand in a different relation to each other. Their present domestic manners and social condition are undergoing a rapid (we wish we could add a beneficial) change. That universal improvement will be the final result we cannot doubt ; but the Government plan does not appear to us to meet the principal difficulties of the case. Still we regard with indulgence, and welcome with gratitude, any measure that gives the sanction of law to the fiat of Providence, and proclaims to the colonies that "SLAVERY IS NO MORE."

The Peasant's Posy ; consisting of Miscellaneous Poems, Sonnets, and Songs. By Robert Mac Burnie.

When an English peasant earns an independence, the utmost that can be expected of him is, that he will become the first man in his club, or bustle magnificently in parish affairs. But when a Scotsman makes a fortune south of the Tweed, it is ten to one but he establishes a Sunday school in his adopted town or village. The author before us, once we believe a hawker, claims the high honour of having established the Mechanics' Institute at Worksop, Nottinghamshire, where he now "hums o'er his hive," a comfortable tradesman. We know not that he is related in blood to the Ayrshire Ploughman, though his name is similar ; but he was born near Dumfries, and boasts that, when a child, Burns often carried him in his arms. His poems are full of piety, simplicity, and truth, and, as our extracts will testify, show that he has not forgotten his country, "the land of the mountain and the flood."

"Rear'd in a peasant's rude sequester'd cot,
By craggy Clouden's rapid-running stream,
Still memory haunts that dear romantic spot,
Where nature's beauties far superior seem
To aught in cities found ; though craftsmen deem
Their works ingenious, elegant, and bland ;
Still, of the waters, woods, and wilds I dream,
Or flowery fields, and shadowy mountains grand."

"SONG.

"The red clouds o' e'en had forsaken the sky,
And the night was baith gloomy and chill,
When I pu'd down my cudgel, on purpose to hie
Awa' to sweet Meg o' the Mill.

"Her cottage was distant twelve furlongs and mair,
And lonely the way was theretil ;
Yet I fear'd na' the bogles, though oft'times seen there,
Sae dear was sweet Meg o' the Mill.

"I had ne'er found the way, though I'd been aft before,
 Had I not happen'd on the wee rill,
 Whilk rows down the glen by my ain lassie's door,
 And turns round the wheel o' the mill."

"I follow'd its course till I met wi' the maid,
 Then at wooing I tric'd my best skill;
 And when in my arms she was lovingly laid,
 'I'll be thine,' quo' sweet Meg o' the Mill."

"I ha'e promised to wed her some day the niest week,
 And my promise I mean to fulfil;
 Then all ye guid neebors, this favour I seek,
 Ye maun bring a' your corn to our mill."

Winter Lectures, a Series of Discourses illustrative of Divine Dispensation.
 By John Ely. 8vo.

The title of this volume conveys not the smallest idea of its contents to the general reader. It consists, in fact, of a series of sermons delivered during the winter season to the congregation under the author's pastoral care. The subjects are of the greatest possible interest in themselves, and they are still more important as they bear upon the evidence which supports the divine authority of the Scriptures, and the consequent truth of the Christian religion. They are fine specimens of pulpit instruction. Their arguments cannot fail to convince the judgment, nor their eloquence to warm the heart. How is it that in the composition of sermons the dissenters so far excel the clergy of the establishment?

Address delivered in the Senate House in Cambridge, June 25, 1833.
 By the Rev. W. Whewell, M.A.

The opening address of Professor Whewell, pronounced before the third meeting of the British Association, is in every way worthy the name of the author, and the occasion on which it was delivered. It presents us with a brief abstract of the contents of the Report applied for by the meeting at York in 1831, on the several subjects of Physical Astronomy, Meteorology, Thermo-Electricity, Chemical Science, Geology, &c. The progress made in each of these branches of science is mentioned, as well as the results which may fairly be expected from the future labours of an institution which has proved so successful in its infancy. Respecting the true nature of that institution itself, Professor Whewell appears to have taken so just a view, that we cannot refrain from quoting it in his own words, contained in the introductory part of his discourse.

"We do not believe," he says, "in the omnipotence of a parliament of the scientific world. We know that the progress of discovery can be no more suddenly accelerated by a word of command uttered by a multitude than by a single voice. There is, as was long ago said, no royal road to knowledge, no possibility of shortening the way, because he who wishes to travel along it is the most powerful *one*; and just as little is there any mode of making it short, because they who press forward are *many*. We must all start from our actual position, and we cannot accelerate our advance by any method of giving to each man his mile of the road. Yet something we may do; we may take care that those who come ready and willing for the road, shall start from the proper point, and in the proper direction; shall not scramble over broken ground, when there is a causeway parallel to their path, nor set off confidently from an advanced point, when the first steps of the road are still doubtful; shall not waste their powers in struggling forwards where movement is not progress; and shall have pointed out to them all glimmerings of light through the dense and deep screen which divides us from the next bright region of philosophical truth. We cannot create, we cannot even direct, the powers of discovery, but we may perhaps aid them to direct themselves; we may perhaps enable them to feel how many of us are ready to admire their success; and willing, so far as it is possible for intellects of a common pitch, to minister to their exertions."

Such is the modest and honourable feeling with which the professor enters upon his subject. The remainder of his address is a commentary upon the same text, everywhere distinguished by candour and liberality of sentiment, and a true desire to render science what it should ever have been considered—a general field for the exercise of talent and industry, by whomsoever possessed, and wheresoever originating. Professor Whewell, however, does not stop here. He has added some very

important remarks upon the relative value of theoretical and experimental knowledge, and held the balance between the two with a steady and unprejudiced hand. Finally, he has turned the occasion to the illustration of a moral truth, more important than any which the art or perseverance of man has succeeded in wresting from the material world, in a few eloquent paragraphs upon the very limited knowledge attainable by human nature under the best of circumstances, and the little reason which the true philosopher, above all men, has for indulging that feeling of pride, which has in many instances attended upon success in scientific research. More in favour of this elegant pamphlet we have not space to say. The reputation of its author is too well established to derive much addition from its publication; but it will at least show that, in selecting a proper person to point out the general result of the last year's labour to the British Association, the choice of its president could not have been better directed.

Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe. Written by a Father for the Instruction and Amusement of his eldest Son.

A peculiarly melancholy interest attaches to this work, the posthumous production of a nobleman respected for his amiable qualities and literary tastes, and whose youth warranted the presumption that many years yet remained for their exercise. We understand that the last sheet was corrected by Lord Dover only a few days before his death. The dedication to his little son, rendered affecting by the subsequent event, is as creditable to the author's feelings as the narratives themselves are to his understanding and talent. After a brief summary and contrast of the characters and exploits of the monarchs whose lives are delineated in the volume, it thus concludes:—

“ I trust you will ever bear in mind, that it is not the most showy and brilliant actions of kings which ought to be admired, but those which have for their object the benefit and happiness of their people. You must, above all, never forget, that no acts of fallible human nature can be really and thoroughly good, which are not founded in a sincere piety and a desire for the glory of the Almighty.”

The biographies are four in number, having for their subjects Gustavus Adolphus, John Sobieski, Peter the Great, and Frederick the Great. Of the interest belonging to each it would be superfluous to speak; and we will merely observe that, while they are so treated as to win the attention of the young, and convey also useful morals to their minds, children of a larger growth will derive much pleasure, and, it may be, some information from a perusal.

The Poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, with Life, by Peter Cunningham.

There is no class of readers whose approbation is more hearty and unreserved, where it is accorded, than that of the lovers of poetry; and a reprint of the works of Drummond is a service to literature which they will certainly hail with no stinted welcome. In the execution of his editorial office, Mr. Cunningham has made certain exclusions which he has rightly deemed advantageous; for there are poems and passages in the works of this, as of most of the other sons of Apollo belonging to the same date, that may safely continue obsolete for more than one reason. If we have anything further to hint on this head, it is, indeed, that the editor has been somewhat too sparing in his eliminations,—too indulgent towards those panegyrical pieces in which the mist of adulation has left the lustre of the poetry scarcely discernible. In these days of abated reverence for some of the less reasonable claims of royalty, such compositions as “The River of Forth feasting,” and the “Speeches to King Charles,” in which the universe is ransacked for the extortion of compliments, and the most abject servility of sentiment is made a parade of, might, with good judgment and discretion, have been refused book-room.

Elegance and tenderness are the best, as they are indeed the highest, of Drummond's characteristics. In vigour and search of thought he has been surpassed by many; his attempts at the display of power having been too often, in fact, little better than manifestations of extravagance: but in grace and gentle feeling he has few equals. It is in his sonnets that he shines with that mild effulgence which is his best attribute, and which Petrarch himself has for ever fixed as the highest charms pertaining to those gems of the mind. In many of these, like Petrarch, he deplores the departure, and deifies the perfections, of a lost love; and nearly all

of them appear to be the inspirations of the tender passion. We select the following specimen for its descriptive grace, and its simple, yet touching moral:—

“ Trust not, sweet soul, those curled waves of gold,
 With gentle tides that on your temples flow;
 Nor temples, spread with flakes of virgin snow;
 Nor snow of cheeks with Tyrian grain enroll'd;—
 Trust not those shining lights which wrought my woe,
 When first I did their azure rays behold;
 Nor voice, whose sounds more strange effects do show
 Than of the Thracian harper have been told!
 Look to this dying lily—fading rose—
 Dark hyacinth—of late whose blushing beams
 Made all the neighbouring herbs and grass rejoice,—
 And think how little is 'twixt life's extremes!
 The cruel tyrant that did kill those flowers
 Shall once, ah me! not spare that spring of yours.”

The classical spirit of antiquity, which was so ardently sought and cherished at the revival of literature in Europe,—which was courted, and even worshipped, by our writers of the Elizabethan age,—and which continued, for a time subsequent to that period, to receive the homage of our poets,—is very apparently and devoutly cultivated by Drummond. Many of his pieces breathe the very air of older history and mythology. His transfusions from the old Heliconian fount are truly delicious for those who can appreciate their taste; but let none hope to relish thoroughly and with richest zest the productions of Drummond who are not tolerably familiar with their Ovid. Here are two lines embodying a picture fit to be rendered on canvass by Poussin himself:—

“ And those *mad Corybants*, who dance and glow
 On Dindimus' high tops with frantic fire!”

Occasionally, however, with Drummond, as with many other worshippers of the antique, this fine partiality is corrupted into a lower passion,—the love of Latinized terms,—as in the subjoined instance:—

“ Here is the fainting grass where she did lie!
 With roses here she *stellified* the ground!”

A “Life of the Poet,” furnished by the editor, and not more favourably drawn than is allowable to the enthusiasm of a compatriot, enhances the interest of this volume. With the spirit of his attempt to rescue Drummond's character from the asperities penned by Mr. Gifford, we fully concur; but the political helotry of Drummond, which has given so much offence to the manly spirit of Mr. Campbell, is not susceptible of an equally satisfactory exculpation. Something of the bias of Drummond's mind on public matters may be seen in the subjoined epigram, which shows that which we have experience of at all times,—namely, that fawning and biting are not incompatible qualities. It is, nevertheless, ingeniously imagined; and we have only to hope, in presenting it, that no *over-worked* member of our existing Parliament will conceive annoyance at the allusion with which it terminates:—

“ When lately *Pym* descended into hell,
 Ere he the cups of Lethe did carouse,
 What place that was, he called aloud to tell,—
 To whom a devil—“ This is the *Lower House*!”

It is with regret that we have to notice in a book so neatly got up as this, an editorial lapse which has permitted the double insertion of several of the pieces. The sonnets numbered 83, 84, and 85 are identical with those numbered 192, 193, and 194, besides several other similar instances.

If we have freely commented on the faults of the work, we have done so under the impression that, to the young, injudicious praise is always dangerous. We may safely, however, congratulate Mr. Cunningham on the commencement of his career in literature. He will, we trust, follow in more ways than one the course of his excellent and accomplished father; and with such early schooling as he must have had, we may anticipate for him full success.

Manual of Experiments Illustrative of Chemical Science.

A more useful little volume on Experimental Chemistry than Mr. Murray's we do not remember to have seen. His work is, in every sense of the word, a manual; not, as is the case with many treatises bearing the same name, encumbering the student with a long preparatory dissertation, occupying half the space allotted to the subject, nor, on the other hand, presenting a mere collection of facts, without any reference to the laws to which they owe their existence. Every experiment is briefly but clearly accounted for, and the directions for its performance given as concisely as is consistent with perspicuity. By this means the practical chemist will find that he has a much greater quantity of useful matter in his hands than, from the size of the volume, he may have been induced to expect. Another ground for commendation is the real utility which characterises most of the experiments. They are not intended merely to amuse, but in a great variety of cases bear directly or indirectly on domestic economy, and the wants and conveniences of every-day life. The introductory pages of the volume are devoted to an explanation of the beautiful theory of definite proportions. To this succeeds a course of experiments illustrative of chemical affinity, the properties of caloric, combustion, &c., many selected from the best authorities, and a considerable number original. The most useful part of the work, however, as it appears to us, is contained in the chapter on the application of tests for the discovery of metallic poisons, with rules for the analysis of mineral waters. Unquestionably no part of chemical science is more valuable than this; and yet in how few works do we find a list of tests or directions for employing them! Poison is administered in so many shapes to the "discerning public," in this period of remorseless adulteration, that it becomes a law of necessity to place the means of detecting it, wherever this is possible, in everybody's hands. Mr. Murray has added a nomenclature of the substances most used by chemists under their ancient and modern names, upon which none, who are acquainted with the rise and progress of this fascinating science, will look without a feeling of interest, since it shows, at a glance, its past and present condition; while, at the same time, in regarding the fanciful names which we occasionally encounter, the memory will revert with respect to those ancient and indefatigable "philosophers by fire," to whose labours, impeded as they were by the union of imaginary principles with real facts, we are so greatly indebted for the present advanced condition of material analysis. The remainder of the volume is devoted to a table of technical terms, a list of re-agents, and a description of some particular apparatus. Among these we have to mention Mr. Murray's invention to explain the phenomenon of the Geysers as particularly ingenious. This little work has already reached a third edition,—a sufficiently evident proof of its general usefulness; but we are warranted in anticipating for it a still more extensive circulation, from the ability with which it is compiled, and the very moderate price of its purchase.

Zenobia, a Drama; and other Poems. By J. Ford, M.D.

In "Zenobia" there is not much to admire, and as little to offend. It is a dramatic poem of that order for which the delicacy of our continental neighbours has found a very fit and appropriate title under the term "*vers domestiques*." Towards literary productions of this description there is every reason why criticism should be exercised as gently as possible. There is nothing very exalted in their pretensions, and they may be safely suffered to pursue the noiseless tenour of their way, commended in the circle of the author's immediate friends, prized where he himself would most wish them to be valued, and secure from the noisy artillery of censors and reviewers by the limited publicity to which they attain. Dr. Ford has some taste of the "*belles lettres*," and is a very fair versifier; but candour compels us to state it as our conviction, that he is yet no poet. The subject which he has chosen for his translation is also unhappy. There is certainly not sufficient interest in the drama to pay for the labour of transferring it into a different tongue. The minor poems are of a rather better order; and in the little piece entitled the "World," a considerable degree of power, over a rather difficult stanza, is displayed. If Dr. Ford should continue to feel disposed to devote his leisure hours to the Muses, lyric verse is that in which he may most reasonably expect to succeed. To the more lengthened and sustained labours of poetry he is certainly unequal.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- Illustrations of Cooper's Surgical Dictionary. By W. P. Cocks. Vol. I., containing 119 Sketches. 8vo. 2l. 2s. bds.; to be completed in 3 vols. Ditto, Amputations, 24 Plates. 8vo. 13s. bds. Ditto, Dislocations and Fractures, 45 Plates. 8vo. 1l. 3s. 6d. bds.
- Introduction, Notes, &c., to the New Edition of the Waverley Novels. 3 vols. fc. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds.
- Mercantile Marine Architecture, or an Elementary Work on the Art of Drawing the Draughts of Vessels, with 6 large Plates of approved Merchant Vessels. By T. Richardson. 4to. 4l. bds.
- The Poems of Drummond of Hawthornden, with Life. By P. Cunningham. fc. 8vo. 9s. bds.
- Newton's Principia, a new edition. By Le Seur and Jaquier. 2 vols. royal 8vo. 1l. 5s. bds.
- Lives of the most eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe, written by Lord Dover, for the instruction and amusement of his eldest Son. Royal 18mo. 8s. bds.
- Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers. By Benj. Franklin, edited by Jared Sparks. 12mo. 7s. bds.
- Journals of Excursions in the Alps. By W. Brockedon. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.
- Conrad Blessington, a Tale. By a Lady. 8vo. 7s. bds.
- The History of Europe during the Middle Ages. In 2 vols., Vol. I., fc. 8vo. 6s. bds. (being Vol. XLV. of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.)
- Travels in the United States of America and Canada. By J. Finch. 8vo. 12s. bds.
- Traditionary Stories of Old Families, and Legendary Illustrations of Family History. By A. Picken, author of the "Dominie's Legacy." 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. s. bds.
- The Khan's Tale; a Tale of the Caravanserai. By J. B. Fraser. Being Vol. VII. of the Library of Romance. 12mo. 6s. bds.
- A Guide to an "Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." By the Rev. M. O'Sullivan. 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.
- Archbishop Cranmer's Works. 4 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s. 6d. bds.
- Botanical Register. By Professor Lindley Vol. V. new series. 8vo. 2l. 10s. cloth.
- Mémoires du Mareschal Ney. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s. sewed.
- Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the Population of the West Indies. By Mrs. Carmichael. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. s. bds.
- Old Bailey Experience, Criminal Jurisprudence, and the Actual Working of our Penal Code. 8vo. 12s. bds.
- Demetrius; a Tale of Modern Greece, with other Poems. By Agnes Strickland. 12mo. 5s. bds.

LITERARY REPORT.

- A Work, by Lady Charlotte Bury, on the "Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany," is in the press.
- "Principles of Geometry, familiarly illustrated and applied to a variety of the most useful Purposes, for the Instruction of Young Persons," by the Rev. Dr. W. Ritchie, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Royal Institution and University of London.
- "Herodotus, from the Text of Schweighæuser, and Collation with the Text of Professor Gaisford," edited by G. Long, Esq., A.M.
- "Olympia Morata, her Times, Life, and Writings," by the Author of "Selwyn."
- "Mr. Agassiz's Journey to Switzerland, and Pedestrian Tours in that Country."
- Mrs. Bray is preparing a uniform edition of her very popular "Historical and Legendary Romances," to be published in monthly volumes.
- The Rev. Charles Tayler has commenced a Series of Narratives, in the same style and on the same subjects as Miss Martineau's Political Works, to be published quarterly, under the title of "Social Evils and their Remedy," the first No. is to be entitled "The Mechanic."
- "Hints for the Cultivation of Fruits and Flowers," by Martin Doyle.
- "Ecclesiastical Establishments opposed alike to Political Equity and Christian Law," by the Rev. David Young of Perth.
- The first Number of a New English Version of the great Work of Cuvier, "Le Règne Animal, or the Animal Kingdom."
- "Deontology, or the Science of Morality," &c., from the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham, arranged and edited by Dr. Bowring.
- Allan Cunningham, we hear, has a new edition and a new "Life of Burns" in hand. He has obtained, and is still obtaining, new matter, poems, letters, and anecdotes from many sources. The work will extend to six volumes: the first to contain the life, the other five the poems, letters, songs, remarks, and memoranda; and each volume will be illustrated with two landscape vignettes, from drawings on which artists are at this moment employed, in the counties of Ayr and Dumfries.

VOITA THE DRAMA. TO TELL

KING'S THEATRE.

A scena from *Figaro*, the opera of the *Semiramide*, and a scena from *Anna Bolena*, were the last pieces in which Pasta appeared. She was received with the utmost enthusiasm, although we think we have heard her sing with greater effect. Admiration, however, dwelt upon every note she uttered, and long-continued plaudits proclaimed how great a favourite was about to be lost. In that part of *Anna Bolena*, where the distant music announces a joyous ceremony—when the degraded and murdered queen fancies in her frenzy that she is again the partaker and leader in a regal festivity—and when she awakens from her treacherous dream by instinctively seeking for, and unhappily discovering, that the accustomed crown is no longer on her brow—her look of horror, her attitude of despair, were perfectly withering. She is, without exception, the most wonderful woman we have ever known to tread the Italian stage. So, too, the audience appeared to think; and on the dropping of the curtain she was loudly called for, and came to the front of the stage to receive their gratulations. Even in this the superiority of genius was evident. Her acknowledgments to the audience were made in no style approved by dancing-masters and boarding-school misses—they were the bendings of a grateful and delighted spirit, proud of the honour she had achieved for herself, and happy in perceiving its effects. Her graceful inclinations to the audience, made with a reverential respect and with all the dignity of feeling, were of the most sweet and winning description. When about to make her exit, a *bouquet* of flowers from a neighbouring box was thrown on the stage; and we should pity the want of feeling and taste in that man who witnessed the way the favour was received and acknowledged, and who failed to pronounce it one of the greatest of theatrical treats. The manner was altogether beyond anything that description could convey. “The world’s good wishes went” with her; and the drama will to us be a dreary and desolate waste till Pasta returns.

VICTORIA.

The King’s Fool has been the principal object of attraction at this theatre, and has most unaccountably produced audiences. It is a play of a certain merit; that is, there are certain portions of it that are interesting. *The King’s Fool* is a villain *par excellence*, but a villain of a most unnatural kind, and such an one as never existed. There is a refinement of feeling and a delicacy of sentiment in his intercourse with his daughter that never yet appertained to a scoundrel; yet the Fool in this play is as malicious, designing, and heartless a rascal as ever infested the precincts of a court, and is therefore an unnatural character, as refined goodness and complete baseness cannot co-exist. Moreover the character is a failure in another particular. There never was about the person of a king, not even in the most glorious days of the follies of chivalry, so sensitive a gentleman and so witless an ass as the King’s Fool Mr. Warde is compelled to personate. They were generally a little idiotic, very fanciful, and consequently witty, with a good deal of that malignity of disposition which delights itself in petty annoyances, but never rises to the height and dignity of a scheme of deadly malice. Again; the improbability of the matter makes it irretrievably bad. The Fool is made to entertain a design against the life of the king, Francis I.; and his hired assassins are made—such is the poetical retribution—to slay the Fool’s own loved daughter in his stead: historically bad, and inexcusably so, for it is not founded on enough of fact to excuse the fiction. It is so revolting to the feelings, and, at the same time, so far removed from that degree of probability necessary to give that appearance of truth, without which the drama cannot be interesting, that we repeat our surprise that it should have attracted so much attention. The acting, too, of Mr. Warde is essentially bad; and, in saying so, we do not compare him with other actors, but with himself. In other characters he never appeared so much the actor and so little the character, as he does in the present piece. His malice is all proclaimed with a sneer in his countenance, when the commonest cunning would have induced the knave Mr. Warde personates to conceal his bad feeling. His affection, too, as exhibited towards his daughter, is all maudlin,—a mixture of wheedling, whining, and crabbed and stupid suspicion,—suspicion, too, expressed violently by the actor, where the author never intended half such intensity. In short, we never saw Mr. Warde to so much disadvantage; and we are happy in being able to add, that we think we are not likely to so see him again, as it must have been a strong

and original misconception of the character that induced the bad performance of which we complain; and this is a fault that Mr. Warde does not generally labour under. Miss Jarman, as the daughter, did full credit to her character, which was an excellent one as far as it went, though not far removed above the commonplace of stage heroines. *Nell Gwynne* continues a stock piece.

HAYMARKET.

Pyramus and Thisbe, a new one-act piece, by Mr. C. Mathews, has been as well received as such an agreeable sort of trifle should be. Mr. Buckstone, as the tailor in the piece, who courts his love through a wall, and whose conversation is "made up of shreds and patches," is particularly humorous and clever. The foundation of the story is stated to be from Kotzebue. The usual run of pieces has been gone through; and except the circumstance of Mr. Elton playing Shylock, there has been nothing of more than ordinary attraction. The house has been generally well filled.

ADELPHI.

Nero, or the Roman-tick Fiddler, has been the last of the Adelphi squibs. Mr. Reeve is in this, as he is in most matters at the Adelphi, the chief prop. The same repetition of the same sort of punning, the same vulgar stage tricks, compose the machinery of the piece; and though they may be laughable, are not such as meet with sober approbation. Mr. Reeve, who is the very Silenus of fun, replete with joke, and teeming with notions of the ludicrous, is in this piece particularly happy, and particularly bad. He is happy, for laughter is a necessity upon looking at him,—he is bad, for he puts out the other actors, and says "more than is put down in the book." We should recommend this original and facetious actor to *gag* less, and to study some few characters of a higher order. To look at him is to laugh; his eye twinkles with wicked roguery, his very nose twitches with fun; the fat on his sides is shaking with the chuckling laughter of an exhaustless merriment; and he is the god of jolly, hearty, vulgar mirth, and not an actor.

VARIETIES.

Emigration.—Amongst the interesting papers laid before the House of Commons are the extracts of the Correspondence of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the subject of Emigration, with official personages employed in the British Colonies. With reference to Canada, it appears that in 1832 the number of emigrants arrived and actually settled in the provinces during that year, amounted to 55,000 persons: and that they brought with them a capital of from six to seven hundred thousand pounds sterling—one individual alone having credit on the Quebec Bank for 16,000*l.* and another for 4000*l.* The reports speak of the great change observable in the condition of the latest emigrants, they being, for the most part, of respectable character and in good circumstances. The number of emigrants who perished by Cholera amounted to 2350 persons. The demand for labourers appears to be greatly on the increase, and varies from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per diem. The number of emigrants sent out by parish aid, for the year 1832, was 4988.

The number of persons employed in the department of the Customs in the year 1819 was 2,000; their salaries, 277,913*l.* 10*s.* 2*d.* In 1832 the number employed was 1654; salaries, 243,678*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; making a reduction, since 1819, of 346 persons and 34,134*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.* The gross receipt of revenue collected in the port of London for the year 1819 was 7,749,463*l.* at a rate of 3*l.* 11*s.* 8½*d.* per cent. In 1832 the revenue was 9,434,154*l.*, at a rate of 2*l.* 11*s.* 3¾*d.* per cent.

The total amount of Bank Annuities standing in the name of the Accountant-General of the High Court of Chancery, on the 31st of May, 1833, was 39,285,887*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* The total amount of the said Annuities, upon which no dividends have for the several terms of years after-mentioned been paid or applied to or for the benefit of any of the parties interested therein is as follows:—5 years and under 10 years, 108,038*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.*; 10 years and under 15 years, 74,693*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*; 15 years and under 20 years, 29,237*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; 20 years and upwards, 140,260*l.* 18*s.*

The total expense of the Constabulary Force in Ireland, amounted in 1830, to 262,461*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*; 1831, 273,962*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*; 1832, 292,820*l.* 8*s.* 2¼*d.*

The number of persons admitted as Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, from the 1st of January, 1823, to 31st of December, 1832, is 41, and the number

admitted as Licentiates during the same period is 117. The fees paid by each Fellow amount to 95*l.* 4*s.* including 40*l.* for stamps, and those for Licentiates 56*l.* 17*s.* The income of the College for the last four years has not equalled its expenditure, the first amounting to 4,115*l.* 16*s.* 5*d.*, and the latter to 4,821*l.* 12*s.* The original building for the meetings of the corporation was purchased and added to by the private subscriptions of the Fellows of that time; and when burnt down at the great fire of London, the edifice in Warwick Lane was built at the cost of the Fellows. The present building in Pall Mall East was erected at an expense of 25,000*l.*, raised by the sale of the premises in Warwick Lane, which yielded 9,000*l.*, a donation of 2,000*l.* from the trustees of Dr. Radcliffe, and the deficiency made up by subscriptions. The College has never received pecuniary aid from the crown since its foundation.

From the accounts laid before the House of Commons, relating to the establishment of the British Museum, it appears that in 1821 the library contained 17,937 MSS., and 16,423 charters, &c. In 1832, these were augmented to 21,604 MSS., and 19,093 charters. In 1821, the number of volumes of printed books amounted to 115,925; in 1832 to 218,957; and 14,410 duplicate works have been disposed of to the Royal Society and at public auction. The publication of the fac-simile of the Alexandrian MS., and of which scarcely half a dozen copies have been sold, cost the public, from 1821 to 1833, the sum of 2,772*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*; and 3,204*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* was expended during the same period on the publication of the *Gallery of Antiquities*, of which 1,000 copies of each volume were printed, and for which there being no demand, are still in hand. The publication of the catalogue of maps cost 807*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*; of the Anglo-Gallic coins, 176*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*; and of Mr. Payne Knight's collection of Greek coins, 282*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.* Of the Synopsis of the British Museum thirteen editions have been printed, comprising 39,290 copies, and the entire number almost sold. The cost of printing appears to be about 2,539*l.* and the receipts by sale about 3,898*l.*

The amounts of the gross and net incomes of parochial benefices in Ireland, as far as the returns have been received, are as follow:—Number of returns received: Armagh, 341; Dublin, 275; Cashel, 352; Tuam, 116; total, 1,124. Gross income: Armagh, 221,297*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*; Dublin, 102,256*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*; Cashel, 165,006*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.*; Tuam, 37,576*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; total, 526,136*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* Net income: Armagh, 200,467*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*; Dublin, 91,943*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*; Cashel, 152,080*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*; Tuam, 33,854*l.* 9*s.*; total, 478,346*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* Returns outstanding: Armagh, 66; Dublin, 70; Cashel 111; Tuam, 25; total, 272. Total number of returns: Armagh, 507; Dublin, 345; Cashel, 463; Tuam, 141: total, 1,456.

The number of persons who held situations in the public departments of the United Kingdom at the close of the year 1821 was 26,880; and the amount of their salaries was 3,772,805*l.* In 1832 the number was 21,305; salaries, 2,819,622; making a reduction of 5,758*l.* and 965,240*l.* As vacancies occur, 114 places are marked for reduction, which have salaries amounting to 73,006*l.*

The sum laid out by the Board of Works upon the old and new buildings of the British Museum, from the 5th of January, 1821, to 31st March, 1833, is 227,665*l.* 10*s.* 9*d.*; and the probable expense of the north wing, now proposed to be carried into execution, according to the plan of Sir Robert Smirke, is 70,000*l.*

The quantities of coals, cinders, and culm, exported from the United Kingdom during the years 1830, 1831, and 1832, with the amount of duties thereon, are as follows:—

	Coals and Cinders.	Duty.	Small Coals.	Duty.	Culm.	Duty.
1830 . . .	255,169 . .	42,482 . .	248,717 . .	21,376 . .	535 . .	31
1831 . . .	323,123 . .	36,549 . .	182,123 . .	18,648 . .	585 . .	38
1832 . . .	370,282 . .	34,445 . .	217,836 . .	22,253 . .	328 . .	7

Between the years 1800 and 1831, the Bank of England have paid upon indemnity for Bank notes wholly lost or destroyed, 64,237*l.* Post bills, 40,662*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* Bank notes, partly lost or destroyed, 124,767*l.* Post bills, ditto, 12,286*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*, making a total of 241,953*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* The Bank of England notes which have not been paid into the Bank so late as the 2d of November, 1831, and which were issued from its foundation in 1697, to the year 1764, are as follows:—Of 10*l.*, 2418; of 15*l.*, 892; of 20*l.*, 11,803; of 25*l.*, 3968; of 30*l.*, 3816; of 40*l.*, 2549; of 50*l.*, 8872; of 100*l.*, 9632; of 200*l.*, 2444; of 300*l.*, 1023; of 500*l.*, 3400; of 1,000*l.*, *nil*.

Poor Rates.—An official return has been presented to the House of Commons, shewing the amount of Poor Rates levied in England and Wales in the year ending 25th March, 1832. It appears from this document that the total sum levied for the relief of the poor is nearly *eight millions and a half*. Of this amount more than *a million and a half* appears to be expended “for other purposes than the relief of the poor,” leaving a gross sum of something more than *seven millions* as the Poor Rate expenditure of England and Wales. Compared with the preceding year there is an increase of three per cent. in England, and six per cent. in Wales. The following are the returns for some of the counties, omitting fractions:—

	Total expended.	For the relief of poor.	For other purposes.
Chester	£148,369	£105,138	£43,230
Derby	112,042	81,403	30,638
Gloucester	209,660	172,561	37,098
Hereford	73,205	63,468	9,737
Lancaster	421,770	301,372	120,397
Leicester	136,634	116,240	20,393
Nottingham	101,468	74,376	27,092
Oxford	157,674	136,684	20,990
Salop	109,008	89,162	19,846
Stafford	179,036	133,071	45,965
Warwick	210,588	168,413	42,175
Worcester	109,344	87,053	22,290
Total amount in England	8,316,651	6,731,131	1,585,520

The increase is 2 per cent. in Chester; 3 in Derby; 3 in Gloucestershire; 1 in Herefordshire; 3 in Lancashire; 2 in Leicestershire; 2 in Nottinghamshire; 5 in Oxfordshire; 2 in Salop; nothing in Stafford; 4 in Warwickshire; 4 in Worcestershire.

The East India Company granted, in 1796, the sum of 378,545*l.* compensation to commanders of ships in their service for resumption of bottoms of their ships.

The population of London in 1750 was 676,250; in 1801, 900,000; and now, with the suburbs, it amounts to a million and a half.

The increase of population in the districts of England and Wales has been as follows, from 1700 to 1831:—Agricultural counties, 84 per cent.; metropolitan counties, 147; and manufacturing counties, 295.

The sum of 20,000*l.* is required to enable his Majesty to issue money for the education of the children of the poorer classes in Great Britain in the year ending 31st March, 1834.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Russian Finances.—The national debt on January 1, 1833, amounted to 863,249,849 rubles 47 copecs in bank-notes. To reduce the debt, 15,909,793 rubles 9 copecs were applied in the year 1832. There remained in the Sinking Fund, in the beginning of the year, 18,080,224 rubles 80 copecs. The amount of the bank-notes in circulation is 595,776,310 rubles.

An interesting discovery has lately been made at Rome, in the vineyard of Dr. Lupi, between the gates of St. Sebastian and St. Paul. The celebrated mosaic, made by Sosus Pergamus, and mentioned by Pliny, lib. 33, section 25, has been found. This mosaic represents the remains of a dinner left on a floor, the bones of chickens, fish, lettuce-leaves, a mouse gnawing these fragments, &c. Pliny states that two doves on a vase were represented on the mosaic, but this part of the work has been damaged by the construction of a well near the place where it was deposited.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Every one who has had extensive hot-houses must be aware of the great difficulty which exists, not only in making exotic plants produce flowers and fruit, but even in keeping them alive. Enormous sums are expended in erecting houses and heating them, but without producing any satisfactory result. The cause of this is

not, as is often supposed, want of care and attention among gardeners, as they often err in the opposite extreme, but want of knowledge on their part as to the kind of treatment which the plants require, to imitate most effectually their native climates.

It is generally supposed that all plants from countries between the tropics, may be placed together, and that if a certain degree of heat be kept up it is all that is necessary. This, however, is not the case; temperature is only one of the conditions requisite—light, air, moisture, are also essential; and to know how to apportion these properly, it is necessary to study the habits of the plants in their native countries. Plants which grow in thick woods impervious to the light of day obviously require shade; while others, natives of extensive open plains, will not thrive without abundant light; some need to be kept dry, others moist; and in short, though experience will, of course, ultimately lead gardeners to pursue the proper course, much time and many valuable plants might be saved by studying the native habits of plants previously to attempting their culture.

One point in the culture of exotic plants which few gardeners are aware of, and which is yet of paramount importance, is the necessity which exists of their having a season of absolute repose. Deciduous trees growing in the open air enjoy this when they lose their leaves; and even evergreens have a period when they cease to push out young shoots, and appear perfectly at rest. Most exotics are exposed in their native countries to alternate seasons of drought and moisture; remaining perfectly stationary during the first period, and growing rapidly during the second. This habit should be attended to in stoves; they should be forced rapidly at one season with both heat and moisture, and left in a comparatively neglected state during the other, almost without water, and in a very poor soil. Mesembryanthemums, and most plants brought from South Africa, require this treatment.

All conservatories, stoves, and greenhouses should have glass roofs; as when they have not, the efforts which the plants make to get to the light gives them a distorted appearance. Small plants should be near the glass for nearly the same reason; the only difference is that instead of being twisted, they are drawn up, and the stem not only becomes disproportionately long, but so weak as to be scarcely able to support its head. Large trees thrive much better when planted in the ground than when kept in tubs, &c., however large they may be; and it is only where trees are thus treated, that the house containing them is properly called a conservatory.

Silk.—The raising of this valuable material has, for some years past, been cultivated with partial success in the northern provinces of Prussia. In the Swedish dominions, also, a society for promoting the production of indigenous silk was established two years ago, under the auspices of the royal family, and we understand that its efforts have been crowned with entire success; insomuch so, that the society has recently presented the consort of the heir-apparent with several lengths of ribbons, of various colours, which are said to be quite equal to any article of the kind produced elsewhere, in point of solidity of texture and brilliancy of appearance.

USEFUL ARTS.

Scientific Discovery.—Mr. Rutter, of Lymington, already known as the author of a treatise on Gas Lighting, has obtained a patent for a new method of producing heat, which is certainly one of the most useful discoveries of modern science. The principal ingredient employed for fuel in this new process, is *water*! The only material required besides, is something in a liquid form which contains a large portion of carbon; whale oil, tar, or almost anything of a similar kind will answer the purpose. As these materials are introduced into the furnace simultaneously and in combination with each other, the one yields its carbon while the other gives out its hydrogen, and a small portion of atmospheric air is the only thing that is then required to keep them in a state of perfect combustion. The flame thus produced is so completely under management, that in one second it can be reduced or augmented as occasion may require. It is almost unnecessary to add that it yields no smoke, and consequently the hideous funnel now used in steam packets may be laid aside. But the greatest advantage of all is, that steam navigation may henceforth be employed in cases where till now it was altogether impracticable. A vessel may be so constructed as to take on board, without inconvenience, a supply of fuel which would enable her to circumnavigate the globe.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

The general aspect of trade in all that relates to our great staple articles of manufacture continues to be of the most cheering description; the only drawback being that the Manchester and Yorkshire manufacturers find the cost of the raw materials, under the joint operation of the actual and the speculative demand, approaching that point which involves the risk of a consequent reaction which always entails serious losses on those who, from the great extent of their concerns, are under the necessity of always keeping a large stock of wool or cotton by them. Hitherto, however, even at an advance in the price of manufactures commensurate with the increased value of the materials, goods have sold so readily as to prevent any accumulation in the stores.

In the Colonial Market, Muscovade Sugars, early in the month, became dull of sale, and showed a tendency to decline in price; but the late unfortunate fire in Dublin, causing the loss of several thousand hogsheads, gave such a stimulus to the trade, both in London and Liverpool, as to cause an advance of 2s. per cwt.; since that the market is again become heavy, but prices have not given way, nor is it the general opinion that they will, as the grocers as well as the refiners are very low in stock, and the accounts from the West Indies state the crops to be much below the average rate of produce.

Mauritius Sugar has maintained a correspondent advance in price with British Plantation; low to middling yellow lately sold at 58s. to 60s. 6d.

In East India Sugar the transactions have been exceedingly limited, with the exception of the Company's sales, where of 9,379 bags of Bengal, very fine white brought 39s. 6d., good and fine white 26s. to 36s. 6d., being 5s. to 6s. higher than at the June sale.

About the middle of the month there was a very good demand for Foreign Sugars, and three cargoes of Bahia found ready sale, the white at 29s., brown 25s., as did several parcels of Havannah, yellow 27s. to 30s., and white 35s. to 36s.; since then the demand has almost wholly ceased, and a parcel of 2,286 boxes of White Havannah offered by public sale were all taken in at 35s. 6d. to 37s.

The Refined Market is in a very uncertain state, the holders requiring prices which far exceed what the exporters feel themselves safe in offering; hence the only transactions are for melting and for home consumption. Good large lumps are bought at 68s., good small at 71s.; for fine crushed 38s. is asked, and scarcely any offers are made above 34s. 6d. The refiners look forward to an important improvement in their trade under the operation of the Foreign Sugar Refining Bill, which will shortly be brought into effect.

The stock of West India Sugar warehoused at the Docks in London, on the 20th ult. was 37,278 hhds. and trs., being 7078 more than last year at the same date; that of Mauritius is 103,446 bags, being an excess as compared with last year of 44,528 bags.

The last average price of sugar is 1l. 14s. 2½d. per cwt.

All descriptions of Coffee maintain advanced prices, although the demand has recently become more languid; at the last considerable public sale of British Plantation, the following prices were realized:—Jamaica, good ordinary, 92s. to 94s.; fine ordinary to low middling, 95s. to 105s.; middling to good middling, 106s. to 117s.; middling Dominica, 103s. to 104s.; middling Demerara, clean, 94s. to 97s.; unclean, 87s. to 90s.; good and fine ordinary, 80s. to 88s.; triage and broken, 78s. to 83s. Of foreign Coffee, ordinary St. Domingo has sold for 65s. 6d. to 66s.; fine for 68s.; good ordinary Brazil, 65s. 6d. to 66s.; fine ordinary La Guayra, 67s. East India Coffee has advanced 6d. to 1s. per cwt.; but there is little demand for it at present. British Plantation Cocoa is very firm, and considerable purchases have been made on speculation; 243 barrels Trinidad lately sold for 69s. 6d. to 74s. Brazil Cocoa is also in demand, and 29s. has been offered and refused.

There has been a good deal of speculation in Spices lately, and Nutmegs advanced from 2s. to 2s. 6d. per lb., having at one time reached the price of 8s.; since which they declined to 7s. 4d., and are now 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d.

Rums are firm at an advanced price; Lee-wards, one over proof, brought 2s. 3d.; Jamaica, common quality, 27 over, 2s. 11d. to 3s.; fine quality, 28s. to 35s. over, 3s. 4d. to 3s. 6d. No alteration to note in Brandy or Geneva.

Cotton, Silk, and Indigo continue to have a steady demand, and fully maintain the advanced prices.

Tobacco has engaged a good deal of attention of late, and has realized an advance of ½d. to 1d. per lb. About 400 hhds. of Kentucky have changed hands, at from 3½d. upwards, and 200 hhds. low Virginia at 2½d. to 3d.

The Corn Market has been very steady throughout the month, and fine samples of Wheat have met a ready sale; in Foreign Wheat, whether free or in bond, the transactions have been very limited.

In the Money Market, English Securities have been exceedingly dull throughout the month, and have gradually declined 1 per cent., in consequence of the large demands for money which the Government will have to make to fulfil its engagements with the West India Proprietors, the Bank, the India Company, and the Irish Tithe-holders. The same cause has reduced the premium on Exchequer Bills 13s. Bank and India Stock have risen as the settlement of the questions respecting those Companies approached to certainty; the former has improved between 4 and 5 per cent.; the latter, between 3 and 4 per cent.

The rapid succession of events in the Peninsula, favourable to the cause of Donna Maria, rendered Portuguese Stock an object of the most animated speculation, and Bonds rose a short time since to 90½, and Script. to 25 premium. But doubts, as to the means which Bonmont may still have at his command to

prolong the contest, have lately reduced the Bonds to 85½ to 86½, and the Scrip to 20¼ to 21. Generally, indeed, within the last few days, all descriptions of Foreign Stock have declined considerably. The closing prices, on the 24th, are subjoined.

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols; ditto for the Account, 88 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced, 88 three-fourths, seven-eighths.—Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, 96 one-fourth, one-half.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 95 one-half, three-fourths.—Four per Cent. (1826,) 103 seven-fifths, 4.—India Stock, 244 to 5.—Bank Stock, 212, 13.—Exchequer Bills, 44, 45.—India Bonds, 29, 31.—Long-Annuities, shut.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 94 one-half, three-fourths.—

Brazilian Five per Cent. 69 one-half, 70.—Chilian, 26 one-half, 7.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 24 one-half, 5.—Danish Three per Cent. 74 one-half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 49, one-eighth.—Dutch Five per Cent. 95.—French Five per Cent. 104.—French 3 per Cent. 76, 77.—Greek Five per Cent. 39, 41.—Greek Scrip 5, 6.—Mexican Six per Cent. 40, one-half.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 83 one-half, 6 one-half.—Portuguese New Loan, 29, three-fourths, 21.—Russian Five per Cent. 105, one-half, 6.—Spanish Five per Cent. 21, three-eighths, five-eighths.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 14, 15.—United ditto, 13 5, 13 15.—Colombian Mines, 12 10, 13 10.—Del Monte, 58 10, 59 10.—Brazil, 62 10, 63 10.—Bolanos, 125, 135.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM JULY 30, 1833, TO AUGUST 23, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

July 30.—J. HICKLEY, jun., George-street, Portman-square, tailor. J. EDWARDS, Crawford-st., St. Marylebone, cheesemonger. J. I. WINSTANLEY, Holborn-hill, hosier. A. DENHAM, Chorley, Lancashire, tallow-chandler. R. PARSONS, York, surgeon-dentist. R. STAMPER, Torpenhow, Cumberland, drover. J. THOMAS, Worcester, draper. T. B. HAYWARD, Liverpool, tailor.

August 2.—J. BURROWES, Camberwell-green, bookseller. I. ROBINSON, Doncaster, dealer. J. DAVIES, Liverpool, painter. J. HAYTREAD, Silsoe, Bedfordshire, innkeeper. J. WIGLESWORTH, Robin Hood's Well, Yorkshire, innkeeper. S. G. DAVIS, Lower Mitton, Worcestershire, cattle-dealer. E. RAWLINGS, Bexley, Kent, tanner. S. NOTLEY, Newman's-court, Cornhill, chocolate-manufacturer.

August 6.—J. GUNNER, York-place, Kentish-town, money-scrivener. J. PLOWRIGHT and J. B. BOND, Great Surrey-street, linen-draper. J. LATCHFORD, Piccadilly, bit-maker. W. FREEMAN, Edge-ware-road, plumber. J. RANGER, Newark-upon-Trent, linen-draper. G. PIGOTT, Ranby, Nottinghamshire, corn-factor. J. DENT, Durham, draper. J. WRATHER, jun., Greenhammerton, Yorkshire, innkeeper. J. SMITH, Liverpool, ship-builder. H. ATKINSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, furnishing ironmonger. R. SUTCLIFFE, Butterworth-hall, Lancashire, shopkeeper. J. GREEN, Colchester, tailor.

August 9.—G. BRIDGER, Jermyn-street, hotel-keeper. W. PALMER, London-wall, stationer. J. G. and J. LOCKETT, Manchester, calico-printers. J. MURPHY, Liverpool, builder. J. DAVIS, Birmingham, victualler. T. BERKS, sen., Marlborough-road, Chelsea, tallow-melter. J. DURBAN,

Bristol, cheese-factor. W. DANCE, Red-ditch, Worcestershire, maltster. C. WELMAN, Bridport, Dorsetshire, linen-draper.

August 13.—H. S. and E. EMANUEL, Le-man-street, Goodman's-fields, furriers. H. ENGLISH, Compton-passage, Compton-st., Clerkenwell, iron-founder. J. ROBERTS and F. WOOLFE, Gravesend, cheesemongers. H. T. ROGERS, Halifax, printer. J. LAMBERT, Manchester, distiller. R. PUTTOCK, Billingham, Sussex, grocer. H. HOWARTH, Greave, Lancashire, coal-dealer. J. WATTLING, Southtown, otherwise Little Yarmouth, Suffolk, merchant. J. WESTON, Stoke-upon-Trent, surgeon. J. BARNETT and J. DEVEY, Wolverhampton, factors. S. and J. MAGGS, Cheltenham, mercers. J. PRING, Gloucester and Bristol, dealer. J. JONES, Chippenham, Wiltshire, grocer.

August 16.—L. WOOD, Tabernacle-walk, cow-keeper. H. TAYLOR, Bristol, ship-broker. W. HORNER, Stamford, Lincolnshire, innkeeper. J. DUDDERIDGE, White-chapel, woollen-draper. J. BARNARD, Bristol, dealer in horses. M. WHITMARSH, Wantage, Berkshire, corn-dealer. E. RAWLINSON, St. Helens, Lancashire, alum-manufacturer.

August 20.—W. LLOYD, Union-street, Southwark, grocer. T. DENNIS, George-road, Bermondsey, grocer. H. R. EYLES, Canterbury, hatter. Z. DELCROIX, New Bond-street, milliner. W. PACKER, sen., Woolaston, Gloucestershire, tanner. W. PERRIN, jun., Kingswood, Wiltshire, dyer. T. B. PITT, Brighton, surgeon. J. ROWE, jun., Devonport, tailor. A. HICKSON, Horncastle, Lincolnshire, grocer.

August 23.—D. MILLER, Bristol, druggist. W. ROBERTS, Quebec, North America, cloth-manufacturer.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

July 22.—Their Lordships resolved into Committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill. Their Lordships proceeded to the consideration of the several clauses. The clause at the commencement of the bill, giving the King the power to appoint commissioners, occasioned a good deal of conversation, Earl Wicklow proposing that they should be appointed by the hierarchy of Ireland. It was finally arranged, at the suggestion of the Duke of Wellington, that two should be appointed by the King, and one by the Lord Primate, &c.

July 23.—Their Lordships again resolved into committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill. Clauses 20 to 32 inclusive were agreed to. On clause 32 being proposed, the Duke of Wellington moved an amendment to the effect that power be given to annex the sees (proposed to be abolished) to other bishoprics *in commendam*, and to vest in the ecclesiastical commissioners the revenues of such sees for ecclesiastical purposes.—Earl Grey could not agree to this amendment; it would most materially alter the character of the measure.—After a long discussion, the committee divided, when the numbers were—for the amendment, 76; against it, 90; majority against the amendment, 14.

July 24.—Their Lordships again resolved into committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill. Clause 48. Lord Plunket moved an amendment, for the purpose of more strictly conforming to the terms of the act of union, which provides that the Church of Ireland be represented in Parliament by the presence there of an archbishop and three bishops.—The clause, as amended, was adopted. On clause 61 being proposed, Lord Wharncliffe proposed an amendment, providing that the produce of the taxation upon the livings should not go towards the reduction of the church cess, but should be appropriated to the augmentation of the smaller livings.—It was opposed, the committee ultimately dividing on it. The numbers were—for the clause in its original shape, 56; against it, 36; majority against the amendment, 20.

July 25.—The consideration of the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill was resumed in committee. On the 117th clause, which gives the power to the commissioners to suspend livings, where there had been no service performed for three years, and to appropriate the revenue, Lord Wynford moved as an amendment that such powers be transferred to the bishop of the diocese and his ordinary, instead of remaining with the commissioners. His Lordship contended that the clause under discussion gave a power to the commissioners which they ought not to possess. The power ought of right to belong to the bishops, who were more conversant with ecclesiastical affairs.—After some discussion, in which several noble Lords took part, Lord Wynford withdrew his amendment, to make way for the Archbishop of Canterbury, who moved that the profits of the suspended benefices should be applied to the building of churches and glebes.—The Marquis of Lansdowne resisted the motion, on the ground that the commissioners would be the best judges of the necessity, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Grey having argued to the same effect.—The House divided on the amendment, when the numbers were—Ayes, 84; Noes, 82.

July 26.—Earl Grey, in moving that the House again resolve into Committee on the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill, stated that after the adverse decision on the former evening, he had desired time to consider the effects of that amendment. He regretted the result. He did not think that the amendment by any means improved the Bill; but he did not consider that he should be justified in not still pressing forward the measure. He had made all possible concessions, his only object being to strengthen the Protestant Establishment in Ireland; but though he proceeded with the Bill, he should not feel himself precluded from moving an amendment on the report.—In the Committee all remaining clauses of the Bill, some postponed clauses, and the schedules were agreed to.

July 29.—Earl Grey moved that the report of the Church Temporalities (Ireland)

Bill be received.—The motion was opposed by the Earl of Winchilsea, and on a division the numbers were—Ayes, 68; Noes, 38: majority, 30.—The report was then presented, and several clauses were read.—The Duke of Wellington, by way of amendment, proposed that the commissioners be required to swear that they were of the Protestant religion, which was acquiesced in.—The setting apart twenty livings for the Junior Fellows of Dublin University, &c. was urged.—Earl Grey replied that he was inclined to admit the principle of the suggestion, and thought that, if ten livings were set apart, the arrangement might be beneficial.—The report was eventually agreed to.

July 30.—The order of the day for the third reading of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill was read, and after the Earl of Eldon, the Earl of Longford, Lord Ellenborough, the Earl of Haddington and Lord Bexley had strongly protested against the measure, and an amendment for its rejection being moved by the Duke of Buckingham, seconded by Lord Wynford, the house divided, when the numbers were—for the motion, 135; against it, 81; majority in favour of the third reading, 54.

Aug. 1.—Lord Bexley moved the second reading of the Jewish Civil Disabilities Removal Bill. In doing so his Lordship observed that he was not the enemy of the political rights of any body of men, although many went so far as to contend that the Jews never could be, for any length of time, the subjects of any Government, except one of their own. He believed the British Jews to be attached to the country of their birth; he believed them to be good subjects, and thought that the removal of civil disabilities was not only calculated to make them better subjects, but to afford increased chances of their conversion. On these grounds he moved the second reading of the Bill.—The Archbishop of Canterbury felt bound to resist the Bill. He maintained that the Jews, on account of their tenets, were disqualified from co-operating in the work of legislation in a Christian Parliament and a Christian country.—The motion led to a somewhat lengthened debate, after which the House divided; when the numbers were—for the second reading, 54; against it, 104; majority against the Bill, 50.

Aug. 2.—The Marquis of Lansdowne moved the second reading of the Dramatic Performances Bill, and in doing so, he entered into a history of the patent theatres, and contended that monopoly in such matters was ruinous to the best interests of the drama and dramatic literature. The Earl of Glengall opposed the motion, and concluded by moving that the Bill be read a second time this day six months.—The Bishop of London also complained that theatres should be kept open till the mornings of Sunday had commenced.—Lord Wynford also complained of this Bill, interfering as it did with patent rights; although he felt bound to admit that he did not know of more rational amusements than dramatic entertainments, when they were properly conducted.—Lord Melbourne expressed his disapprobation of portions of the Bill.—Their Lordships then divided; the numbers were—for it, 14; against it, 19.

Aug. 5.—The Marquis of Lansdowne having moved the committal of the East India Company's Charter Bill, Lord Ellenborough moved that it be an instruction to the committee to omit all such provisions of the measure as alter the existing laws in the East Indian presidencies. His Lordship's motion was negatived without a division, and the House went into committee on the bill.

Aug. 6.—The Marquis of Westminster gave two notices for the next session—1. That if no other peer brought forward the subject of the removal of the civil disabilities under which the Jews laboured, he would revive that question; and 2. That he should next session propose the foregoing of the privilege of proxy.

Aug. 9.—The Lord Chancellor (in reply to inquiry from the Marquis of Clanricarde) observed that his multifarious occupations had prevented him from being able to devote requisite attention to a Bill for altering the Law of Patents; but that if it were postponed till the next session, it should have his anxious consideration.—On the motion for further considering the East India Charter Bill, the Earl of Aberdeen moved that Counsel he heard in support of the claims of the Carnatic creditors. The Marquis of Lansdowne replied that the claims of these creditors would not be substantially affected by the Bill—that they remained as distinctly recognized and secured as before; but that he had no objection to the introduction of a clause with such specific recognition.—The Earl of Aberdeen rejoined that,

as he never doubted that the sense of justice would prevail, after this statement he would not press his motion.—After some further conversation, the report was again taken into consideration.—After some unimportant alterations, the Marquis of Lansdowne proposed an amendment to the effect that nothing should be done by the Governor-General as to the abolition of slavery, without first communicating with the Court of Directors and the Government at home. It was agreed to.

Aug. 12.—On the motion of the Earl of Ripon, the Slavery Abolition Bill was read a second time.

Aug. 13.—The Lord Chancellor moved the second reading of the Scotch Burghs Bill; and in doing so he spoke at great length in its support, entering into the history of the burghs, the assumptions of power of the towns' councils to the exclusion of the burgesses, and the establishment, in practice, of the principle of self-election. The discussion on the Bill occupied several hours, and it was finally read a second time.

Aug. 14.—The House resolved into committee on the Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill. The moving of the several clauses called forth a good deal of desultory discussion, as well as some pointed remarks from the Lord Chancellor, who vindicated the rights of the negro race, by declaring that they had as good a qualification to sit in the Commons, if elected, as any gentleman of England, or to seats in the Upper House, if raised to the peerage, as either of the Dukes opposite (the Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland), the one illustrious by his actions, and the other called illustrious by the courtesy of their Lordships. The Duke of Cumberland complained of this personal allusion, the more especially as he had taken no part in the evening's proceedings.

Aug. 15.—Their Lordships again resolved into committee on the Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill, beginning with the consideration of the 24th clause, which enacts the compensation of 20,000,000*l.*—Lord Ellenborough said he did not object to the amount, but thought that the compensation might be more beneficially awarded by perpetual annuities.—The Earl of Ripon replied that, by the present arrangement, the planters and others who would receive the compensation might purchase the annuities if they were so disposed.—The clause was eventually agreed to, as were other clauses. The Committee on the bill occupied the whole of the remainder of the evening.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

July 22.—Mr. Stanley moved the second reading of the West India Slavery Bill. Mr. F. Buxton gave notice that there was to be no discussion in the present stage of the Bill; that he should hereafter submit two propositions—first, to limit the apprenticeships to the narrowest space consistent with due preparation for a state of freedom; and, secondly, to guard against the granting of any of the compensation until the abolition of negro slavery had been fully and entirely effected.—Dr. Lushington said that he should resist any longer apprenticeship than was actually required to prepare for the altered condition of the negro race; and, secondly, he should propose that the slaves in the Mauritius should not be any longer retained in bondage, except where the owners could show that those slaves had been not illegally imported. He also should protest, after his knowledge of them, against anything being left for the Colonial Legislatures to do in devising or arranging the measures for completing the abolition of slavery.—After an extended discussion the Bill was read a second time.—The third reading of the Jews' Disabilities Bill led to considerable discussion. Sir R. Inglis moved that the Bill be read a third time that day six months.—Mr. Grant replied, and the House divided.—For the third reading, 189; against it, 52; majority, 137.

July 23.—Mr. Tennyson moved for leave to bring in a Bill to repeal the Septennial Act. The period, he was of opinion, had arrived when the question, which had been expressly reserved on the introduction of the Reform Bill, ought to be determined. He hoped it would not be argued as a party question. The principle for which he contended was, that the representatives of the people ought to be accountable to their constituents within a shorter period than seven years.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer called upon the House to decide whether so important a motion ought to be introduced on the 23d of July? At such a period of the session it was impracticable that a full discussion could take place. Besides, it was to

be remembered that the present was the first session of the new Parliament, so that the question, which was surrounded with difficulties in itself, was not pressing, and therefore, under all the circumstances, ought to be postponed. At the same time, he did not wish to meet the motion with a direct negative. He therefore moved the previous question.—After a lengthened debate, the House divided, when the previous question was carried by a majority of 49, the numbers being—ayes, 213; noes, 164.

July 24.—In the Committee on the Slavery Abolition Bill, Mr. F. Buxton brought forward his motion for an instruction to the Committee against further restraint on the negroes than was absolutely requisite for their welfare; that none should be imposed for the pecuniary interest of the masters. This led to an extended debate. The motion for going into committee was finally carried by a majority of seven; the numbers being—for the motion, 158; against it, 151.

July 25.—Mr. O'Connell complained of a breach of privilege on the part of the *Chronicle* and *Times* in "reporting" the debates.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord J. Russell, Sir R. Peel, &c., bore testimony to the general fidelity of the debates, and urged the withdrawal of the motion, they deeming it one calculated to increase rather than to diminish the difficulties, and it was eventually withdrawn.—The House proceeded afterwards with the Slavery Abolition Bill in Committee. Mr. Buxton's amendment for the reduction of the term of apprenticeships to three years was rejected.

July 26.—Mr. O'Connell renewed his complaint about the publication of the debates, and moved that Messrs. Lawson, of the *Times*, do attend the House on Monday.—Several Members again bore testimony to the general fidelity and ability with which the debates are reported; but they said, as the publication of debates is undoubtedly a breach of privilege, if the motion were pressed they had no alternative—they must support it. The motion was therefore carried.

July 29.—Mr. O'Connell again brought before the House his complaint against the Press, observing, that as he did not want the printer but the proprietors, he should amend his motion.—Mr. Methuen moved an amendment, to the effect that the order be discharged, as he looked upon the quarrel in the nature of a private one, and one in which the House ought not to involve itself.—Mr. Robinson seconded the motion.—A very lengthened discussion ensued, the general wish being decidedly that an adjournment of the question should take place.—The majority of Members who spoke bore testimony to the general fidelity of the reports of the debates.—Mr. D. W. Harvey ridiculed the idea of verbatim reports, and condemned the lengthy character of modern speeches. He suggested as a remedy, that with the exception of the ministers, or those who brought forward motions, members ought to be limited to a quarter of an hour; that there should be a time-glass on the right of the chair to notify when the quarter was exhausted, and that then it should be notified to the hon. member that "his sand was out."—Sir R. Peel observed that he had been in Parliament for twenty years; that during such period he had occasionally contributed figures, or other aid to reporters, when asked; and that during 15 out of the 20 years he held office, he never had application from any reporter for any favour.—The House eventually divided. The numbers were—for the motion, 48; for the amendment, 153; majority against the motion, 105.

July 30.—Mr. O'Connell, in allusion to his pledge of the previous evening, to clear the gallery until justice was done by the reporters to the proceedings of the House, said he should not carry his threat into effect. His object had been obtained. It had been promised that in future justice would be done. He did not believe it, but, however, he would wait and see.—Mr. Roebuck brought forward a motion for pledging the House to take into consideration, with as little delay as possible, the best system which could be adopted for ensuring to the people general education.—Mr. Grote seconded the motion.—Lord Althorp and Sir R. Peel professed themselves friendly to education, but not to a compulsory system for its promotion.—After some observations from other members, Mr. Roebuck consented to withdraw his motion.—Mr. C. Buller moved the following resolution: "That it is the opinion of this House, that in order to satisfy the just expectations of the people, it is necessary that such extensive reductions be made in the expenditure as shall effectually diminish the burdens of the country; and that it is the duty of his Majesty's Ministers to make such arrangements previous to the next session of Parliament,

respecting the effective and non-effective services of the military, naval, civil, and colonial establishments, as may be necessary for the attainment of this object.”—Lord Althorp moved as an amendment upon this another resolution, to the effect: “That while this House acknowledges with satisfaction that by the reduction of the public expenditure, and by the financial arrangements carried into effect, there has been a reduction of taxation in the last and the present session to an amount exceeding 3,000,000*l.* annually, they feel it their duty to affirm the determination to which they have already come, to adhere to the just principles of wise economy, and to apply those principles to all departments of the state, paying a due regard to the national engagements and to the interests of the public service.”—Lord Althorp’s amendment was agreed to without a division.

July 31.—On the motion of Mr. Stanley, the House again resolved into committee on the Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill. The 25th (or 20 millions compensation) clause was again proposed.—Mr. Herries renewed his objection to the proposed mode of raising this sum, and inquired whether it was to be obtained by loan or otherwise?—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said the sum was to be raised by loan, the appropriation and repayment of which would be contingent on certain events.—Mr. Herries and Mr. Baring complained of the proposed mode, and thought the government ought not to have such power.—Mr. Aglionby contended that there ought to be only such compensation as would take place between man and man; compensation ought to be for the difference between the cost of slave and free labour, and no more; at all events, he considered 20,000,000*l.* far too much, especially when he reflected how this country was pressed to sinking by taxation.—Sir R. Peel reminded the House, that their resolution for 20,000,000*l.* had been passed, and had been adopted by the House of Lords; how then could they rescind it?—Sir J. E. Wilmot’s amendment, to substitute “15,000,000*l.*” for “20,000,000*l.*” being before the Committee, the subject led to extended discussion.—Mr. Secretary Stanley repeated that he considered the honour of Government and the faith of Parliament pledged to the grant of 20,000,000*l.*—The Committee eventually divided; the numbers were—For the original grant, 132; for the amendment, 51; majority of 81 in favour of the grant of 20,000,000*l.*—Mr. F. Buxton afterwards made a proposition for the retention of half the grant (10,000,000*l.*) until the period of the apprenticeships had expired and the abolition was complete.—After some discussion, the Committee also divided on this proposition. The numbers were—For it, 93; against it, 144; majority against it, 51.—The remaining clauses were agreed to.

August 1.—Mr. Ewart moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee to consider the propriety of admitting East Indian sugar and coffee (the produce of free labour) on equal terms with sugar and coffee the produce of the West Indies.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. P. Thompson were inclined to admit the principle of the resolution; they had never contended that the present system was of a permanent character, but the propriety of altering it now had been frequently discussed, and, they considered, disposed of for the present. As no satisfactory and practical result could ensue from carrying the resolution, they hoped the question would not be pressed; not, however, wishing to meet it with a direct negative, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the “previous question.”—Mr. Ewart said, after these observations, he should prefer leaving the question in the hands of the Government after the observations he had heard, and consequently withdrew his motion.

August 2.—On the motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Lords’ amendments to the Church Temporalities (Ireland) Bill were taken into consideration. After some remarks from Mr. Hume, Mr. Harvey, &c., who held that the Bill was a failure, the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggested an alteration in the Lords’ amendment, providing that ten livings should be set apart to be bestowed on the Fellows, or ex-Fellows, of Trinity College, Dublin, by the Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh; and in the event of their not agreeing, nominations to the benefices to be made by the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor of that University. The alteration was, that in the event of the Archbishops not agreeing, the nomination should be made by the Bishop of the diocese in which the living was situated. The amendments were then agreed to.

Aug. 5.—Mr. O’Connell gave notice, that early next session he should move to

rescind the standing order which makes the publication of the debates of the House a breach of privilege, and to declare any *partial* or *unfair* report of the proceedings of the House a breach of privilege.—A new writ was ordered for the city of London in the room of Sir John Key, who has accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, on the motion of Mr. D. W. Harvey. On the motion of Sir H. Hardinge, a committee was also appointed to inquire into the contract with Government for stationery, which Sir John Key is stated to be a party to.—The resolution for the conditional grant of 20,000,000*l.* to the West Indian proprietors was agreed to in a committee of the whole House; and the Slavery Abolition Bill having been recommended, Lord Althorp brought up several clauses which provide for the manner of raising this sum of 20,000,000*l.*—Mr. Littleton brought forward a resolution for the grant of 1,000,000*l.*, to be raised by the issue of Exchequer-bills, to the Irish clergy in payment of the arrears of tithes due to them—the sum to be repaid by ten half-yearly instalments. On a division, the resolution was carried by 87 to 51. Mr. Littleton, in the course of his observations on the resolution, made allusion to the leading features of an intended new Tithe Act for Ireland.

Aug. 6.—Sir T. Freemantle moved for leave to bring in a bill to disfranchise the borough of Stafford, on the ground of the incurable corruption of the mass of its constituency.—Mr. Chetwynd resisted the motion, contending that there had been candidates who would neither pay nor promise to pay for votes, instancing the case of a Mr. Hawkes, at the election before the last. The motion was carried. The Hon. Bart. brought in the bill on the 8th. It was rejected; but the Hon. Member expressed his determination to renew it next session.—Mr. J. Murray obtained leave to bring in a bill to repeal the 59th Geo. III., c. 69, commonly called the Foreign Enlistment Bill.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said he did not intend opposing the motion, because, after the repeal of this act, he thought the crown would still have ample power to prevent such proceedings as might be deemed breach of neutrality, and the common law could punish improper proceedings or organizations in this country.

Aug. 7.—The Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill was read a third time and passed, and forwarded to the Lords by Mr. Secretary Stanley. There were, however, some amendments to the bill; one, proposed by Mr. Wilks, that there should be no demand allowed for the services of the apprenticed labourers on Sundays; and that they should be at liberty to attend such places of worship as they pleased.—Mr. Hume, on the proposition that the House resolve into a committee of supply, moved, by way of amendment, that the House go into committee on the Assessed Taxes Acts, with the view to the repeal of the inhabited house-tax. In doing so he addressed the House at great length, contending that reductions in many directions, and particularly in the army, would afford the opportunity of the repeal.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer hoped that existing circumstances, arising out of the present state of Europe, would render so large an army unnecessary. As to the house-tax, he admitted that it was burdensome, and that it was seriously felt in the metropolis, the prosperity of which had been affected by causes that were still at work; and he allowed that the surcharges had been vexatious, though they were justified by the law; but he felt bound to admit that the tax was so unpopular, and that its unpopularity was so increasing, that he should consider it to be the duty of the government, at the earliest possible period, to ascertain whether, by reduction or some changes, the necessity for continuing this tax might not be superseded.—Mr. Hume withdrew his motion.

Aug. 8.—Mr. S. Rice proposed a grant of 60,000*l.* towards defraying the expense of the Police of the Metropolis. He had previously given notice of it, suggesting the grant in consequence of this force being occasionally engaged in public service, ceremonies, &c., which, as they concerned the public generally, it was deemed unfair to impose all the expense of the force on the parishes.—It called forth a good deal of conversation, and a division; the Ayes being 49—Noes 19.

Aug. 9.—The Factories' Regulations' Bill was considered in Committee.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer made a general statement of the character of the Bill in its amended form. His Lordship said that three principles now distinguished the Bill:—1. That it extended the provisions of Sir John Hobhouse's Bill to all mills as well as cotton mills, with the exception of some silk works; 2. That (instead of the "ten" hours' provision) it enacted that children under 13 years of

age should not be employed for more than eight hours a day; that persons under 18 years of age should not be required to work more than 69 hours in the week; that children under nine years of age should not be employed at all; and that there should be inspectors to see that these provisions were carried into effect; and 3. That for the collateral protection of the children there should be introduced a general system of education for all the children employed in the manufacturing districts. He did not admit the principle of interfering between the master and servant, but he thought the case of children who could not protect themselves was an exception.

Aug. 12.—Mr. Littleton moved the second reading of the Tithes Arrears (Ireland) Bill.—Mr. Warburton and Mr. Hume resisted the bill altogether, as bad in principle, and only preparing the way for the constant payment of the tithes of Ireland by this country.—Mr. Littleton defended the bill, and maintained that if it were not carried the worst results must ensue; that it would be sanctioning the resistance of just demands; that it would inevitably lead to a servile war; that the army and police would then be required to defend property; and that it might be his duty to direct the army and police to extend that protection, a duty from which unquestionably he should not shrink.—The House divided on the motion. The numbers were, in favour of the bill, 109; against it, 53; majority, 56.—The China Trade Bill was read a third time and passed.

Aug. 13.—The case of the Inner Temple, in refusing to sanction the calling of Mr. D. W. Harvey to the bar, was brought before the House by Mr. Hughes Hughes, and the amendment for more complete information by Sir F. Vincent.—Sir J. Scarlett defended the conduct of the Inn, and declared that the case had been submitted to the Judges, and that the course pursued by the Benchers had received their sanction.—Mr. D. W. Harvey gave to this statement the strongest contradiction; he denied that it had any foundation.—The case is to be resumed next session.

Aug. 14.—The House went into a committee on the Miscellaneous and Commissariat Estimates, and in moving resolutions on them Mr. S. Rice detailed the extensive reductions that had taken place in the estimates as compared with those of the last and previous years. Besides those great reductions, he stated that there was to be no vote on account of army extraordinaries. The several grants called forth a good deal of desultory discussion, but no very decided opposition.

Aug. 15.—Mr. Buckingham brought forward a resolution, “that the forcible impressment of seamen for His Majesty’s navy is unjust, cruel, inefficient, and unnecessary, and that it is the duty of the House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace to provide some means of manning the ships of his Majesty in time of war, without a violation of the liberties of any class of his Majesty’s subjects.”—After some discussion the resolution was modified as follows:—“That it is the duty of this House to avail itself of the present period of profound peace to institute an inquiry, in order to ascertain whether some mode may not be devised of manning ships in time of war, without having recourse to the practice of impressment;” and rejected upon a division by a majority of 5; the numbers being 54 and 59.

Aug. 16.—Various resolutions, founded on the estimates, were agreed to, but not without much remark.—On the grant for the University Professorships, complaint was made that those establishments, with their princely property and exclusive instruction and honours, should have those Professors paid out of the public purse.—Mr. S. Rice intimated that it was the opinion of many Members of the Senate that Dissenters ought to be allowed to participate in the advantages and honours of the Universities, and he thought it not unlikely that next session some communication would be made to this effect.—Mr. Tooke and Mr. Hume hoped that such might be the result, and they trusted that in the meantime these Universities would withdraw their interdict against a charter being granted to the London University.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES. (JAMAICA.)

Accounts from Jamaica to the 20th of June, *via* New York, inform us that such was the state of public opinion in that island on hearing of its being the intention of the British government to deprive the proprietors of slaves of their property without any compensation, and merely lending them fifteen millions for a period of twelve years, to be returned out of wages paid by the planters to the slaves, that the inhabitants immediately drew up the following memorial:—"We claim from the general government security from future interference with our slaves. We claim that sectarian missionaries shall be left to the operation of those laws which govern the other subjects of his Majesty. We ask for such alterations in the revenue Acts as shall revive our prosperity; and, should compensation also be refused, we finally and humbly require that the island of Jamaica be separated from the parent country, and that, being also absolved from the allegiance to the British crown, she be free either to assume independence, or to unite herself to some state by whom she will be cherished and protected, and not insulted and plundered."

FOREIGN STATES.

SPAIN.

Madrid, Aug. 5.—Those, who are interested in spreading a belief that the king has entirely recovered from his late indisposition, deceive themselves in supposing that they impose on any one. His Majesty has not quitted his chamber for several days, and some well-informed persons say that he is entirely precluded from the use of his limbs. Castello, his first physician, thought him sufficiently ill to require that the *Madrid Gazette* should publish bulletins regarding his health; but this was not acceded to, and *officially* his Majesty is in good health. A regency has been much spoken of within the last few days, and report says that it is to be composed of the Queen, the Infant Don Francesco, and Marshal Castanos. To this regency the direction of State affairs would be confided, in case of the King's death during the minority of his daughter. It appears that this regency had, in fact, been actually formed some time ago, but that would not prevent the Queen from governing temporarily alone, were the King too ill to be allowed, or able, to take any part in State affairs. In the midst of all this uncertainty as to the future policy of this government, some new measures have been determined upon by the present administration, which, without perhaps its being so intended, have favoured the progress of wise and moderate reform. Juntas for charitable purposes have been formed in the principal towns of the kingdom. Their object is to root out the habits of mendicity of a large class throughout the kingdom, which form one of the greatest drawbacks on this country's prosperity. Diligences and inns have been established on a great number of roads, which, owing to the want of them, have hitherto been almost impracticable. Periodical publications, under the name of *Official Bulletins*, have been established in almost every city, and in places where, perhaps, no newspaper of any kind had ever before appeared.

PORTUGAL.

—General Bourmont has drawn off the Miguelite forces from before Oporto. It is reported that he is concentrating all the Miguelite troops for a desperate effort to recover back Lisbon; but no precise information has been received with relation to their present strength. It, however, appears probable that considerable numbers remain in arms, and will give the Constitutionalists much trouble.

From accounts received from Lisbon, it appears that Don Pedro continues to sustain his mischievous ascendancy in the direction of the affairs of the Constitutionalists. Their posture is far from safe, and the expectations of the Liberals on their behalf are much too sanguine.

GREECE.

The commission appointed to organize the affairs of the church in Greece is preparing a plan, according to which there is to be an entire separation between the Greek church and the patriarch at Constantinople. The clergy are to depend on a synod like that which directs ecclesiastical affairs in Russia. The new city to be

founded on the isthmus of Corinth is to be called Othonopolis. King Otho distinguished his birth-day not only by an amnesty for the Palicari, but by founding an order of St. Saviour for the reward of meritorious defenders of the country, artists, servants of the state, &c. The King is Grand Master of the order.

RUSSIA.

There has been lately exhibited in the Palace of the Tamedo, at St. Petersburg, a state bed, constructed at the royal manufactory by order of the Emperor, to be sent as a present to the Schah of Persia. It is formed of solid crystal, resplendent with silver ornaments. It is ascended by steps of blue glass, and has a fountain underneath, so contrived as to throw out on each side jets of odoriferous waters. The effect when the chamber is lighted up is absolutely dazzling, and it has the appearance of myriads of diamonds.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Josiah John Guest, Esq., M.P., of Dowlais House, Glamorganshire, to the Lady Charlotte Elizabeth Bertie, sister of the Earl of Lindsey.

At Ferntower, N.B., the Hon. W. H. Drummond, eldest son of Viscount Strathallen, to Christiana, youngest daughter of the late R. Baird, of Newbyth, Esq.

At Dry Drayton, Cambridge, the Rev. R. Harington, son of the late Sir J. E. Harington, Bart., Fellow of Brasenose, Oxford, and Rector of Old Northampton, to Cecilia, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Smith, Prebendary of Durham.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Major Hall, 1st Life Guards, to Jemima, daughter of J. Pole Carew, Esq.

At Paris, W. Warren, Esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir W. Struth, of St. Vincent's.

At Matlock, Lord Barham, to Lady Frances Joscelyn, daughter of Earl Roden.

At St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, David Thurlow Cunynghame, eldest son of Sir David Cunynghame, of Milncraig, Bart., to Anne, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. R. Meade.

In Dublin, the Rev. Arthur Newcombe, Rector of Abbeylex, to the Hon. Catherine Wingfield.

At Paris, Lieut.-Colonel Raybaud, Vice-Consul of France, in Albania, to Frances, only daughter of H. Rowland Harley, Esq., Alton, Hants.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Strangways, Royal Horse Artillery, to Sophia, daughter of the late B. Harene, Esq., of Footscray-place, Kent.

In Athboy, Ireland, the Rev. J. Brownlow, to Lady Elizabeth Bligh, sister of Earl Darnley.

Ambrose Brewin, Esq., of Tiverton, Devon, to Caroline, youngest daughter of John Heathcote, Esq., M.P. for Tiverton.

The Hon. John Gray, son of Lord Gray, of Gray and Kinfauns, N.B., to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Ainslie, 4th Light Dragoons.

R. A. Cloyne Austin, Esq., eldest son of Sir H. Anstin, to Maria, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel H. Godwin, of Teignmouth.

At Marylebone-church, Capt. J. Nembhard Hibbert, to Jane Anne, only daughter of Sir R. Alexander, Bart.

At Trinity Church, Marylebone, Capt. E.

Gordon Douglas, Grenadier Guards, brother of Earl Morton, to Juliana, daughter of G. H. Dawkins Pennant, Esq., of Penrhyn, Carnarvon.

Died.—Killed in the action off Cape St. Vincent, under Admiral Napier, E. Knyvett, Lieutenant of Marines, son of W. Knyvett, Esq.

At Kensington, John, eldest son of the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, Chief Justice of Ceylon.

In his 82d year, John Wilkinson, Esq., of Pimlico, who had been fifty-three years a yeoman of his Majesty's body guard.

At Westhumble, in his 74th year, George Daniel, Esq., one of the Benchers of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple.

Frances, daughter of Stanley Howard, Esq., East Brixton, Surrey.

At Ickleton, the Hon. Percy Wyndham.

In Upper Brook-street, Dr. A. M. Hawkins.

At the chateau of Madon, near Blois, at the age of 89, Lieut.-Gen. Count O'Connell, Grand Cross of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis. Born in Ireland, he entered into the service of France in 1761, and commanded at the sieges of Mahon and Gibraltar. The preparation of the Infantry Regulations was confided to him in 1788, and completed in 1791.

In Bath, Harriet, sister to S. Irton, Esq., M.P., Cumberland.

At Stobo, Peebles, James, eldest son of Sir J. Montgomery, of Stanhope, Bart.

In George-street, Portman-square, the Hon. Colonel W. Colyear, aged 59.

Near Dublin, Caroline, wife of R. Haig, Esq., of Roebuck, and daughter of the late Sir W. Wolseley, Bart.

In Belfast, Major Ledlie, E. I. C.'s service.

In Dungannon, T. A. Staples Ahmuty, Esq., late Lieut.-Colonel of 1st Madras Infantry.

J. Heriot, Esq., late Comptroller of the Royal College, Chelsea.

At Florence, Capt. C. Montagu Walker, R.N.

The Rev. John Bankhead, in his 97th year, having been 68 years minister of Ballycarry, the eldest Presbyterian Congregation in Ireland.

At Aberdeen, Dr. Dauney, aged 84, Professor of Civil Law in the King's College, Aberdeen and Sheriff Substitute.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

The London and Greenwich Railway.—This railway is the germ of an immense line of railroad stretching to Dover, with its continuation from Calais to Paris, and throughout the whole of France, to the Mediterranean at Marseilles, the whole of which vast extent of lines of road are about to be covered with railways by joint-stock companies in England, and in France by the government of the country. We give, in the following calculations, a view of the advantages, and savings of time and expense, resulting from the railways, thus reaching from Liverpool to the metropolis of France:—

	Miles.	Hours.
From Liverpool to London, by the Grand Junction Railway	210	10
From London to Dover, over the London and Greenwich Grand Viaduct, or Railway (the plans for the continuation of this line being now in the Private Bill Office in the House of Commons)	72	4
From Dover to Calais, by Steam Navigation	21	2
From Calais to Paris, by Railway, determined on by the French Government	190	9
	493	25

almost all the time now occupied in travelling from Liverpool to London, per coach, the whole distance at an expense of less than 3*l.*; whilst the intercourse between Liverpool and Dublin, by steam navigation, is secured to the port of Liverpool by ten hours' sail. Thus, therefore, the disadvantages of distance will be, as it were, annihilated by the railway system, and nations will become as provinces of the same territory.

University of London.—A meeting of the proprietors has taken place to sanction the Council in mortgaging part of the estate of the University. The debts and engagements of the University amount to 3715*l.* With a view to discharge this debt, the Council have entered into a treaty for a loan by way of mortgage on the estate of the University for 4000*l.*, for a period of five years, with interest at 4½ per cent., to be increased to 5 per cent. in default of payment within two months after the stipulated time. This mortgage will constitute the entire and only charge on the estate. The proceedings of the Council were unanimously confirmed.

The long-projected opening in the Strand, from Waterloo-bridge to Charles-street, and thence to Long-acre, is about to be carried into effect. The inhabitants of such houses as must be removed in consequence have received notice to quit their habitations without delay.

The Public Walks Committee state their regret at hearing that it is in contemplation to inclose and build upon that pleasant rising ground called Primrose Hill, situate to the north of the Regent's Park. It is understood that it belongs to Eton College; and the committee suggests that means should be taken by Government to secure it in its present open state.

The Public Walks Committee point out three eligible places to be thrown open to the public as proper for public walks. The first is Copenhagen Fields, about fifty acres, which is to be disposed of; the second place is Hackney Downs, or Bonner's Fields; and the third is an extension and improvement of the embankment along the river side to the east of London, from Limehouse to Blackwall, called the Mill Wall. This place, say the Committee, if laid out as a public terrace or a walk, would command a view of the opposite coast of Kent, and all the vessels passing up and down the river to the port of London. The flowing tide gives great freshness to the air at this spot, which appears very eligible for a reserved public walk; and the evidence of eminent surveyors shows that this might be effected at a very moderate expense. They also suggest the laying out and planting, round the edge of Kennington Common, of a handsome public walk.

CUMBERLAND.

Roman Antiquities.—A most interesting discovery of Roman antiquities has lately been made at Carrvorren, near Gilsland. The following account of it has been published by a gentleman who has visited the place:—"As Mr. John Carrick, of Carrvorren, in the parish of Haltwhistle, lying, as a crow would fly, about midway between Gilsland and the town of Haltwhistle, was digging a drain, he discovered, in the field adjoining his house, in the direction of the Roman wall, which goes across the chain of rocks called the Devil's Teeth, about four feet from the surface of the earth, several square flags, beautifully wrought and chisselled, and about twelve or fifteen square stones, about three feet square and nine inches thick, of the hardest granite. In the field adjoining, I also saw the remains of a Roman temple. The sanctuary itself appeared about thirteen feet square: a stone altar-piece was standing at the east end; the remaining walls are about thirty inches high. This communicated with an ante-room, the same length, (viz. thirteen feet,) but only about four feet wide; another door immediately opposite leads you to another apartment, now covered with rubbish, at the side of which there is the beginning of an excavation. The earth above is two feet, or less. I perceived, by stooping and looking in, one or two standing round pillars, supporting the roof, of about three feet high: one of them was lying down at the mouth of the entrance, below the surface. I found the old Roman cement still perfect on the wall, a piece of which I send for your inspection. Near this compartment a well was discovered, filled with old pieces of iron—such as the point of a wild-boar spear, two feet long, with a tremendous barb at one end, and a socket to receive a shaft at the other; also, a hoop of a bucket (no ways rusty), a rusty short dagger or crease, a copper coin (the size of a farthing), on one side of which was a square, upright gateway, with an arch in the centre: at the top stood a crowing cock; on the other side the head of one of the Roman emperors. There are several upright, square stones, with inscriptions; also, numerous bones of animals—among the rest, those I now send you for examination: the head, in my humble opinion, is that of an elk, or red deer; the thigh-bone is the largest for its length I ever saw, and if it does not belong to the same animal, I must leave it to others to discover. These relics must have been buried there seventeen or eighteen centuries. The well, for about nine feet from the top, was of round masonry; below that, square: altogether, about sixteen or twenty feet deep."

KENT.

Discovery of Antique Remains in the Isle of Sheppy.—Lately, as the sexton of the parish of Minster was digging a grave, when about five feet and a half from the surface of the ground, he came to a large quantity of stone; after having removed this from the grave, he discovered a figure or statue of a man, in two pieces, separated near the middle of the body. Twenty men were required to raise this immense weight from the place where it was deposited. The figure is of stone, and measures six feet three inches in length, and two feet across the shoulders. It is of the size of a stout, muscular, well-proportioned man, and appears to have lain upon a square tablet of stone, with the arms across the breast, the hands then drawn up and placed perpendicularly towards the head. Between the two little fingers is a small image, quite perfect, exactly in the same position as the form itself. On each side of the head are the representations of a seraph or cherub, and at each side of the feet are the remains of the image of a lion. On the feet are spurs. Near to the spot in the same grave was found a small figure representing (apparently) the head of a nun, which in all probability had been placed over the tomb; her countenance is of a most grievous cast, her teeth decayed, and her tongue lying out upon her lower lip. From the form of the pieces of stone which have been found, some of which are fluted, there appears to have been an arch over the tomb, similar to some which are now in the church; there is no doubt it has lain many centuries. A nunnery, formerly connected with the building, extended much beyond the site of the present church. It was demolished by the Danes about the ninth century. In 852 the Danes went up the Thames, at which period the destruction of the fabric may plausibly be laid. Traces of encampment may be distinctly seen not far distant from the spot. The figure has been cleansed and placed in the parish church for the inspection of the curious; the antiquary will no doubt avail himself of an opportunity of paying a visit to the spot, and much interesting information on this subject will thus be obtained.

Opening of the New Pier at Gravesend.—The new grand Stone Pier at Gravesend, erected for the accommodation of passengers to and from the steamers, has been opened. The day passed off without any attempt having been made on the part of the watermen, who destroyed a short time since a portion of the projection, the Mayor having taken the precaution to swear in 200 special constables to prevent any collision. The new pier extends 100 feet from the grand stone pier, and a further addition of 40 feet will shortly be made. It is said that an additional sixpence will be made by the steamers to the fare to cover the expenses. The watermen, who have refused all offers of accommodation, and even rejected the compensation offered by the Corporation, have announced their intention of landing and embarking passengers at 2*d.* per head, one-half of the fare allowed by the Act.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Bristol and London Railway.—A respectable meeting to promote this undertaking has been held at the Guildhall. Some of the principal merchants in the city took part in the proceedings. The report holds out very strong inducements for accomplishing the object; and it cannot be denied that Bristol requires some powerful stimulus to place her upon a footing with Liverpool and other commercial towns. We know nothing more likely to promote our commercial prosperity on an extended scale than this project.—*Bristol Paper.*

SCOTLAND.

The following is a scale of the debts for which persons were imprisoned in the National Gaol of Scotland, at Edinburgh, during the undermentioned years:—

	1824.	1827.	1828.	1831.	1832.
	Persons.				
Under 2 <i>l.</i>	182	145	155	213	157
2 <i>l.</i> and under 5 <i>l.</i>	150	144	143	126	129
5 <i>l.</i> and under 10 <i>l.</i>	59	75	80	83	82
10 <i>l.</i> and under 20 <i>l.</i>	61	65	53	47	55
20 <i>l.</i> and upwards	42	84	55	67	66
Meditatione fugæ warrants	5	5	8	8	17
Totals	499	519	494	544	506

The amount of the debts of the 499 prisoners in 1824 was 321*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*; the 519 prisoners in 1827, 791*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*; the 494 prisoners in 1828, 401*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*

Ancient Remains.—There was lately dug up in Shielforky Moss, near Blackford, by some people “casting peats,” a box of a very singular kind, and believed to be ancient—since it must have been constructed in a very primitive state of society. It appeared to have been joined together by thongs of leather passing through perforations in the sides, ends, and bottom; and the lid, which projected a little over the front and ends, had been fixed in the same way. As frequently happens in similar cases of discovery, the curiosity was hewn in pieces by the spades of the workmen, before any attention was paid to its contents. They state, however, that it appeared to them to have contained a mass of greasy matter, along with some bones, and a “clumsy lump of brass;” and, according to the description of one of the men, a “queer airn thing,” the only article which any of them had the curiosity to carry home. We shall, perhaps, have something more to communicate regarding these reliques, so soon as our correspondent can communicate more particular information on the subject. We can only add, that the “box” was found embedded in the loam, eight feet below the present surface of the moss.—*Stirling Advertiser.*

Fossil Remains.—A specimen of the head of the fossil elk was lately discovered in moss, resting on marl, about six miles from Belfast. The specimen was in a fine state of preservation; the head was entire, and the teeth were perfect, and the immense horns were also complete. The head and horns weigh about 2 cwt. Each horn measures from the base to the tip five feet six inches. The measurement between the tips of the horns is seven feet six inches. The whole specimen is twelve feet in circumference. This beautiful and valuable specimen has been acquired by the Andersonian Museum, of which it forms one of the finest ornaments.—*Glasgow Herald.*

Petrifaction.—The remains of a tree has been found at Newfaulds quarry, near Tullibody, embedded in a kind of clay, about eleven feet under the surface, seven

of which is surface ground, and four of solid rock. - It appears to have been a very large tree, and, judging from the remains, to have been about six or eight feet in circumference. It seems to have been cut through, and the solid rock lies over the place where it has been cut. It lies in a slanting direction. The length of the body of the tree which remains is two feet, six inches; a projecting part of the root is one foot, four inches; the breadth at the top is one foot, three inches; and the breadth at the root two feet, one inch. The remains of the root is one foot in length, and one foot, five inches in breadth. The root sends forth a small fibre, one foot in length. It is one of the finest specimens of petrification.

IRELAND.

National Education.—The Synod of Ulster have adopted three resolutions on the subject of national education. The principal points on which the Synod insist are, that the patrons and conductors of schools shall fix the time of teaching in the schools, and shall appropriate a given portion of this time to the reading of the Scriptures; and also, that during this appropriated time the Roman Catholic children may retire if they please—at all events, that they shall not be *compelled* to remain or to join in the Scripture classes, unless they or their guardians choose that they should do so. The giving up of the *compulsory* principle sets aside the claims of the Kildare-place Society, at least in a *national* view; and the admission that a particular part of each day may be exclusively appropriated to *literary* exercises, and another portion to scriptural reading, brings the difference between the National Board and the Synod to a mere question as to the quantity of time to be employed; and this being altogether a matter of local arrangement, the general principle is evidently given up.

Lately, upwards of 300 reapers, from different parts of the country, amongst whom were several of the better class of farmers, assembled at Monart-house, the seat of E. R. Cookman, Esq., and voluntarily cut down all that gentleman's crop which was fit for the sickle, to testify the respect and affection his virtues and excellent qualities as a resident landlord have gained for him amongst all classes. Mr. Cookman entertains his tenantry to dinner after each rent-day.

The new board under the Irish Church Bill will be composed of the following persons, in addition to those who *ex officio* are to have seats at it:—The Archbishop of Cashel, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of Meath, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Sadlier, and Messrs Quinn and Erck. The two latter are to receive salaries.

The Dublin papers advert to the retirement of the Marquis of Anglesey from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. We believe the whole affair depends upon health; but were it even otherwise, what is to be inferred from a desire to retire after so long and critical an exercise of office? The *Evening Mail* names the Duke of Richmond for a successor, all which, we apprehend, amounts to nothing beyond tolerably rational guess-work.

[A further return of the assessment at which certain houses in the country are assessed has been laid before the House of Commons, from which we extract the following items:—In the county of Derby, Kedleston, the magnificent mansion of Lord Scarsdale, is only rated at 100*l.* a year, and pays but 14*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.* for inhabited house-duty; the Duke of Devonshire's the same; the Earl of Harrington's, at Elvastine, at 60*l.*; Lord Chesterfield's, at Brodby, at 80*l.*; Mr. Mundy, at Shipley, 50*l.* In York, Mr. John Gully, for Ackworth, is rated at 80*l.*; the Duke of Leeds, 100*l.*; Lord Wharnccliffe, for Wortley, 100*l.* In the Isle of Wight, Lord George Seymour, for Norris Castle, 100*l.*; Mr. George Ward, for Northwood, 100*l.*]

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MY TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

THE HERO OF WATERLOO.

The Hero may sound invidious to those who attach the title indiscriminately to the thousands of brave fellows who fought and fell on the field of Waterloo. At any rate, it may be insisted that the distinctive epithet appertains, *par excellence*, to him who commanded and conquered on the glorious day, in honour of which so many a ton of powder has exploded, and so many a pipe of port been drained. But if I can prove, as I think I can, that one great unknown exists, greater than the greatest of all who have been slain or sung, buried or bepraised, it will be admitted that I do an act of individual justice, in placing at the head of Fame's muster-roll the name to which the real place of honour, the greenest laurel wreath belongs. Let the many who lie covered with glory and quicklime find their bards, as Achilles found his. *My hero* shall be honoured in plain prose!

There are few travellers, with any pretensions to research or sentiment, who have failed to make a pilgrimage to Waterloo; a shrine from which mementos are carried away, instead of being hung up there; an uncovered temple, over which Fame will flap her noisy wings as long as memory may cheer or imagination brighten the human mind. Yet few, according to my theory, see Waterloo aright.

To him who has visited the place as it ought to be visited,—in silence and solitude, at least with no sounds but the moaning blast sweeping from the forest, and no society but the carrion crows wheeling round and round, as if tradition had told them the tale of former feasting,—to him who thus sees Waterloo, how disgusting is it to mark the carriage-loads of unsympathizing entity that rattle along the road, and trip across the cornfields and meadows which compose the awful spot! There has not been one given day during seventeen summers that has seen Waterloo left free from the intrusion of crowds, heterogeneous in all the mixture of worldly distinctions, yet essentially alike in that empty curiosity which each individual possesses in common with the rest. This moral idiopathy, which neither proceeds from nor depends on any other disease,—this itch for seeing memorable places, from which its possessors relieve themselves instinctively, as cattle rub against a post, is peculiarly English. It is like the celebrated sweating sickness of Queen Elizabeth's days, by which, it is said, all Britons were attacked at the same time, and they alone,—be they in what part of the world they might. But that was a passing epidemic,—this is a chronic malady;—and it is as much our own as the "home," and the "com-

fort," or any other of the distinctive enjoyments of which we are so justly proud.

And so it is that nine-tenths of the "pilgrims" pay their devotions at this immortal shrine; going there not for its sake but their own, just to have to say they saw it,—which, barring the immorality, they might as well say without doing*. But this was not my way. I have been over and over the ground full twenty times or more; that is, over the valleys, and plains, and rising slopes, which were the scene of the fight, and which will go down to the latest posterity as the *field* of Waterloo. But I have also seen, and examined well, many an accessory spot which are all necessary links in the chain of general interest, but which not one traveller in a thousand ever dreams of looking at.

Can the hasty inquirer, who goes his *gallopade* across the battle-field, in the care of that commonplace automaton called a "*guide*,"—that curse of the intellectual observer,—rightly understand the philosophy of such a scene? Is it in an hour's run across the surface that he can read the deep-buried lessons of that vast gymnasium, where he who thinks may be self-taught on all the grandest topics of politics and morals?

I neither deserve nor claim any particular merit for seeing Waterloo as it should be seen. I lived in its neighbourhood for a long time, and I was probably its visitor less frequently than I should have been. Thousands come away disappointed, unmoved by the scene; and so might I, had I visited it in the usual hop-step-and-jump manner of the many. I remember once standing in the very centre of the field with an eminent poet, but a poor philosopher, for he is a narrow politician. No man, however, has a finer imagination, or is more likely to be affected by whatever is rich in mighty inspiration: yet he was totally unaffected and quite uninterested by the place, and knew not a thrill of feeling nor a shudder of awe, while

"Treading on a nation's dust!"

He told me that "he was never moved by any site, however memorable for deeds done upon it, that did not present some feature of natural beauty." I could not exactly understand such want of susceptibility to the moral sublime. But I am sure that had he wandered previously through the forest-paths of Soignies, or the delicious defiles between Wavre and Waterloo, let his mind grow redolent with images of the past, and his fancy conjure up the myriads of bright spirits that wait upon its spell, he had found the field too acutely exciting, instead of being, as it seemed to him,

"Flat, stale, and unprofitable."

It was after such a ramble as I here allude to, gun on my arm and dog at heel, that I burst suddenly from the forest, in pursuit of a covey of partridges, in the very place where Bulow first appeared to the deceived and then desperate gaze of Imperial Napoleon. The season was advanced. It was September; and I had abundant proof in my game-bag that I had not spent my day for nothing, but that if I had been wandering in a mood of sadness, "*shooting* had physicked care."

* Most people have heard (but some may not) of Sheridan's characteristic reply to his son's assertion that he went down into a coal mine, merely that he "might have to say he did so."—"Ah! Tom," replied the father, "you might have easily said it, without committing the folly of doing it."

Just as I emerged from the forest the sun was going rapidly down. The western horizon was filled with the mixture of haze and light that forms so indescribable a beauty of the hour,—which the pen may talk of without telling, and the pencil may daub but cannot paint. The lion, that fine emblem which should teach the nations who adopt it that dignity is joined with true courage, stood evident on his earthen mound, formed of the very floor that had echoed the tramp and turmoil of the fight. This noble monument was fully lighted by the sunbeams, projected towards it in triangular shapes, and giving to the whole an effect of vapoury yet brilliant architecture, quite indescribable, yet often attempted, in pictures which, while meant to be holy, are but mockeries of heaven.

“Just at this hour,” thought I, “on that great day of battles, the whole English line sprang up and rushed to the charge,—just at this hour the Prussian columns, flushed with the memory of disgrace which had, for two days, defied even the temporary oblivion of sleep, and parched by the double thirst of vengeance and fatigue, deployed in merciless vigour on the broken foe—just now the worn-down French, frantic in hopeless heroism, gave way and fled! Now let me tread the ground, uninterrupted, alone, while imagination acts again the awful scene in all its grand details. To heel, Carlo! To heel!”

I had then most assuredly began to moralize,—to poetize, perhaps,—had not my attention been suddenly called away from images of the past, by a figure of palpable existence, little in unison with those which had been filling my mind’s eye. It was that of a man on horseback. When I first observed him he was careering at full gallop along the sloping ground in front of the spot where “Wellington’s Tree” had stood, till some speculating Vandal cut it down to make snuff-boxes. I was astonished at his speed; but more so still when I saw him, a little beyond the farmhouse of *La Haye Sainte*, turn suddenly down the valley; and when he reached the lower extremity of the orchard hedge, just where Shawe, the life-guardsmen, fell and was buried, (after despatching four of his assailants to prepare his billet in the next world,) he pulled up his horse, and, with all the rapidity of the riding-school or drill-yard, he went through the semblance of a series of manœuvres, such as might have been acted on the spot by the brave bruiser over whose grave he was careering.

I had by this time clambered up the rough pedestal of earth which supports the little obelisk raised to the memory of the slain of the German legion. I leaned against the pillar, and watched my man. I very soon concluded that he was mad,—but not without method either;—for he went through, in the course of half an hour, a whole series of evolutions, formed columns, squares, and lines, advanced and retreated, charged, ran away, and went through the whole mimicry of the great battle, as evidently and as perfectly as any single individual could possibly do. He was capitally mounted on a chestnut horse of true English breed, showing age, but much blood, and displaying a speed that might, in days of yore, have carried away many a cup and plate. The man rode admirably for one of his nation, with quite the air of a dealer in the animals he knew how to manage so well.

After some time I attracted the attention of this solitary evolutionist, and he came towards me as though he intended to take the monument by storm. But when he reached the high road which runs at its foot,

he pulled up, and in good jockey-like style took his position with his horse's head up the hill, and (what I afterwards discovered) his blind eye turned from me.

I had then an opportunity of a close personal examination. The cavalier was a fine specimen of second-rate Belgian dandyism. He wore a whity-brown hat, with broad brim and of most clumsy shape; a green frock-coat of a vile cut, lined with a flaunting-patterned plaid—the front flaps and skirts thick studded with large brass buttons, each bearing the figure of a stag, fox or hare, horse or hound; his waistcoat was of the same stuff as the lining of his coat; his pantaloons of sky-blue cloth; long brass spurs of a most ungainly curve; a yellow silk handkerchief twisted knowingly round his neck, and a row of many-coloured buttons decking his shirt front. His hands were ungloved; and while one of them held the reins, and wielded a long-thonged and hammer-handled whip, the other patted the neck of his steed, which showed in every nerve and vein its fine condition, high blood, and past exertions. The man looked more blown than the beast. He was stout—not fat—strong-built, comely-faced, and about forty-five years of age. As he took off his hat to salute me, his sable-silvered hair hung loosely round his face and on his shoulders.

“Well, Sir, what do you think of her? is she not a mare for an English sportsman to be proud of? *Sabre de bois!* What do ye say of her? *Pistolet de paille!**”

Such was his first address, wound up by a short, convulsive laugh. He spoke in fluent French; but his accent was broad Belgian, and his idiom plainly marked him a Walloon.

“She is handsome and good,” said I.

“I believe it!” replied he, with a nod, a wink, and a peculiar chirp produced by turning up his lip, and pressing his tongue against his teeth, as though something had stuck between them. It was a very knowing combination, approaching more to the generic attributes of English jockeyism than anything I had ever seen abroad.

“Monsieur has been in England?” I observed.

“Never, d’ye see†; but I love England, and Englishmen, and English horses—as well I might! *Sabre de bois!* I never see one of your countrymen that I don’t long to shake him by the hand, and my house is always his home as long as he likes it. *Pistolet de paille!* what a fine dog you have there! Ah, I like those *dzetters*‡ (nod, wink, and chirp). I had a noble one myself last year, but I gave it to an Englishman who spent five weeks with me.”

“What was his name?” asked I.

“His name? *Sabre de bois!* I never asked that; for in the first place I don’t care a fig for any man’s name if I like himself; and, in the second, I couldn’t remember it if he had told it to me. I never

* *Sabre de bois!*—*Pistolet de paille!* Sabre of wood!—Pistol of straw! favourite, innocent, and very unexplainable oaths common in the mouth of my hero.

† “*Voyez vous*” and “*Savez vous*” are the most usual expletives of Belgian conversation.

‡ I can make no nearer approach to the orthography of the word setter, as pronounced by my hero.

could pronounce the name of an Englishman but General B——'s—but I had good reasons for knowing that."

"And what were they?" asked I, finding that I had to deal with a familiar spirit, who might amuse myself and others.

"*Sabre de bois!* you shall know that, but not now (nod, wink, and chirp). I'll tell you what, I am a man of few words (chirp); but I can speak to the point. Look there to the south-east; do you see that elm-tree standing alone in the distance? there, far away—ay, that's it; my château is at the foot of that tree. I have good quarters there for a friend, and good shooting all round. I am at home over eight thousand arpens (nod and wink) d'ye see. Will you come with me? Supper will be ready, and there is always enough for a chance comer or two. *Pistolet de paille!* say yes—come along!"

I had no notion of saying no. I was too much pleased with my subject to let it slip. "Yes," answered I, "I'll go with great pleasure."

"Right, that's right! *Sabre de bois!* I never knew an Englishman refuse an offer of shooting. If I had only asked you to supper you wouldn't have come?"

"Yes, I should, though; for I like hospitality even better than shooting." But I did not add that I liked the study of such an original even better than hospitality.

"A man after my own heart! Pray come down from that mound, that I may shake you by the hand. *Sabre de bois!* I'll ride up if you're not quick, d'ye see—(nod, wink, chirp, and laugh altogether). So, you'd have come to supper even without the shooting?" continued he, grasping my offered hand, as I sprang down into the road. "That's devilish unlike Englishmen in general, though. They'll sport with you as long as you like, kill every hare in your covers, and thin your partridges without mercy, d'ye see, and be hail fellow well met all the time; but ask them to breakfast, dine, or sup, and unless they can give you a return, either at Brussels (if they live there) or at the 'King of Spain' at Genappe, hard by here, they'll refuse you, with a stiff bow, *parbleu!* as though you had done them mortal ill, or were not as good a gentleman, although you may be a better shot and a better fellow (no offence!) than themselves."

We had by this time turned in the direction of my companion's house, and as we went along he continued—

"That's a thing I never could understand in Englishmen. Why the devil do they lay such stress on the obligation of a dinner? Is eating a matter of such importance with them that a man is disgraced if he does not give bit for bit? How unsocial it is! How unworthy the spirit of hospitality and good fellowship! *Sabre de bois!* If I share my meal with a man to-day, is he to bend down under the shame, when I may accept the same from another to-morrow? *Pistolet de paille!* it seems to me a very false sense of dignity, that would raise the instinct of eating, which the very brutes enjoy, to a height of such moral consequence. Excuse me, Sir, but I love the English for all that—the very sight of this field here makes me forget their failings."

I liked the shrewdness of these remarks, and I longed to chime in with some of my own on the same subject; but he gave me no time, and I was not sorry, after all, that he had turned into the channel with which I felt sure he had some particular connexion.

"You served at Waterloo, no doubt?" said I.

"Served! *Sabre de bois!* But for me the battle had never been gained—no, nor fought, d'ye see. Served! *Pistolet de paille!*"

A peculiarly emphatic chorus of nod, wink, and that most inimitable chirp, followed the speech; while my hero—for such he was now avowed, on the best authority, next to his valet, if he had one—turned suddenly off the road, put spurs to his horse, and clearing the hedge of La Haye Sainte's orchard, galloped furiously over a considerable portion of the adjoining scene of the most terrible conflict of cavalry on the memorable day. There was in my hero a dash of that wild originality, that wandering from the beaten path of manners and conduct, which may be called symptomatic of insanity, but which is not the less amusing for all that. It is infinitely more common on the continent than at home; and I have often wished that foreigners of this stamp might sometimes bite a group of statue-like Englishmen, whose stiff good breeding and formal elegance show so ungracious a contrast to the more natural negligence and picturesque urbanity which surrounds them. I do not hold up the "Hero of Waterloo" as a model of French or even Belgian politeness; but he hit my fancy marvellously for the nonce, and I was resolved to let him fool himself "to the top of his bent." He soon returned to my side.

"*Sabre de bois!* that charge did me good—that was the last done by the gallant Greys. What a glorious moment! There stood Napoleon—there Wellington—here swept along the cavalry—there thundered the cannon! Yonder came the Prussians—what a crash! Once a week, Monsieur, for a dozen years past, I have gone through the manœuvres of the fight. You caught me at it just now; and as long as I live, I will thus keep up the memory of my own glorious work."

"You served in the cavalry, doubtless?"

"The cavalry! *Pistolet de paille!* I made the cavalry."

"The Belgian, of course," said I, now firmly believing that I was cheek-by-jowl with some general officer on half-pay, who had done good service to the cause; and I was prepared, from many an instance, particularly Prussian and Dutch, to hear that any one but he who really won the battle was entitled to all its fame.

"Belgian, Dutch, Hanoverian, English—all, *Sabre de bois!* Monsieur, but for me Napoleon would have been this day emperor of the world; but for me you, and every other Englishman, would be a slave; but for me, I tell you again, the battle had never been won or fought. But, never mind, you shall hear all about it by-and-by. We must now think of supper. You have dined to-day, perhaps?"

"I have," replied I, with a smile.

"That's more than I have then, *Sabre de bois!* I was *jolliment* taken in for a dinner. Monsieur, if there are two things I hate most in the world they are a priest and a doctor. Now, our sneaking *curé* has been for years asking me to dine with him, in hopes of getting a permanent plate at my table. But no; *Pistolet de paille!* a thousand times no! His jesuitical face would sour my wine, and kill my appetite as sure as a carbonade of beef. *Sabre de bois!* I little thought he would ever have entrapped me to his den; but he caught me to-day in that heavy shower, about one o'clock. Ah! *coquin* that he is! He had his repast on the table; he never told me that till he got me inside, and then he and his niece set on me so fiercely that I could'nt resist. *Sabre de bois!* 'twas

a fine dinner for a man—stock-fish and white beans ! Nothing else, as I live. There's little fear of the gout coming after such hermit's fare, and so I'm in less danger from the doctor ; that's some comfort. But here we are, at the cross-roads. Now, do you keep that path to the left, by the little chapel there, down the valley, up by yon farm-house, and so on, towards the old elm. I'll rattle on here, at five leagues an hour, *Sabre de bois !* and when I have told Rose that you are coming to supper, I shall be back to meet you on the top of the hill. Adieu ! good appetite. You may meet some hares, or a few coveys, on your way ; but, at any rate, I promise to show you fifty before breakfast to-morrow."

With these words he galloped off. "Some hares—a few coveys—*fifty* before breakfast!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible delight. "That *does* sound well—that looks like sport. Come along, Carlo ; cheer up, old lad ; we may be repaid for many a false promise yet." After half a league's walk I reached the top of the hill, and had a full view of the elm, the "*château*," and its master, who waited for me in the *chaussée*, in a gaudy cabriolet, drawn by a fine, high-spirited English horse. I stepped in, and, but for the honour of the thing, might as well have crossed a couple of newly-ploughed fields on foot, for we were, in less than ten minutes, at the gate of "Turk Castle." Such was the name of his abode, but never was title less in sympathy with a place. "Turkey Cottage," or "Goose Lodge," would have been much more appropriate. It was a small, neat, whitewashed, modern-built country-house, of one visible story high ; the hall door, approached by a flight of stone steps, the kitchen on the ground floor, the front court-yard surrounded with a low wall, and a straggling assemblage of cattle, poultry, pigs, and dogs, giving evidence of an irregular sporting and farming bachelor establishment, where a positive notion of loose hospitality was blended with an uncertain idea of wealth.

"*Sabre de bois !* Joseph, be quick," exclaimed my host, to a wild-looking young fellow, in a blouse (Anglicè, smock-frock) who lounged up to the horse's head. "Here, take the reins, the whip, this gentleman's game bag. Quick, *Sabre de bois !* Fly, jump, skip ; that's my way—*Pistolet de paille !* Well, Rogier, how are the dogs ? Fit for to-morrow, at five—eh ? Let Juno be coupled with Victor, d'ye see, and the mottled bitch with Hercule—*Sabre de bois !* See that all's right, the guns and powder-flasks, and your own bugle. Is the crack mended ? Let the young black pointer wear his muzzle ; and, *Pistolet de paille !* see this gentleman's *dzetter* well fed and bedded ;—that's my way, d'ye see."

The bluff old fellow (also *en blouse*) to whom this speech was addressed, replied to every word, by a word ; to every nod, by a nod ; to every wink, by a wink. He was in manners a perfect fac simile of his master and model. Various other persons were standing about, in a sort of feudal attendance, on the coming of their chief. An old woman, who acted as portress and poultry-keeper, was prominent ; and a coarse-looking wench, called a *filie de quartier* (housemaid) took me under her especial care. We were received on the steps by Rose, the handsome, slatternly, fine-dressed, doubtful-looking house-keeper, who bade me welcome, and returned her master's kiss by cordially slapping his cheek. And just as we entered the door, a huge raven, from the Ardennes, thrust his beak out of a large wicker cage that hung beside, and croaked

some horrid sound of recognition to my host, who patted it on the head, swearing that Jacko spoke as well as any Christian, and that he loved him as well as if he were his own child; while Jacko, holding a crust in his twisted talon, threw a sidelong and quick-glancing look at his master, like a deaf man, listening with his eye.

I soon disencumbered myself of all unnecessary appurtenances, which I placed in a very snug sleeping-room, well provided; and before I had completed my ablution, a summons from mine host called me to supper. Rose was our attendant. She had cooked the repast, and now placed it on the table, serving with a familiar and not ungraceful courtesy, as though conscious that she was above her menial station, but insensible to any debasement in her elevation. She occasionally sat down, putting in some observations, without seeming to think them an intrusion. She supplied me with plates, knives, glasses, and the other accessories, as if she did an act of hospitality rather than servitude.

Towards her lord and master there was an easy bearing, such, at times, as a daughter might have shown to her patriarchal sire under the tents of Canaan—occasionally a look of kindness as conjugal as Hagar or Sarah might have bestowed on old Abraham; but I never observed a meretricious glance, or heard a bold phrase, such as no doubt garnished the bearing of the thousand unmentionables who shared the unwedded dignities of David, or lovingly twined their fingers through the side curls on Solomon's temples.

Our meal was befitting a sporting lodge, though not in keeping with my early notions of "Turk Castle," or such as were warranted by my entertainer's grandiloquence. It was not exactly "*toujours perdrix*," for quail and hare varied the monotony. We had the latter in every imaginable form—*roti*, *sauté*, *mariné*, *au civet*, and *au chaudron*,—every way but in soup—Rose, alas! knew nothing of that *chef d'œuvre* of Scotch cookery—while the volant victims of my host's nearly unerring aim were also served up in ingenious varieties of culinary taste. I made a capital supper, although we had neither fish, fowl, nor flesh, technically so called, for *game* holds a distinct and honourable place of its own in all manuals of the kitchen, from the *Almanach des Gourmands* down to Mrs. Glasse. But the wine *was* really and truly all that an epicure could wish for, or that money and a good palate could buy or choose. The Bordeaux, the Burgundy, the Champagne, were alike excellent—*prime*. Bottle after bottle appeared and disappeared. I had not drunk so much for years before, nor have I since in any six evenings together, as I did at that sitting; yet no one bad effect was produced, barring, perhaps, an occasional twinge of envy of him who had a cellar so well stored, and such means of showing his hospitality.

"You walk lame," said I, as my hero hobbled across the room for a cork-screw, Rose having left it on a side-table as she glided away in search of some biscuits.

"Yes, *Sabre de bois!* but I wonder what the devil it is that ails me. Our stupid doctor calls it gout; but that it can't be; I take too much exercise, and my father never had it."

"But perhaps *his* father had."

"Ah! that I don't know, *Pistolet de paille!* my knowledge goes no farther back than the last generation, and *Sabre de bois!* he is a wise man, as Solomon says, who can swear to that. Yet that booby bolus-

maker at Genappe would persuade me that it is the gout. I was obliged to send for him a month ago. I had a swelling just here on my great toe-joint, as red as a turkey-cock's gills, and pins and needles shooting all through it, so that I roared with pain. 'Now, you know, doctor,' says I; as he put his assassinating face in at the door, 'you know I have a great contempt for your skill, and hate your physic, *Sabre de bois!*—that's my way—so what do you think ails me?' 'The gout,' says he. 'It's not true,' says I. 'It's the gout,' says he. 'You lie,' says I. 'It's the gout, the gout, my friend,' says he again, quite coolly. 'I am not your friend, nor you mine, to tell me such bad news as that,' says I, 'and I do not believe you; I won't believe you; it's not, it shan't be the gout. But, *Sabre de bois!* it's something, so what must I do for it?' 'Get rid of that bottle of Burgundy,' says he, 'and clap on ten leeches.' 'Here goes,' says I, (as soon as his back was turned,) 'for the first part of the prescription;' so I emptied the rest of the bottle, which was about three parts full, into this goblet; this way, d'ye see.'—He here did as much by a flask of champagne that stood beside him,—“and I swallowed it off at a draught, *Sabre de bois!* d'ye see—so, that's my way—*Pistolet de paille!*” He now filled a huge beer goblet that stood on the table, and as the effervescent dose of champagne frothed down his throat, he grew crimson in the face, his eyes became bloodshot; I was terrified. I thought the gout had suddenly flown up to his head, not stopping to kill him on its way through his stomach. “For God's sake!” says I, imploringly, and catching hold of his arm.

“*Sabre de bois!*” exclaimed he, smacking down his glass against the table, so forcibly as to break it into shivers, “*Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!* that's my way, d'ye see. That's my way of getting rid of a bottle! Here, Rose! champagne, d'ye see—bring a couple of bottles, one in each hand. *Sabre de bois!* my brave Englishman, that's the way we go it at *Château Turc!* Well, as I was saying, 'Clap on ten leeches,' says he. 'That I will,' says I; so I sent to the apothecary's in the village for twenty. They kept sucking all night, *Pistolet de paille!* and I was near fainting before Rose and the old woman could stop the blood. 'Well,' says the doctor, in the morning, 'how do you feel now?' 'Worse,' says I. 'That's odd,' says he—'did you put on the leeches?' 'I did,' says I. 'And what did you do with the wine?' 'I drank it,' says I. 'I thought so,' says he; 'you must put on eighteen more leeches, and drink nothing to-day but water, or I don't answer for the consequence.' 'Drink nothing but water!' says I—'no, *Sabre de bois!* I'll not consent to that; but let me have my fair share of wine, and I'll put on six-and-thirty leeches instead of eighteen.' 'Nonsense!' says he, walking out of the house. 'Good sense,' says I, uncorking a bottle of *clos vaugeaux*—so I filled my glass, and sent for a fresh flask of champagne and another phial full of leeches. There were about forty altogether; so I stuck them on all over my foot; and as fast as they sucked, *Sabre de bois!* so fast did I keep filling, and luckily for me too. For, *Pistolet de paille!* d'ye see, I had most certainly been a dead man but for the wine, which replenished the blood. But, *Sabre de bois!* it was the leeches that died, and not me. The doctor found fifteen of them at the last gasp, and as many more reeling drunk, on his next visit; and as for myself, I have never had a clear notion since of what passed—it is a curious thing how bleeding takes away a man's memory, and makes

his head turn. But never mind, I got over the thing; that is to say, over that fit, but I've been weak on this leg ever since, and can't bear to put it to the ground—it is an odd affair altogether, but I'll never acknowledge it to be the gout. No, no, that was never in the family."

Just at this moment he gave me another proof of the amount of his medical skill, which, let me observe in passing, all foreigners have a smattering of, in a small way, quite unknown to John Bull. The window close behind my host had been left about an inch open, just wide enough to allow a sharp-edged breeze to come in, and cut insidiously through every impediment of clothing and skin, until it found its way to the very citadel of my hero's kidneys. From time to time he put his hand to his back, and rubbing it, with a satisfied smile and his eternal chirp, he exclaimed,—

"*Sabre de bois!* I like that, *c'est la digestion qui se fait!*"

"Lucky discovery," thought I, "which might save, if men knew but all, many a box of dyspeptic pills, by merely placing one's loins before a current of air." But, before I could tell my friend the truth of his position, he cried out,

"*Sabre de bois!* you don't drink; come along then, I'll show you my library."

I rose and followed, as he limped away to a room adjoining, which was a fine specimen of a Noah's Ark kind of confusion; pure things and impure being mingled together, and most of them in pairs. Implements of sporting were tossed about promiscuously; a pair of pistols, with pairs of pantaloons, shoes, hats, guns, dog-whips, collar and couples, powder-flasks, shot-pouches—all in braces; my host declaring he "liked every thing double barrell'd, from his fusil to his musical snuff-box."

"But there, there," continued he, with reiterated chirpings, "that's what I pride myself on most of all; look at my library—what do you think of that?"

I looked about for books, particularly in the direction of the mantel-piece, to which he pointed; but nothing caught my eyes on the walls save a large collection of tobacco-pipes—between twenty and thirty—of many varieties of shape and feature, most of them composed of that particular kind of stuff called *ecume de mer*, which from pure white grows mottled into handsome shades of reddish brown, from the force of being smoked through. These were, as I found by my host's delighted laugh at my embarrassment, what he designated his "library"—the critical point of which pleasantry I was not able to ascertain; but I do him injustice, in hastening over many other of his peculiarities and sayings, which had all at least *good* humour to recommend them.

"Recollect," said I, "you have something to tell me about Waterloo."

"Come then, and drink another bottle."

"Not a drop."

"Then I'll tell you nothing, *to-night*."

"Then I must wait till to-morrow," and so we parted; he, however, taking every possible care for my comforts, and Rose seconding him with all the assiduities in her power.

My host, on a moderate calculation, had drank three times as much wine as I, besides sundry glasses of *liqueur*, and the smoking of various pipes of tobacco (an abominable custom, enough to stupify the brains

which drinking has inflamed); yet he was up at day-break the next morning, giving orders among his workmen, and preparing for the *chasse*, with as much coolness, and as clear a head, as if he had gone to bed at sunset, to digest a supper of the most primitive frugality. I rose quickly, equipped myself, roused up Carlo, and joined my entertainer (in all senses of the word), who received me in the court-yard with a shout of greeting, and a discharge of both barrels, that set the dogs barking, turkeys gabbling, hens cackling, and raven croaking, in a fine chorus of animal discord.

Preceded by Joseph the groom, who sounded an old cracked bugle, that seemed greatly to rejoice two couple of beagles which he held in leash, and followed by Rogier the game-keeper, who carried a brass-barrelled carbine, and led an old greyish spaniel, and the young black pointer alluded to the evening before by my host,—he and I stepped forward,—I freshly, and in high hope, with Carlo at my heel, and *he* shuffling along like

“Tardy-gaited Time, that like an ugly witch doth limp,”

without half as many good reasons for it as my friend,—for he could count one at least for every bumper he had despatched for years ago.

Our first operations commenced in a three-acre square of very late, standing oats, which, like most of the corn in those immense plains, was unfenced, or marked by any line except the edges of the clover and potato patches, which flanked it on all sides.

“I marked a covey of forty couple of young birds into this oats last night,” said my host.

“A covey of forty couple!” exclaimed I.

“Hush!” cried he, and the dogs dashed in, the beagles excepted, which were sent off with Joseph to wait on the skirts of a little wood hard by. After some minutes of anxious suspense, (my great fear being the insufficiency of my powder-flask for the blazing away which I anticipated,) my dog appeared at the farthest end of the oats, having carefully beat it without the least effect; but the young black pointer raised a crow from one of the angles, and set off after it full speed, as any puppy would do the first or second time of his being brought into the field.

“*Sabre de bois!* what a rascally dog that is!” exclaimed my hero, after much whistling, roaring, and screaming, which Pluto paid not the least attention to. “*Pistolet de paille!* what a pretty present to make me! Why, his carriage from Ostend here cost me a Napoleon, and he is not worth a sous. That’s what one gets from one’s English friends. No offence, d’ye see?”

I saw he was in high wrath, and I strove to console him, by saying that all young dogs had the same fault.

“No! a thousand times no!” exclaimed he. “No offence, though. But my grey bitch there, of the true Flemish breed, from a month old up to to-day, never went out of a trot in beating a field, or followed any bird on the wing, game or carrion. *Sabre de bois!* she will run fast enough after a hare, though—ay, and many a one she has caught a league off in the forest, with the beagles, and brought it back, when I thought she had only ran off to the house for her dinner. Ah! that’s

the true breed of a sporting spaniel; not like that shambling, lanky, long-tailed beast yonder. *Sabre de bois!* here he comes back. I'll teach him how to break a young dog of bad habits; that's my way, d'ye see. *Pistolet de paille!*"

With this he put his gun to his shoulder, and, to my horror and dismay, he let fly both barrels at poor Pluto, at about sixty yards' distance, tumbling him over and over, severely hit—not mortally, thanks to the gentleness of Belgian gun-making. The poor victim rolled himself up again, and ran away howling, cured most effectually, and for ever, of all chance of acting ill or well as a sporting dog; for, as I afterwards learned, he could not bear the sight or sound of a gun from that hour, but pined away, degenerate and broken-spirited, till he was finally hunted to death one day, like a common cur, by the village blackguards, with a canister tied to his tail.

After this specimen, we had not much sport. As to the fifty coveys of promised partridges, they dwindled, in reality, to *one*, of about seven brace, and a few straggling birds, some of which we bagged, I shooting very indifferently, but my companion killing every shot. He, however, missed one at a hare, which I, to his evident mortification, knocked over; and great difficulty I had in rescuing it from the fangs of his infernal grey spaniel bitch. But the greatest enjoyment of the day was one which few thorough-bred, high-going English Nimrods would tolerate. It was when the beagles found another hare, in one of the little woods on my host's property, many such dotting most picturesquely the varieties of hill and vale which compose the face of the country—"beauty spots on the face of nature, as my brother, Lord Lofty, says." The music of the dogs, and the wild sound of Joseph's horn, echoing through the woods, and carried on from hill to hill, was a relief from the fag of mere shooting. And well do I remember the voluptuous anxiety with which I lay on some of the grassy hillocks commanding a view of the country, watching the two couple of beagles as they followed the scent keenly from cover to cover, cheered on by the men, and aided by them in beating the little coppices that hung in picturesque patches on the rising grounds, over valleys as pastoral as fancy could frame.

The murderous habit of watching at the wood-skirts, and shooting the worn-down hares as they bolted, was not followed on this occasion. My hero limped far away after a bevy of quails, which I heard him from time to time popping at in the distance, during some hours, as I lay stretched at length, with my gun at one side and Carlo at the other; while the beagles having no chance of killing the hares they chased, there never was, perhaps, a purer specimen of the joys of sporting, without any of its drawbacks, than that which I so indolently tasted in those often-remembered hours.

We returned home to a late dinner, which offered pretty nearly the same features as the supper of the preceding night. My host, however, was not in such full feather as he had been then: his symptoms of gout were growing outrageous; and he was evidently vexed at the poor display of game which stood in the place of his promised fifty coveys, and the *non est inventus* account of that particular one of forty brace which he had himself counted. I was determined, however, to press him on the subject of the battle, and find out his claim to the title which I had

made up my mind to give him, and which stands at the head of this page.

“*Sabre de bois!* ’tis true,” said he energetically to one of my inquiring observations on the part he had performed—“true, as I told you, that, but for me, the battle had never been gained nor fought; and I’ll tell you how it was, d’ye see? I furnished the whole allied army with horses—5369 had I at once upon my hands. Never was such a contract made so quickly, or fulfilled so well: it was the affair of five minutes between General B—— and myself. *Pistolet de paille!* that was a man for doing business and drinking champagne: here’s to his health in a bumper!—off with it. So, d’ye see?—*Sabre de bois!* that’s my way! Yes, our contract was prompt and to the point. ‘Furnish six thousand horses,’ said he, ‘in three weeks, at five hundred francs a horse.’ ‘I will,’ said I; and so I did. But, *Sabre de bois!* I bought them for four hundred at most, and many for less; the balance was mine—make money of that—and here I am in Château-Turc! That’s my way, d’ye see?”

“Five thousand, three hundred and sixty-nine all on your hands at once?” said I.

“Ay, and not a cent of the money paid me, and I over head and ears in debt for the whole; for the English guineas, d’ye see, hadn’t come;—and, worse than all, it was reported that the emperor had crossed the frontiers.”

“And what would you have done if he had?”

“Done! *Sabre de bois!* and *Pistolet de paille!* I’d have met him half way, and said—Sire, here are your Majesty’s horses, ready for the remount of your army. I was well prepared for your coming, and have risked all I was worth in the world to be ready for your imperial and royal wants. The English would have given me five hundred francs a-piece for every horse, mare, and gelding; your Majesty shall have them for four hundred. *Sabre de bois!* that’s my way, d’ye see? I’m frank and above-board. So another bumper: fill up. Here’s success to horse-dealing, and the memory of Waterloo!”

This was the last memorable speech of my hero which fixed itself in my mind; for, tired after my day’s fatigue, and perhaps somewhat of him, I felt sleepy, and lost much of his subsequent lucubrations. I had learned his secret; and there was no longer an incitement sufficient to bear up against the monotony of a comedy with the plot discovered.

I took my leave the next day, with many a cordial invitation to repeat my visit, but without any demand for my name, or without one chilling drawback of selfish expectancy that I should ever give a *quid* for the many *quos* he had so profusely lavished on me.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

NO. II.—THE MONTH OF OCTOBER IS BAD!

I.

THE month of October is bad
 As the month of September can be ;
 “ Oh, there’s not in the wide world ” a beau to be had ;
 Some are shooting, and some are at sea !
 A lonely life woman endures,
 Deserted for pointers or yachts ;
 With some at their moorings, and some at the moors,
 Mad for cruises or gunpowder plots !

II.

Sir Charles leaves his mate *Hymeneal*,
 To sail with the mate of his yawl !
 Of an *amateur* sailor the true *beau ideal*,
 Blue shirt, jacket, *backy*, and all !
 Of quicksands hid under the tide
 He dreams as he lies in his berth ;
 Once he thought of no *quicksands* save those wont to glide
 Through Time’s glass in a season of mirth !

III.

His *cab* for a *cabin* neglected—
 (The *gig* that he has *is a boat* !)
 The nobleman seaman would blush if detected
 In wearing a gentleman’s coat !
 His books, lest his lingo should fail, are
 The maritime novels alone ;
 Chamier’s clever “ Life of a Sailor,”
 Or Marriott’s matchless “ King’s Own.”

IV.

For no prima donna he cares,
 He gives up his box and his stall ;
 And all recollection of Malibran’s airs
 Is very soon *lost in a squall* !
 “ Oh, her form is divine ! ” he may cry,
 But the form that he means *is a ship’s* !
 And e’en Taglioni unnoticed trips by,
 Superseded by *nautical trips* !

V.

When snug in Cowes harbour he’s brave,
 And he sings as he paces the deck,
 And feeling a mere Lilliputian wave,
 He recklessly laughs at a wreck.
 But at Cherbourg, when tempests assail,
 He wishes he never had sail’d ;
 And if he should happen to weather the gale,
 He’ll take care he is never *re-galed*.

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE LATE EDMUND KEAN*.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ.

I HAD resolved on going again to the south of France this year (1817), and had taken my berth, and arranged for my passage, in a merchant-ship lying in the river, and bound for Bordeaux. The very day previous to that fixed for the sailing of the vessel from Gravesend I was dining with one or two old military friends at a coffee-house in the Strand, when, to my great surprise, a relative of mine walked in, just arrived from Ireland, and not knowing that I was in London. He had never seen Kean perform; he had an ardent desire to see him. *Othello* was luckily to be played that night; so, leaving the dinner-table early, we repaired to Drury Lane, and took our station in one of the front rows in the pit. My relative was greatly delighted and astonished at Kean's acting, and I was determined to gratify him by an introduction. I accordingly took him round to the private entrance, and we mounted the stairs to Kean's dressing-room.

We found him, as was usual after the performance of any of his principal parts, stretched on a sofa, vomiting violently, and throwing up quantities of blood. His face was half-washed—one side deadly pale, the other deep copper colour. He was a very appalling object, certainly, even to those who were accustomed so to see him; my relative was quite shocked and alarmed, from the apparent danger of the tragedian. But *he* gladly hailed my appearance, believing I had left town for France; and when I presented my companion, of whom he had heard me speak, he insisted, in the most pressing way, that we should sup with him at one of the neighbouring taverns, as a farewell to me, his old acquaintance, and a welcome to his new one. We consented; he was soon himself again; and a very pleasant hour or two was passed at the supper table. But by dint of desperate potations of brandy-punch Kean became gradually very drunk; and a couple of his friends, actors, whose names I forget, took advantage of this to intrude themselves into the room, under pretexts of business with him. Drinking and singing became the order of the night; and the morning peeping in at the windows saw no likelihood of any abatement in the orgies. Not a little disgusted, my relative and myself slipped away, leaving the man whose splendid talents had, a few hours before, filled a whole audience with delight, utterly brutified, and almost unconscious. It was upwards of seven years from that night before I again saw Kean.

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On a summer's day in 1824, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where I was then living with my family, I was surprised to see Kean enter my house. Having for so long a period made no attempt to revive my personal intercourse with him, I was truly glad to see him. He was on his way to England, from a tour through Switzerland and a visit to Paris, accompanied by his wife. He had heard of my being in the place, found out my residence, and come to pay me a visit. The steam-packet for Dover, which was to sail in a couple of hours, had already received his

carriage and baggage among its freight; and he and Mrs. Kean, much fatigued from the effects of their journey, having travelled all the preceding night, were impatiently waiting the signal for departure.

While he hastily gave me this sketch of his situation, an old actor, Penley, well known in France and Flanders, and who was, at that time, with his company, proving their familiarity with Shakspeare, by taking considerable liberties with him at Boulogne, rang at my door, having traced Kean to the house. He was admitted, and made a most moving appeal to all the great tragedian's better feelings; depicted the poverty of his *troupe*, and the anxiety of the natives and visitors to see Kean perform; and dwelt on such topics as were likely to touch his humanity or excite his ambition. He also tried another inducement, which, with some men, would have been of itself conclusive; he offered Kean half the receipts of the house for his night's performance.

Kean at length consented. The intended departure was postponed for a day. Carriage and baggage were allowed to proceed under his servant's care; and placards were quickly posted all over the town, announcing Mr. Kean's appearance that evening in the part of Shylock.

The theatre was crowded, although the prices were doubled. The play was got up very respectably, considering all things. Kean's acting was admirable. The size of the theatre allowed every play of his features, every glance of his unrivalled eye, to be seen and felt. I never was more delighted with him. I always thought Shylock his best part, and his performance of it as near as could be to perfection. He knew that of old; and I believe he was not sorry to prove to me that he retained all his pristine vigour. He certainly played the Jew that night with "desperate fidelity;" and the effect he produced on the *Boulonnais* was immense.

Old Penley and his *troupe* were in ecstasies with the result of the representation; and particularly so when Kean, the following morning, refused to take a shilling of the proffered share, which he left to be divided among the company. This was a generous thing, undoubtedly; but a trifling instance of his character, in comparison with his subscription of the whole profits of his benefit for the starving Irish in 1822.

Kean told me on this occasion of the pending trial between himself and Alderman Cox. He spoke of the affair as one which gave him no uneasiness; said he had no fears for the result; and he seemed quite unconscious of the ruinous risk that awaited him. I was rather impressed with the idea that he did not dislike the approaching contest, which was to display him to the world as a man of gallantry.

A few weeks more brought the whole *esclandre* to light, and never was there a more revolting display of bad taste and libertinism. The only consideration which at all palliated Kean's grossness was the redeeming sentiment scattered through the "love-letters"—if the profanation may be admitted—of attachment and regard to his wife. He deserved severe reprobation, no doubt; but the burst of over-acted cant which drove him from the London stage on this occasion, produced, as might be expected, a powerful reaction in his favour. But public justice came too late: Kean sunk under his punishment before its rigour was reversed; and I am convinced he never recovered from the tumult of suffering which then assailed him.

I called on him in London, on my arrival there, soon after the busi-

ness had subsided, and when he was on the point of his self-exile to America. I never saw a man so changed; he had all the air of desperation about him. He looked bloated with rage and brandy; his nose was red, his cheeks blotched, his eyes blood-shot; I really pitied him. He had lodgings in Regent-street; but I believe very few of his former friends, of any respectability, now noticed him. The day I saw him he sat down to the piano, notwithstanding the agitated state of his mind, and sang for me, "Lord Ullin's daughter," with a depth, and power, and sweetness that quite electrified me. I had not heard him sing for many years; his improvement was almost incredible; his accompaniment was also far superior to his former style of playing. I could not repress a deep sentiment of sorrow at the wreck he presented of genius, fame, and wealth. At this period I believe he had not one hundred pounds left of the many thousands he had received. His mind seemed shattered; he was an outcast on the world. He left England a few days afterwards, and I never dreamt of seeing him again.

There was, no doubt, a latent feeling of selfishness mixed with my regret, and for the following reason. I had written, some years before, (long previous to my having attempted the prose writings which afterwards met such unhopèd-for success,) a tragedy, the most prominent character of which was meant for Kean.* Other pursuits, however, turned my attention from it, (and, fortunately for myself, from poetry altogether,) and the MS. lay by me for several years, almost forgotten, until I met with Kean at Boulogne, as before stated, in 1824.

My attention to it was revived by this *rencontre*, and his asking me if I had never thought of writing for the stage? I told him of my early attempt, and promised to have it copied and forwarded to him to London; he, in his turn, assuring me of every exertion on his part to have it brought forward with all possible advantage. The ruin which followed his trial with Alderman Cox frustrated the whole project, and I gave up every hope of ever seeing the play represented.

Within two years of this time, Kean, to the surprise of every one, returned from America, having reaped a full harvest of dollars, much of which he had prudence enough to transmit to London before him. The furious outcry against him had subsided. The public longed for him once more; and he came back (to use his own not inexpressive phrase) "as the representative of Shakspeare's heroes."

When I heard of the brilliant success which attended his reappearance, I immediately sent over the MS. of "Ben Nazir, the Saracen." I soon followed the MS., and found it literally in Kean's hands. He had read it with avidity; and, placing to any account that may be chosen, the enthusiastic terms in which he spoke of it to me, one fact proves the value which he really set on it. He chose it out of five or six, which were put before him by Mr. Price, the manager, (one of them being Mr. Knowles's "Alfred,") as that in which he would make his *regenerated* appearance in a new character before a London audience.

* This admission of having written for a particular actor may appear, in the common view of the case, very servile; but my opinion on that subject differs from the generally received one. I have somewhat developed it in an article on the "Living French Poets," in the "New Monthly Magazine;" and I shall content myself with quoting from that essay, that "the disgrace does not lie in writing up to genius, but in writing down to grimace."

His whole situation, appearance, and conduct at this critical period of his career were very remarkable and characteristic. He presented a mixture of subdued fierceness, unsatisfied triumph, and suppressed debauchery. He had, in a great measure, recovered his place before the public; but he had lost all the respectability of private life. He lived in the Hummums Hotel, Covent-garden: his wife occupied obscure lodgings in Westminster, and was, as well as his son, quite at variance with him. His health had been greatly shattered during his American campaign, chiefly, I believe, from his mental sufferings. He told me he had been *mad*, at Montreal or Quebec, for several days, and related an incident which proved it, namely, his having mounted a fiery horse, dressed in the full costume of the Huron tribe of Indians, of which he had been elected a chief; and, after joining them in their village or camp, haranguing them, parading them, and no doubt amusing them much, being carried back, by some pursuing friends, to the place from whence he came, and treated for a considerable time as a lunatic.

The recital of such adventures seemed to gratify him much. He evidently gloried in the singularity of this conduct, unconscious of its buffoonery.

When I first called on him at the Hummums, one day early in 1827, he was sitting up in his bed, a buffalo-skin wrapped round him, a huge hairy cap, decked with many coloured-feathers, on his head, a scalping-knife in his belt, and a tomahawk in his hand. He was making up his face for a very savage look. A tumbler glass of white-wine negus stood at the bed-side; two shabby-looking heroes were close by, with similar potations in their reach; and a portrait painter was placed before an easel at the window, taking the likeness of the renowned *Alanienonideh*, the name in which the chieftain (most sincerely) rejoiced.*

I was announced by a black boy in livery. I saw Kean's eye kindle, somewhat, perhaps, with pleasure at my visit; but more so, I thought, from the good opportunity of exhibiting himself in his savage costume. He gave a ferocious roll of his eyes, and a flourish of his tomahawk; then threw off his cap and mantle, and cordially shook me by the hand, producing from under his pillow the part of "Ben Nazir," written out from the prompter's book.

The painter quickly retired; the satellite visitors soon followed, having first emptied their tumblers, and paid some extravagant compliments to their patron. Left alone with Kean, he entered fully into his situation. There was a mortified elation in his bearing which it is hard to describe. He explained the hoax under which he had been led to leave America so abruptly, and showed me the letter on which he had acted. This purported to be from Mr. Price, the manager of Drury-lane, and proposed to Kean to return forthwith, to take possession of the management of the theatre, which was only held by him (Price) in trust for "its true inheritor"—Kean.

This preposterous humbug was greedily swallowed by Kean, who arrived in London in the full belief that he was about to enter on the functions and the fancied profits of manager. The mortification of find-

* Kean made use of visiting-cards at this time, with his own proper name engraved at one side, and this adopted one, with a miniature likeness of himself, "in character," on the other.

ing himself duped would have been dreadful, had it not been an engagement for twelve nights at 100 guineas each, followed up by a reception from the public which amply atoned for former suffering and present disappointment.

When I first entered the room, Kean told me he had the gout in his foot; but when the painter and the others retired, he acknowledged that he was confined to his bed by a very bad sore leg, for which he was daily attended by surgeon Carpue, who prescribed the strictest regimen, and abstinence from all strong liquors, which Kean was endeavouring to obey as well as he could. By nursing himself in this manner for two days together, he was enabled to play three times a week; but still, in the exertion of acting, suffering considerable fatigue and pain.

My visit that day was interrupted by the arrival of two other persons, gloomily dressed and closely veiled, who were introduced by the black boy with suitable mystery, but whose sex was less doubtful than their character. Kean took care to inform me (in a stage whisper, which they must have heard in the adjoining sitting-room) that they were sisters—lovely creatures—the daughters of a clergyman of high respectability; that they had both fallen desperately in love with him, and came up to London together with the most unlimited offers for his acceptance. I had no wish to pursue the subject further, but left him with the sentimental pair. I paid him several visits afterwards, alone, and to meet Mr. Price, and talk over the preliminary arrangements for our common affair.

Kean felt deeply the importance of this projected appearance in “*Ben Nazir*.” He knew that a crisis had arrived in his professional fate; the whole tide of public feeling was with him. He had regained his place at the head of the acted drama. To confirm him there, beyond competition or cavil, there was only wanting one vigorous display of power in a new part, and that part was now ready written to his hand. Nothing, in short, could exceed the ardour with which he undertook the study of “*Ben Nazir*.” He carried it away with him on the provincial tour on which he set out after playing his dozen nights in London to enthusiastic audiences; and his being prepared to appear in the play, in the second week of the next May, was one of the stipulations in his renewed engagement for twenty nights, to begin at that period.

It may be supposed that I followed with some anxiety the accounts of Kean’s progress on his provincial expedition. I had every reason to believe that he was working hard to perfect himself in his new part; that he lived abstemiously; and was gradually recovering his health and spirits.

The newspapers contained a copy of the address spoken by him on his benefit night, in Dublin, in the character and costume of an Indian chief; but the private accounts transmitted to me by some friends, who inquired about him, neutralized the apprehension excited by that absurd display, and convinced me he had no actual relapse of his Canadian complaint.

In due time Kean arrived in London, enthusiastic, and, as he said, *perfect* in his part; and his leg, which a thousand sinister reports and prophecies should long since have deprived him of, so far recovered as to enable him to “strut his hour,” either on the stage or in the streets, with perfect ease. I repaired to London. My first visit, on my arrival,

was to Mr. Wallack, the stage-manager. Everything I heard from him was most encouraging. I next saw Mr. Price, who confirmed all I had heard from his second in command. Mr. Wallack was indefatigable in every way.

Kean's confidence in the part and in *himself* was sufficient to deceive a less sanguine temperament than mine. He repeatedly said that he hoped to reap as much fame from it as from Maturin's "Bertram," and that he reckoned on playing it a hundred nights. His portrait in the part was to be immediately engraved. A new wherry, which Kean was then getting built for his annual prize race on the Thames, was to be called the "Ben Nazir." The dress in which he was to appear was to be the most splendid possible; and a notion may be formed on that head, from the fact that Kean was to pay 50 guineas for it, over and above the allowance from the Theatre. I might cite many other proofs of his enthusiasm.

In the mean time the rehearsals were going on admirably. Every one was already perfect in their parts, with *one* exception, but this one was, unfortunately, out of control, and consequently beyond discovery. Kean attended but two rehearsals, and both of these with the written part in his hand. On one occasion he read his part with great energy and effect. It was every thing I could wish; no one had a shadow of doubt as to the impression it would produce on an audience. Congratulations were poured on me on all sides, with premature profusion.

Kean now claimed the privilege of absenting himself from the subsequent rehearsals, alleging his unwillingness to lose time from the close study he wished to give to the minutest details of his part. It was thought better to let Kean have everything his own way, in a matter into which he had so evidently put his heart and soul, and which was of infinitely more importance to him than to any one else. I was quite satisfied, for I saw him almost daily, and witnessed the unceasing industry with which he laboured at the part. He used regularly to order his carriage after breakfast, and set off for Kensington Gardens, where he studied a couple of hours. Frequently he sailed in his boat on the river, and there spouted away to the free benefit of the watermen and the Naiades. I often called on him at night, knowing that my presence would keep away others; and about ten or eleven o'clock he invariably went to bed, "and went to bed sober."

At his suggestion I made several slight alterations in the play, and one material one; the object of the latter being to gratify Kean's desire of speaking the last word, and ending the play by his death. He wanted the whole impression made on the audience to be *his* work. This was in the spirit of some former conduct of his, years before, which made him so many enemies, and did him such mischief with the public.

I also conceded many minor points to the judicious suggestions of Mr. Wallack, who deserved every consideration on my part. I had been led to expect great annoyance from the performers, from the report of authors, who were probably more tenacious of their rights than I was: but I really met nothing of the kind; I was willing to take advice from the experience of the actors, and what they did offer was with modesty and good sense, particularly Mr. Cooper, who was assiduous to the whole business of the scene.

The night of representation was at last fixed. Up to the preceding

week Kean persisted in assurances that he was quite prepared ; still, however, declining to appear even at the last rehearsal, under the pretext that it would only confuse and annoy him, and perhaps destroy the effect which he wished to reserve for the public performance of the part. All this, rather obscurely put forward, began to give us some uneasiness ; at length it was absolutely necessary either to announce “ Ben Nazir ” from the stage, or to substitute some other play, and put it off for a few nights longer. It was nine o’clock that evening before I finally put the question to Kean. He consented to the postponement, at the same time persisting in his readiness to perform on the night first fixed, and an announcement was made of the postponement of “ Ben Nazir.”

The night at length arrived. Every thing was ready : I saw Kean in the morning ; he expressed himself with the utmost confidence ; strutted about his drawing-room in his lodgings, Duke-street, Adelphi, decked out in his magnificent dress ; and declaimed with great vigour some of his favourite passages—the book in his hand. Notwithstanding all this I had serious doubts of the night’s result. I was certain he would be imperfect ; but I reckoned fully on his giving the principal passages with ample effect ; and I calculated on subsequent representations repairing any defects which might appear on the first.

In this mood I took leave of Kean, resolved not to interfere with him further ; and I prepared to go to the theatre, in a state of some anxiety certainly, but one more pleasurable than the contrary. Mr. Wallack had secured me a private box behind the dress circle, to which I repaired about half an hour before the play began. The house was crowded in all parts ; and I may here observe that not one friend of my own was there by my solicitation. The manager had not offered me, nor did I ask, a single free admission.

I certainly felt considerable satisfaction as I sat, quite unseen, and contemplated the crowded house. The chief of my literary longings had ever been for dramatic success ; and although I had always looked on my present play as a very indifferent drama, a mere experiment in fact, and rested its whole chance on the performance of the chief part, I was greatly strengthened in my hopes of it by the various concurrent reasons before detailed. A fair share of applause was given to some of the early passages ; and the audience seemed well prepared for Kean’s appearance, with which the third scene was to open.

He did at length appear. The intention of the author, and the keeping of the character, required him to rush rapidly on the stage, giving utterance to a burst of joyous soliloquy. What was my astonishment to see him, as the scene opened, standing on the centre of the stage, his arms crossed, and his whole attitude one of thoughtful solemnity ! His dress was splendid ; and thunders of applause greeted him from all parts of the house. To display the one and give time for the other, were the objects for which he stood fixed for several minutes, and sacrificed the sense of the situation. He spoke ; but what a speech ! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines ; his was of two or three sentences, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to me quite appalling ; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. He stood fixed, drawled out his incoherent words, and gave the notion of a man who had been half-hanged and then dragged through a horse-pond. My heart, I confess it, sank deep in my breast.

I was utterly shocked. And as the business of the play went on, and as he stood by, with moveless muscle and glazed eye, throughout the scene which should have been one of violent, perhaps too violent, exertion, a cold shower of perspiration poured from my forehead, and I endured a revulsion of feeling which I cannot describe, and which I would not for worlds one eye had witnessed.

I had all along felt that this scene would be the touchstone of the play. Kean went through it like a man in the last stage of exhaustion and decay. The act closed—a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain; and I felt, though I could not hear, the voiceless verdict of “damnation.”

I soon recovered myself and sat out the *butchery* to the end; it is needless to describe it here. In a short preface to the printed play, which was published a few days afterwards, I stated a few of the facts attending the representation. The account, which appeared in the next number of the “New Monthly Magazine,” was a very faithful one. I believe it was from the pen of a now eminent barrister, and the then chief writer of the admirable dramatic articles in the work.

When the curtain fell, Mr. Wallack, the stage manager, came forward and made an apology for Kean’s imperfection in his part, and an appeal in behalf of the play. Neither excited much sympathy; the audience was quite disgusted. I now, for the first time during the night, went behind the scenes. On crossing the stage towards the green-room I met Kean, supported by his servant and another person, going in the direction of his dressing-room. When he saw me he hung down his head, and waved his hand, and uttered some expressions of deep sorrow, and even remorse. “I have ruined a fine play and myself; I cannot look you in the face—” were the first words that I caught. I said something in return as cheering and consolatory as I could. I may say that all sense of my own disappointment was forgotten in the compassion I felt for him. Mrs. West, Miss Smithson, and Miss Kelly were among the group present at this meeting. Nothing could exceed their good nature towards me. The whole company seemed to consider the calamity as a domestic one. Every one was indignant with Kean; Wallack particularly so. He told me that previous to the commencement of the play he had sent three summonses to him to come down from his dressing-room; and at last on going to seek him himself, he found him weeping, and in total despair. Why then persist in attempting the character? Why ensure the ruin of the play, and risk my reputation as a writer? Why not withdraw, and acknowledge the loss of memory which he had at length become aware of? This was Wallack’s reasoning. He had, it seems, urged Kean to apologize in person to the audience; but that he declined, saying that if he attempted it he should have burst into tears. Wallack subsequently proposed to him, through a friend, to publish a letter in the papers on the subject. That he refused also, preferring to let the fault lie wholly on the author’s shoulders. In fact poor Kean had lost all his former energy. He never could have been deficient in generous feelings: but he was worn down; and he had not the courage to confess it. That is the whole truth.

It was then I resolved to publish my Preface to the play, in which, as every one who read it thought, I dealt too lightly with the culprit. I should certainly be sorry to lean more heavily on him *now*. In the mean time I bore my disappointment as well as I could; returned my thanks

to the other actors for their exertions ; renounced dramatic writing for ever, and paid a short visit of leave-taking to Kean, who seemed, as he well might be, overwhelmed with sorrow, whether for my sake or his own I do not attempt to decide. The total loss of the power of study, (as it is technically called,) thus so fatally betrayed, prevented his attempting any new part since that day, which formed a crisis in his professional career. I have never seen him since ; and I trust that I may be excused for having entered so far into detail on what is so very personal to myself, in this remarkable episode in the life of (with perhaps Talma's exception) the greatest actor of my times.

I have abstained from mentioning several anecdotes of his early life and professional career, related to me at different times by Kean, from the belief that some authentic biography of him will be given to the world. Indeed he told me repeatedly, during my intercourse with him in 1827, that he had then made considerable progress in the preparation of his own memoirs.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

FROM MELEAGER.

As Love was fluttering through the azure sky,
He saw, delighted saw, Timarion's eye :
Straight he renounced the regions of the air,
And settled, rested, dwelt for ever there.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Drink, as I drink, rosy wine ;
Sing, as I sing, comrade mine ;
Toast, as I toast mine, thy fair ;
Wreathe, as I wreathe mine, thy hair.
Now I'm mad, be mad with me :
Some time I'll be wise with thee.

PLATO (MOST PROBABLY, THE PHILOSOPHER.)

Thou gazest on the stars, my star,
Thyself a brighter being far !
Oh, that I could become that heaven
To which thine admiration's given,
Then would mine eyes in myriads shine
And multiply their gaze on thine !

THE SAME.

On a Statue of Pan playing on the Pipe.

Hush'd be the whispering leaves, the murmuring rill,
The mingled bleatings of the flock be still.
From Pan's own pipe the magic sound proceeds,
His moist lip running o'er the row of reeds.
The nymphs around him close, a graceful band ;
Stopp'd in mid dance, the tiptoe Dryads stand.

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No. I.—A GREAT MAN IN RETIREMENT.

THE greatest man in these parts (I use the word in the sense of Louis le Gros, not Louis le Grand), the greatest man hereabouts, by at least a stone, is our worthy neighbour Stephen Lane, the grazier—ex-butcher of B——. Nothing so big hath been seen since Lambert the gaoler or the Durham ox.

When he walks he overfills the pavement, and is more difficult to pass than a link of full-dressed misses, or a chain of becloaked dandies. Indeed a malicious attorney, in drawing up a paving bill for the ancient borough of B——, once inserted a clause confining Mr. Lane to the middle of the road, together with waggons, vans, stage-coaches, and other heavy articles. Chairs crack under him,—couches rock,—bolsters groan,—and floors tremble. He hath been stuck in a staircase and jammed in a doorway, and has only escaped being ejected from an omnibus by its being morally and physically impossible that he should get in. His passing the window has something such an effect as an eclipse, or as turning outward the opaque side of that ingenious engine of mischief, a dark lantern. He puts out the light like Othello. A small wit of our town, by calling a supervisor, who dabbles in riddles, and cuts no inconsiderable figure in the Poet's Corner of the county newspaper, once perpetrated a conundrum on his person, which as relating to so eminent and well-known an individual, (for almost every reader of the "H——shire Herald" hath, at some time or other, been a customer of our butcher's,) had the honour of puzzling more people at the Sunday morning breakfast-table, and of engaging more general attention than had ever before happened to that respectable journal. A very horrible murder, (and there was that week one of the very first water,) two shipwrecks, an enlèvement, and an execution, were all passed over as trifles compared with the interest excited by this literary squib and cracker. A trifling quirk it was to keep Mr. Stacy, the surveyor, a rival bard, fuming over his coffee until the said coffee grew cold; or to hold Miss Anna Maria Watkins, the mantua-maker, in pleasant though painful efforts at divination until the bell rang for church, and she had hardly time to undo her curl-papers and arrange her ringlets; a flimsy quirk it was of a surety, an inconsiderable quiddity! Yet since the courteous readers of the "H——shire Herald" were amused with pondering over it, so perchance may be the no less courteous and far more courtly readers of the "New Monthly." I insert it, therefore, for their edification, together with the answer, which was not published in the "Herald" until the H——shire public had remained an entire week in suspense:—"Query—Why is Mr. Stephen Lane like Rembrandt?"—"Answer—Because he is famous for the breadth of his shadow."

The length of his shadow, although by no means in proportion to the width,—for that would have recalled the days when giants walked the land, and Jack, the famous Jack, who borrowed his surname from his occupation, slew them,—was yet of pretty fair dimensions. He stood

six feet two inches without his shoes, and would have been accounted a tall man if his intolerable fatness had not swallowed up all minor distinctions. That magnificent *beau idéal* of a human mountain, “the fat woman of Brentford,” for whom Sir John Falstaff passed not only undetected, but unsuspected, never crossed my mind’s eye but as the feminine of Mr. Stephen Lane. Tailors, although he was a liberal and punctual paymaster, dreaded his custom. They could not, charge how they might, contrive to extract any profit from his “huge rotundity.” It was not only the quantity of material that he took, and yet that cloth universally called broad was not broad enough for him,—it was not only the stuff, but the work—the sewing, stitching, plaiting, and button-holing without end. The very shears grew weary of their labours: two fashionable suits might have been constructed in the time, and from the materials consumed in the fabrication of one for Mr. Stephen Lane. Two, did I say? Aye, three or four, with a sufficient allowance of cabbage,—a perquisite never to be extracted from his coats or waistcoats, no not enough to cover a penwiper. Let the cutter cut his cloth ever so largely, it was always found to be too little. All their measures put together would not go round him; and as to guessing at his proportions by the eye, a tailor might as well attempt to calculate the dimensions of a seventy-four-gun ship,—as soon try to fit a three-decker. Gloves and stockings were made for his especial use. Extras and double extras failed utterly in his case;—as the dapper shopman spied at the first glance of his huge paw, a fist which might have felled an ox, and somewhat resembled the dead ox-flesh, commonly called beef, in texture and colour.

To say the truth, his face was pretty much of the same complexion—and yet it was no uncomely visage either; on the contrary, it was a bold, bluff, massive, English countenance, such as Holbein would have liked to paint, in which great manliness and determination were blended with much good humour, and a little humour of another kind; so that even when the features were in seeming repose, you could foresee how the face would look when a broad smile, and a sly wink, and a knowing nod, and a demure smoothing down of his straight shining hair on his broad forehead gave his wonted cast of drollery to the blunt but merry tradesman, to whom might have been fitly applied the Chinese compliment, “Prosperity is painted on your countenance.”

Stephen Lane, however, had not always been so prosperous, or so famous for the breadth of his shadow. Originally a foundling in the streets of B——, he owed his very name, like the “Richard Monday” of one of Crabbe’s finest delineations, to the accident of his having been picked up, when apparently about a week old, in a by-lane close to St. Stephen’s churchyard, and baptized by order of the vestry after the scene of his discovery. Like the hero of the poet, he also was sent to the parish workhouse; but, as unlike to Richard Monday in character as in destiny, he won, by the real or fancied resemblance to a baby whom she had recently lost, the affection of the matron, and was by her care shielded not only from the physical dangers of infancy, in such an abode, but from the moral perils of childhood.

Kindly yet roughly reared, Stephen Lane was even as a boy eminent for strength, and hardihood, and invincible good humour. At ten years old he had fought with and vanquished every lad under fifteen, not only in the workhouse proper, but in the immediate purlieus of that respect-

able domicile, and would have got into a hundred scrapes had he not been shielded in the first place by the active protection of his original patroness, the wife of the superintendent and master of the establishment, whose pet he continued to be; and in the second by his own bold and decided, yet kindly and affectionate temper. Never had a boy of ten years old more friends than the poor foundling of St. Stephen's workhouse. There was hardly an inmate of that miscellaneous dwelling, who had not profited, at some time or other, by the good-humoured lad's delightful alertness in obliging, his ready services, his gaiety, his intelligence, and his resource. From mending Master Hunt's crutch, down to rocking the cradle of Dame Green's baby—from fetching the water for the general wash, a labour which might have tried the strength of Hercules, down to leading out for his daily walk the half-blind, half-idiot, half-crazy David Hood, a task which would have worn out the patience of Job, nothing came amiss to him. All was performed with the same cheerful good-will; and the warm-hearted gratitude with which he received kindness was even more attaching than his readiness to perform good offices to others. I question if ever there were a happier childhood than that of the deserted parish-boy. Set aside the pugnaciousness which he possessed in common with other brave and generous animals, and which his protectress, the matron of the house, who had enjoyed in her youth the advantage of perusing some of those novels,—now, alas! no more,—where the heroes, originally foundlings, turn out to be lords and dukes in the last volume, used to quote in confirmation of her favourite theory: to wit, his being nobly born, as proofs of his innate high blood;—set aside the foes made by his propensity to single combat, which could not fail to exasperate the defeated champions, and Stephen had not an enemy in the world.

At ten years of age, however, the love of independence, and the desire to try his fortunes in the world, began to stir in the spirited lad; and his kind friend and confidant, the master's wife, readily promised her assistance to set him forth in search of adventures, though she was not a little scandalized to find his first step in life likely to lead him into a butcher's shop, he having formed an acquaintance with a journeyman slayer of cattle in the neighbourhood, who had interceded with his master to take him on trial as errand-boy, with an understanding that if he showed industry and steadiness, and liked the craft, he might, on easy terms, be accepted as an apprentice. This prospect, which Stephen justly thought magnificent, shocked the lady of the workhouse, who had set her heart on his choosing a different scene of slaughter—killing men, not oxen—going forth as a soldier, turning the fate of a battle, marrying some king's daughter or emperor's niece, and returning in triumph to his native town, a generalissimo at the very least.

Her husband, however, and the parish-overseers were of a different opinion. They were much pleased with the proposal, and were (for overseers) really liberal in their manner of meeting it. So that a very few days saw Stephen in blue sleeves and a blue apron—the dress which he still loves best—parading through the streets of B——, with a tray of meat upon his head, and a huge mastiff called Boxer—whose warlike name matched his warlike nature—following at his heels as if part and parcel of himself. A proud boy was Stephen on that first day of his promotion.

Years wore away and found the errand-boy transmuted into the apprentice, and the apprentice ripened into the journeyman, with no diminution of industry, intelligence, steadiness, and good humour. As a young man of two or three and twenty, he was so remarkable for feats of strength and activity, for which his tall and athletic person, not at that period encumbered by flesh, particularly fitted him, as to be the champion of the town and neighbourhood; and large bets have been laid and won on his sparring, and wrestling, and lifting weights all but incredible. He has walked to London and back (a distance of above sixty miles) against time, leaping in his way all the turnpike-gates that he found shut, without even laying his hand upon the bars. He has driven a flock of sheep against a shepherd by profession, and has rowed against a bargeman; and all this without suffering these dangerous accomplishments to beguile him into the slightest deviation from his usual sobriety and good conduct. So that, when at six-and-twenty he became, first, head man to Mr. Jackson, the great butcher in the Butter-market; then married Mr. Jackson's only daughter; then, on his father-in-law's death, succeeded to the business and a very considerable property; and, finally, became one of the most substantial, respectable, and influential inhabitants of B——, every one felt that he most thoroughly deserved his good fortune; and although his prosperity has continued to increase with his years, and those who envied have seldom had the comfort of being called on to condole with him on calamities of any kind, yet, such is the power of his straight-forward fair-dealing, and his enlarged liberality, that his political adversaries, on the occasion of a contested election, or some such trial of power, are driven back to the workhouse and St. Stephen's lane, to his obscure and ignoble origin (for the noble parents whom his poor old friend used to prognosticate have never turned up) to find materials for party malignity.

Prosperous, most prosperous, has Stephen Lane been through life; but by far the best part of his good fortune (setting pecuniary advantages quite out of the question) was his gaining the heart and hand of such a woman as Margaret Jackson. In her youth she was splendidly beautiful—of the luxuriant and gorgeous beauty in which Giorgione revelled—and now, in the autumn of her days, amplified, not like her husband, but so as to suit her matronly character, she seems to me almost as delightful to look upon as she could have been in her earliest spring. I do not know a prettier picture than to see her sitting at her own door, on a summer afternoon, surrounded by her children and her grand-children,—all of them handsome, gay, and cheerful, with her knitting on her knee, and her sweet face beaming with benevolence and affection, smiling on all around, and seeming as if it were her sole desire to make every one about her as good and as happy as herself. One cause of the long endurance of her beauty is undoubtedly its delightful expression. The sunshine and harmony of mind depicted in her countenance would have made plain features pleasing, and there was an intelligence, an enlargement of intellect, in the bright eyes and the fair, expanded forehead, which mingled well with the sweetness that dimpled round her lips. Butcher's wife and butcher's daughter though she were, yet was she a graceful and gracious woman,—one of nature's gentlewomen in look and in thought. All her words were candid—all her actions liberal—all her pleasures unselfish—though, in her great pleasure of giving, I am not quite sure

that she was so—she took such extreme delight in it. All the poor of the parish and of the town came to her as a matter of course: *that* is always the case with the eminently charitable; but children also applied to her for their little indulgences, as if by instinct. All the boys in the street used to come to her to supply their several desires; to lend them knives and give them string for kites, or pencils for drawing, or balls for cricket, as the matter might be. Those huge pockets of her's were a perfect toy-shop, and so the urchins knew. And the little damsels, their sisters, came to her also for materials for doll's dresses, or odd bits of ribbon for pincushions, or coloured silks to embroider their needle-cases, or any of the thousand-and-one nick-knacks which young girls fancy they want. However out of the way the demand might seem, there was the article in Mrs. Lane's great pocket. She knew the tastes of her clients, and was never unprovided. And in the same ample receptacle, mixed with knives, and balls, and pencils for the boys, and doll's dresses, and sometimes even a doll itself, for the girls, might be found sugar-plums, and cakes, and apples, and gingerbread-nuts for the "toddling wee things," for whom even dolls have no charms. There was no limit to Mrs. Lane's bounty, or to the good-humoured alacrity with which she would interrupt a serious occupation to satisfy the claims of the small people. Oh, how they all loved Mrs. Lane!

Another and a very different class also loved the kind and generous inhabitant of the Butter-market—the class who, having seen better days, are usually averse to accepting obligations from those whom they have been accustomed to regard as their inferiors. With them Mrs. Lane's delicacy was remarkable. Mrs. Lucas, the curate's widow, often found some unespoken luxury, a sweetbread, or so forth, added to her slender order; and Mr. Hughes, the consumptive young artist, could never manage to get his bill. Our good friend the butcher had his full share in the benevolence of these acts, but the manner of them belonged wholly to his wife.

Her delicacy, however, did not, fortunately for herself and for her husband, extend to her domestic habits. She was well content to live in the coarse plenty in which her father lived, and in which Stephen revelled; and by this assimilation of taste, she not only insured her own comfort, but preserved, unimpaired, her influence over his coarser but kindly and excellent disposition. It was, probably, to this influence that her children owed an education which, without raising them in the slightest degree above their station or their home, yet followed the spirit of the age, and added considerable cultivation and plain but useful knowledge, to the strong manly sense of their father, and her own sweet and sunny temperament. They are just what the children of such parents ought to be. The daughters, happily married in their own rank of life; the sons, each in his different line, following the footsteps of their father, and amassing large fortunes, not by paltry savings, or daring speculations, but by well-grounded and judicious calculation—by sound and liberal views—by sterling sense and downright honesty.

Universally as Mrs. Lane was beloved, Stephen had his enemies. He was a politician—a Reformer—a Radical, in those days in which reform was not so popular as it has been lately; he loved to descant on liberty, and economy, and retrenchment, and reform, and carried his theory into practice, in a way exceedingly inconvenient to the Tory member, whom

he helped to oust; to the mayor and corporation, whom he watched as a cat watches a mouse, or as Mr. Hume watches the cabinet ministers; and to all gas companies, and paving companies, and water companies, and contractors of every sort, whom he attacks as monopolisers and speculators, and twenty more long words with bad meanings, and torments out of their lives, for he is a terrible man in a public meeting, hath a loud, sonorous voice, excellent lungs, cares for nobody, and is quite entirely inaccessible to conviction, the finest of all qualities for your thorough-going partizan. All the Tories hated Mr. Lane.

But the Tories formed but a small minority in B——; and amongst the Whigs and Radicals—or to gather the two parties into one word, the Reformers—he was decidedly popular; the leader of the opulent tradespeople both socially and politically. He it was—this denouncer of mayors' feasts and parish festivals—who, after the great contest, which his candidate gained by three, gave to the new member a dinner so magnificent as he declared he had not only never seen, but never imagined—a dinner like the realization of an epicure's dream, or an embodying of some of the visions of the old dramatic poets—accompanied by wines so aristocratic that they blushed to find themselves on a butcher's table. He was president of a smoking-club; and vice-president of half-a-dozen societies where utility and charity come in the shape of a good dinner; a great man at a Smithfield cattle-show; an eminent looker-on at the bowling-green, which salutary exercise he patronized and promoted by sitting at an open window, in a commodious smoking-room, commanding the scene of action; and a capital performer of catches and glees.

He was musical, very—did I not say so when talking of his youthful accomplishments? playing by ear “with fingers like toes” (as somebody said of Handel) both on the piano and the flute; and singing, in a fine bass voice many of the old songs, which are so eminently popular and national. His voice was loudest at church, giving body, as it were, to the voices of the rest of the congregation; and “God save the King,” at the theatre, would not have been worth hearing without Mr. Lane; he put his whole heart into it; for, with all his theoretical radicalism, the king—(any one of the three kings in whose reign he hath flourished, for he did not reserve his loyalty for our present most popular monarch, but bestowed it in full amplitude on his predecessors, the two last of the Georges)—the king hath not a more loyal subject. He is a great patron of the drama, especially the comic drama, and likes the stage-box at the B—— theatre, a niche meant for six, which exactly fits him. All-fours is his favourite game, and Joe Miller his favourite author.

His retirement from business and from B—— occasioned a general astonishment and consternation. It was perfectly understood that he could afford to retire from business as well as any tradesman who ever gave up a flourishing shop in that independent borough; but the busybodies, who take so unaccountable a pleasure in meddling with every body's concerns, had long ago decided that he never would do so; and that he should abandon the good town at the very moment when the progress of the Reform Bill had completed his political triumphs—when the few adversaries who remained to the cause (as he was wont emphatically to term it) had not a foot to stand upon—did appear the most wonderful wonder of wonders that had occurred since the days of Katter-

felto. Stephen Lane without B——!—B——, especially in its reformed state, without Stephen Lane, appeared as incredible as the announcements of the Bottle Conjuror. Stephen Lane to abandon the great shop in the Butter-market! What other place would ever hold him? And to quit the scene of his triumphs too! to fly from the very field of victory! The thing seemed impossible!

It was, however, amongst the impossibilities that turn out true. Stephen Lane *did* leave the reformed borough, perhaps all the sooner because it *was* reformed, and his work was over—his occupation was gone. It is certain that, without perhaps exactly knowing his own feelings, our good butcher did feel the vacuum, the want of an exciting object, which often attends upon the fulfilment of a great hope. He also felt and understood better the entire cessation of opposition amongst his old enemies, the corporation party. “Dang it, they might ha’ shown fight, these corporationers! I thought Ben Bailey had had more bottom!” was his exclamation, after a borough meeting which had passed off unanimously; and, scandalized at the pacific disposition of his adversaries, our puissant grazier turned his steps towards “fresh fields and pastures new.”

He did not move very far. Just over the border line which divides the parish of St. Stephen, in the loyal and independent borough of B——, from the adjoining hamlet of Sunham—that is to say, exactly half a mile from the great shop in the Butter-market, did Mr. Lane take up his abode, calling his suburban habitation, which was actually joined to the town by two rows of two-story houses, one of them fronted with poplars, and called “Marvell Terrace,” in compliment to the patriot of that name in Charles’s days,—calling this *rus in urbe* of his “the country,” after the fashion of the inhabitants of Kensington and Hackney, and the other suburban villages which surround London proper; as if people who live in the midst of brick houses could have a right to the same rustic title with those who live amongst green fields. Compared to the Butter-market, however, Mr. Lane’s new residence was almost rural; and the country he called it accordingly.

Retaining, however, his old town predilections, his large, square, commodious, and very ugly red house, with very white mouldings and window-frames, red, so to say, picked out with white, and embellished by a bright green door and a resplendent brass knocker,—was placed close to the road-side—as close as possible; and the road happening to be that which led from the town of B—— to the little place called London, he had the happiness of counting above sixty stage-coaches which passed his door in the twenty-four hours, with vans, waggons, carts, and other vehicles in proportion; and of enjoying, not only from his commodious mansion, but also from the window of a smoking-room at the end of a long brick wall, which parted his garden from the road, all the clatter, dust, and din of these several equipages—the noise being duly enhanced by there being, just opposite his smoking-room window, a public-house of great resort, where most of the coaches stopped to take up parcels and passengers, and where singing, drinking, and four-corners were going on all the day long.

One of his greatest pleasures in this retirement seems to be to bring all around him—wife, children, and grand-children—to the level of his own size, or that of his prize ox,—the expressions are nearly syno-

nymous. The servant-lads have a chubby breadth of feature, like the stone heads, with wings under them (*soi-disant* cherubim), which one sees perched round old monuments; and the maids have a broad, Dutch look, full and florid, like the women in Teniers' pictures. The very animals seem bursting with over-fatness: the great horse who draws his substantial equipage labours under the double weight of his master's flesh and his own; his cows look like stalled oxen; and the leash of large red greyhounds, on whose prowess and pedigree he prides himself, and whom he boasts, and vaunts, and brags of, and offers to bet upon, in the very spirit of the inimitable dialogue between Page and Shallow in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," could no more run a course in their present condition than they could fly,—the hares would stand and laugh at them.

Mr. Lane is certainly a very happy person; although, when first he removed from the Butter-market, it was quite the fashion to bestow a great deal of pity on the poor rich man, self-condemned to idleness,—which pity was as much thrown away as pity for those who have the power to follow their own devices generally is. Our good neighbour is not the man to be idle. Besides going every day to the old shop, where his sons carry on the business, and he officiates *en amateur*, attending his old clubs, and pursuing his old diversions in B——,—he has his farm at Sunham to manage, (some five hundred acres of pasture and arable land, which he purchased with his new house,) and the whole parish to reform. He has already begun to institute inquiries into charity-schools and poor-rates, keeps an eye on the surveyor of highways, and a close watch on the overseer: he attends turnpike-meetings; and keeps a sharp look-out upon the tolls; and goes peeping about the workhouse with an anxiety to detect peculation that would do honour even to a Radical member of the reformed House of Commons.

Moreover, he hath a competitor worthy of his powers, in the shape of the village orator, Mr. Jacob Jones, a little whipper-snapper of a gentleman farmer, with a shrill, cracked voice, and great activity of body, who, having had the advantage of studying some odds-and-ends of law, during a three years' residence in an attorney's office, has picked up therein a competent portion of technical jargon, together with a prodigious volubility of tongue, and a comfortable stock of impudence; and, under favour of these good gifts, hath led the village senate by the nose for the last dozen years. Now, Mr. Jacob Jones is, in his way, nearly as great a man as Mr. Lane; rides his bit of blood a fox-hunting with my Lord; dines once a-year with Sir John; and advocates abuses through thick and thin—he does not well know why—almost as stoutly as our good knight of the cleaver does battle for reform. These two champions are to be pitted against each other at the next vestry-meeting, and much interest is excited as to the event of the contest. I, for my part, think that Mr. Lane will carry the day. He is, in every way, a man of more substance; and Jacob Jones will no more be able to withstand "the momentum of his republican fist" than a soldier of light infantry could stand the charge of a heavy dragoon. Stephen, honest man, will certainly add to his other avocations that of overseer of Sunham. Much good may it do him!

THE CITY OF THE CLYDE.

LETTER FROM HENRY D'ARCY, ESQ., —TH LIGHT DRAGOONS, TO CHARLES VERNON, ESQ., RUE DE LA PAIX, A PARIS.

DEAR VERNON,—It surprises me, I own, that among the enchantments of the gayest capital in the world, you care to be informed of any impressions made on me, in exile, in the least so. But, as I agree with you that the reminiscences of *cities* are among the most striking and permanent of the results of travel, and as every city *has* something peculiar, it may be worth while to help out your list by transmitting to you my experience of the great metropolis of western Scotland; for as there are books that we rather borrow than buy, and places that we would more willingly visit in panoramas, or accept in description, than at the sacrifice of personal ease, I do not *invite* you to join me here; though, if the particulars I shall have to touch upon shall unexpectedly perform that office, I may possibly be summoned one day to your hotel, on your arrival at this *πολιν οικουμένην, μεγάλην και ευδαιμονα*. Yes! *cities* we are sure to remember; countries, except when they have been the scene of some memorable joy or sorrow, are seen from the coach-window and forgotten. Rocks and glaciers, waterfalls and old castles, are all alike, or differ only by a few hundred feet; but every *city* has something *sui generis*, and without question, this, in which I now most reluctantly reside, is in full possession of its share. Every city makes its first and most permanent impression through the *organs of sense*, an impression which long precedes and long outlasts any other relation we may afterwards bear to it; and as every city has of its own to be *seen* and *heard*, it is only when we have first seen all, and heard all, that we come to the men and women, the habits, customs, and dispositions of social life, compare, conclude, and depart.

As I am not going to send you an essay, but a letter, I must not be bound to any exact order in my details. Know then that like most other cities where a settlement has been made on the banks of a great river, Glasgow, consisting of main streets, many in number, intersected by others, the *first* are found to follow the course of that river, and the others are disposed at right or other angles, in relation to these. The whole city, including the new, together with the old parts of it, rises from the river upwards, to a considerable height, through rectangular streets, that take a *northern* direction, while the greater highways, in the course of a mile, are found to have attained a considerable elevation *westward*. During the perambulation of these streets, of either class, there is very little indeed worthy of remark. The churches are consummately ugly without being old, and the college is old without being imposing or venerable. Its new museum, well enough without, is within, like many others, an ill-constructed building, into which light is so penuriously or indirectly admitted, that it squints upon the contained objects and reveals them very imperfectly. They have what they call an *arcade* here, about as warm and light as the Thames tunnel, (on reflection I beg the Tunnel's pardon,) nor must I forget to mention, that the great *coercive construction*, in which men are not tenants at *will*, has all the architectural charms that could be reasonably expected, and is *admired* accordingly. The simple fact is, that there is only one *fine* building in Glasgow; and that building, the Exchange, not without defects, is really much superior to your over-celebrated Bourse, with its 'mille colonnes.' It might be taken for a bit of the *Louvre*, stolen from Paris, and deposited in Glasgow by *mistake* for Edinburgh, by some of those *felonious* angels who carried off the *Santa Casa* from Palestine to Loretto.

Among the first agreeable impressions made on us in new places are those which arise from the cheerfulness and activity of the moving and out-of-door population, and from the quantity which these places may possess of natural and of artificial light. A city in the enjoyment of a good deal of sunshine, and of which the shops and streets are well lighted up at

night, may always be endured for a short time. Now as to the light of day, Glasgow is in possession of probably a smaller portion than any city in the British empire. The throats of many a score of tall and ominous-looking chimnies are incessantly discharging eructations of the densest smoke into an atmosphere almost always opaque and sunless by reason of the prevalent south-westerly winds loaded with vapour from the Atlantic; while to the cheerfulness dispensed elsewhere by *artificial* light, there is here a striking exception, in the melancholy association forced upon the mind of the prolonged labour which works by it. A huge brick parallelogram, whether rejoicing in the name of manufactory or cotton-mills, with its thousand panes of illuminated glass, is assuredly one of the most painful objects on which the eye of the stranger can rest; he knows there are no revels within; no music, but the click and buzz of the eternal machinery! Light in the gilded saloon, light in the theatre, light from the forge, nay, its feeble presentation from the solitary cottage pane, are all agreeable perceptions of this glorious element, but the traveller through the manufacturing districts has another experience in artificial light to make, and another impression to record.—In this most opaque of cities—

“ Quod latus mundi nebulae, malusque
Jupiter urget,

a well lighted cotton-mill, as you go to your evening party, is not an object of indifference, nor will the sojourner here during the winter months, be always able to suppress a sigh, even during the day season, that Providence has not placed him *ubi soles melius nitent*.

Before I have quite done with this luminous subject, let me tell you, that in a dark night you will be surprised at seeing the eastern horizon relieved at intervals of its obscurity, by measured bursts or gushes of vivid and diffused light, as if from some great volcano, or from a city in flames.—Don't be alarmed, it is only the Clyde iron-works!

Having thus compendiously disposed of the *sights* of Glasgow, or at least of some of the more striking impressions made upon the nerve of vision, I wish to claim your sympathy for a few of the many irritations with which it is accustomed to afflict the *auricular apparatus* of the stranger. I own that I *am* impatient of *noise*. I believe I was born without a *membrana tympani* (if that be a protective construction) and that harsh sounds penetrate at once into my brain. It is only by this physiological supposition that I can comprehend how it happened to me to feel a sort of physical necessity of inditing a paper (not unknown to you) in *Blackwood*, of and concerning *London* noises, in which, as you recollect, among many other particulars, the performances of certain tall fellows in livery, on pieces of *hinged iron*, attached, by the instigation of the devil, to *house doors*, for the disturbance of the inmates, invited my particular attention. Happily there are few *knockers* in Glasgow; but it is nevertheless *κατ' ἐξοχην*, the city of *discord*. Let us take them one at a time, in the order in which they present themselves. First, you must make up your mind at this season of the year, and at three o'clock in the morning, when it is difficult to make up one's mind to anything, to the afflicting visitation (curse them!) of the *waites*; next, at about seven, to the yell of “*Caller haddies*;” this double suffering will shortly be succeeded by a very peculiar, perfectly *epichorial*, and most distracting method of separating *dust* from *carpets* (of which more anon); while you must, at *all* times, be prepared for the infernal bagpipe, modulated by the blind for the benefit of the *deaf*, to say nothing of the *stridulous flute*, which it hath pleased Pan, Apollo, or Nemesis, hitherto to restrain to the classical region of the college. All these constitute an *experiment in harmonics* that cannot be enjoyed in imagination! Listen (can you help yourself?) to the watchman! *Every* watchman in every place is a monster, owing his preferment to some *nasal* or *guttural* peculiarity;—a monster whom one would too gladly bribe, were it possible to corrupt him into silence, or

slay, on plea of justifiable homicide. His duties *here* are however more than commonly exhilarating; wherefore do these excellent citizens take pleasure in having the *wet* complexion of the winter day *announced* to them some hours before they rise to enjoy it? *All* tastes are doubtless respectable, and the Scotch we know are a matter-of-fact people; covetous of *precise* information on all topics, but why convey *needless* information to one's pillow, and throw a *damp* over one's spirits by anticipation? does not every body in Glasgow know that yesterday was, and to morrow will be a wet day? The watch-dog in the country bays and barks, or howls, by *paroxysms*; but the detestable functionary in question comes with horrid punctuality to assert his impertinent vigilance, and compel you to join in it; and while, elsewhere, his unwelcome tramp is heard but once every hour, *here*, every *half hour* does he insist on depriving you of the best gift of heaven.

Yet do not suppose that the office of the Glasgow watchman is restrained to the observation of the single element of *water*: far from unfrequently you are indebted to him for the announcement of *fire*, no *Proximus* Ucalegon forming the excuse. Fire in Nelson-street! and then a twist of the infernal crotalus or rattle, with which the demon of discord has furnished him! Presently another *rattle*-snake regales you with fire in Nile-street! Fire in the Gallowgate! Fire in the Gorbals!—all, a league or two from *your* house, which is *not* on fire, and does not intend to be! In short, the whole corps, catching the signal from one station to another, you have soon an uproar which could not well have been greater when Rome was sacked by Brennus and the Gauls!

That wherever fires are lighted, *chimneys* must be swept, is a proposition that appears to require no *limitation*; but there is a “time for all things,” *except* for sweeping chimneys in Glasgow: the singularly melancholy invitation of this child of misery is, I assert it, to be heard here *at all hours*; nor can you, for your own particular relief, curse him and have done with it; for I defy anybody to curse a chimney-sweeper from the bottom of his heart, though he wake him from his most blissful dreams!—no! not even when his lugubrious treble is conveyed to your ear through the damp and dreary fog of a November morning!—on such a morning is there anything more depressing than the wheezing cough of a consumptive chimney-sweeper?—But I am forgetting the waites!—What shall we say or not say of the *waites*? those agreeable missionaries happily let loose upon us only for a season?—Are not all night noises, especially during *winter* nights, a frightful violence offered to nature? To have one's *loyalty* appealed to, at three o'clock in the morning by the “National Anthem,” would, in truth, (as the king is probably sound asleep,) require us to be “*plus royalistes que le roi*.” This custom, it is much to be feared, is but a remnant of those *popish* abominations which, of all British subjects, the Scotch should be the least disposed to tolerate. Who would expect to find Christmas thus heralded among the descendants of the Covenanters? That to the mere instinctive *love of music* is to be referred this patronage of a great nuisance, I confess myself disinclined to admit. In the first place I am *rather* a disbeliever in the subject of *Scottish* music at all, (a *southern* heretic may still incline to the opinion, that this divine art *came* to Holyrood with Mary, and *expired* on the harp of Rizzio :) at any rate, music is unwelcome in the hours of repose; and when the “*prima quies mortalibus ægris incipit*,” who would exchange *it* for the finest voluntary of the organ of Haarlem, or the cadences of Pasta herself? In *some* nations, an accumulated gaiety of constitution from climate, must, I admit, explode, and it breaks forth safely as well as naturally into musical utterance; but does the sun sink into the ocean too soon for our Venetian revels? or do these inexorable perpetrators of uncouth sounds accomplish any one purpose, unless it be *that*, perhaps, of comforting the professors of divinity and church history, by the recollection, that when thus awakened in the night-watches, they have no litanies to sing and no midnight masses to perform? We can endure the Piperari at Rome: we listen not merely without resentment to the shepherd minstrels of Calabria,

when in the wild and immemorially ancient strains of their native mountains, they announce the Advent along the moon-lit streets of the Campagna Felice. *There*, the genius loci invites and justifies a custom, which *here*, is an impertinent and preposterous anomaly. It is not many nights ago that these amiable peripatetics, hearing that I had just returned from London by the mail, judiciously proceeded to *tune* their instruments under my particular window, before proceeding to the concert itself: I think it required a full quarter of an hour before the instruments were of *one mind*: in another, I should have been out of mine. But should this happen again, I will pay them back their *airs* in *kind* with an *air gun*.

If midnight music be not a *pleasure*, it is a penalty—we all object to pay penalties *unequally imposed*; the thrice-blest, who enjoy *companionship* by night as well as by day, may, it is presumed, when thus restored to *consciousness*, console each other, and take sweet counsel together; while those unfortunates to whom Providence still permits the privilege, or appoints the dispensation, of lying, if it please them, *diagonally* in bed, must resort to all kinds of curvilinear figures, and in vain, for relief; that married people sleep sounder than others, *they* know very well; for me, not in possession of that heroic remedy, (on whatever *principle* it may operate,) I have tried all sorts of “poppy and mandragora” in vain, nor have I found the beautiful invocation of Sophocles in a single instance successful:

Ἦπν' ὀδυνας αἰδανς, ὕπν' δ' ἀλγεων,
ευαῆς ἄμιν εὐλοῖς
ευαιων, ευαιων αναζ.

Seven o'clock! The sleep of exhausted sensibility, a poor substitute for that of nature, now lies heavy on the lids; but a blast is about to be blown, to which the trumpet of Alecto were a trifle, though its sounds pervaded central Italy and penetrated into the valley of the Nar!—Oh, if Saint Peter could but be induced to remove the pinch of his black finger and thumb from the shoulders of the *fish* to the throat of the vociferator! One, two, three—ten—twenty,—here they come! Hark to that fellow's *Irish trachea* of no common calibre! I know it is not *generally* thought that *Burking* will be legalised during the *first* session of the reform parliament; but really an organ of that diameter neatly suspended in alcohol, would be an acquisition to *any* museum. There is no *other* chance of getting it; for I know, by long experience, that the people who make loud noises in the streets *never die*; the cries, and of course the criers, in the highways and byways of great cities are *immortal*;—the *blind obviously live for ever*; and the orbless man who sells boot-laces in Piccadilly may have carried on that branch of commerce during the Trojan war, when, as we may conjecture from a Homeric epithet or two, the article of leathern thongs was much in request. A finer arena for the discord in question could not be selected than *Blythswood Square*, of which the four sides repeat the various inflexions of unequal voice, with singularly fine effect! As, however, in this opera, the *female* performers are *not* the favourites, and have little chance with the *males*, let me then throw out a hint:—the municipal Authorities of Glasgow, were they men of *any* gallantry, should really furnish the weaker sex, or at any rate one or two of the prima donnas employed in this engaging commerce, with *ship trumpets*; the effect would be very grand. What! has a shoal of *whales* invaded the Clyde?—what! all this explosion for *haddocks* only!—It begins, I said, at seven; it ends—no! it *never* ends. Some *tons* of the delicate fish in question have been *assimilated* and *identified* with the animal economy, while the immortal cry of “*Caller haddies*” affords the assurance that there is *still* a considerable stock on hand. Ecoutez!—a method has occurred to me by which, as far at least as the *male* sex are concerned, the evil under discussion (if it *be* an evil, but perhaps some people like it) might be brought within some bounds of moderation. If his *Lordship* the Provost, and his *Baillie* confraternity, would but consent to educate the future *heralds of the haddock mart* in an *Italian conservatorio*—(and there are

many vessels in Clyde that trade to Leghorn)—the joint assistance of the music-master and *another* functionary would, in a few years, furnish the banks of the Clyde (though the *Irish* performers might object to the discipline) with excellent soprani.

Eight o'clock ;—a lull to the storm ! at least to *that storm* ; but imagine not that you shall even now enjoy tranquillity, and sleep one little hour in peace !—carpets are to be beaten.—Oh, that the loom in which that dust-retaining web is wrought had never been invented ! The small battery of these accursed sharp-shooters now opens at either corner of the square ; clatter, clatter, clatter, for a full quarter of an hour, without a moment's repose, by Shrewsbury clock ! The interesting delegates who execute this order of domestic despotism, thick-legged, red-elbowed, loosely-zoned, sub-masculine figures—are perfect adepts ; the rhythm is faultless ; *time* is rigorously kept. *You* might wait for the dissipation of the *cloud* they raise, in the hope of beholding the *Venus* it might conceal ; experience has taught me *not to do so* ; and, with a certain quantity of cotton in my ears, and imperfectly articulated maledictions on my lips, I only wait for the slowly retiring step of the perspiring damsels with their folded carpets under their arms. I had almost forgotten to say, and it would have been an important omission, that the criers of *Belfast Almanacks* are among the vocal performers of this city. The *months* consist of the same number of days at Belfast as elsewhere ; the predictions are as *true* ; but the popularity of the Belfast Almanack consists in its being sold for a *penny*, and its not being *flettri by a red stamp*. Accidents and offences are here recommended to public sympathy or indignation by *harmonies* composed on the respective emergencies ; a shipwreck in the Clyde employs and feeds a dozen very large mouths ; the diffusion of any calamity through Glasgow is always a regular cantilena *for two voices* ; a murder keeps many wretches alive for another week, and the suspension of one man's respiration by the hangman, prodigiously accelerates that function in some of his blackguard survivors. The *last* noise that it occurs to me to mention, but it is not peculiar to Glasgow, is that of *bells*. I was going to say *hang* all bells ! but that is precisely the *reverse* of my wish. This hateful instrument (that is when its calibre is beyond that of a sheep-bell or your Spanish muleteers') is of *high* antiquity. Would that the invention had perished with the inventor ! Every established church has its *gong*—not always “ flat,” though “ stale and unprofitable.” He that hath heard, as I have heard, the unearthly voice of the muezzin from the minaret, may think, as I do, that *tintinnabulatory noise* is not the happiest citation to the house of prayer. The pagan temples were frequented *without* any summons ; people go to change and market *without* bells to call them ; they find their way to the opera, or to the agreeable dinner party, *without* clocks or alarums. Bells in taverns are really useful, and accordingly, in Scotland, out of the great cities, you seldom find them ; as to the church bells *here*, they sound as if they were muffled in wet blankets, and ringing a knell at the sun's funeral !

The *ancilla* genus is very scarce and indifferent in Glasgow. Your neat, succinct lady's maid, your comely nursery-maid of the Green Park, who hath learned to keep her *eye* on the little wretches she conducts, and yet can occasionally afford her *ear* to any conversation that may interest her,—this sort of thing does not exist in Glasgow. As to the mere *nudity* of the *lower extremities*, for which the handmaidens of this city are conspicuous, were it without the reproach of *nastiness*, why as your taste and mine have been exercised a little on classical models, we are not likely to be *offended* : *au contraire*, while it recalls primeval manners, and puts you in mind of the *Odyssey*, it has, as I occasionally observe, certain *agréments*. Shoes and stockings are monstrous inventions ; and I should say, that the noiseless step of a well-turned naked foot on *Brussels* or *Turkey carpet* would be very *agreeable*, and a decided improvement in our domestic interior ; a positive refinement ! It is *pretty*, too, (this foot,) on the *turf* or heather—very pretty ! while it positively offends when trampling in mud, or lacerated by gravel.

Now, how do you like Glasgow? Are you satisfied that *chez nous* more than one sense is in more than one way assailed? Shall I warn you from the *fleshers*, all blood and brains, like the cave of Polyphemus? from the *poulterers*, where, while you are negotiating for your solitary partridge, you may be surprised

at the cry
Of some strong turkey in its agony *?

from the *confectioners*, under the special patronage of *Libitina*, as I conjecture from the popular *affiche* in all of them, of *funeral biscuits*? from the unscavengered street-crossings, which even *voluntary* alms would indemnify for cleansing? from *contact*, if you can *help it*, with the descendants of the old Numidian family of *Tacfarinas*† (the bakers), who walk *arm in arm*, and contest the wall with you *passim*, but chiefly at the cross.

It is hard to quit an inexhaustible subject, but I must conclude; and may, or may not, in my next, slightly *perstringe* the manners and anti-cheerful peculiarities of Glasgow. In a capacity for conversation, in acquaintance with its *gentle* laws, in indulgence for its *latitudes*, the people of this part of Scotland have made very inconsiderable progress; the playfulness of the social hour you had better not expect, and *far* better not undertake to promote: the *matter-of-factists* will put down as your *sôber* opinion, and the guide of your conduct, the *επεα πτερόεντα* inspired by the festivity of the hour, the *Lasitte* before you, or the *lady* by your side.

The Sunday here is most sabbatically kept. They shut up the only promenade which in the opening spring possesses the least *amenity*, the Botanic Gardens, and *prevent* some scores of people from rejoicing among the most beautiful and consoling of the works of God, in order that the *one or two* attendants may *go to church*, that is, listen to—*mais que voulez-vous*? I dare say some of the *ultras* would prevent the seed from germinating, or the herb from bursting its vegetable bonds on Sunday, if it depended upon *them*. I once knew an old woman who shut up her cock together with his concubines—(she should first have separated them)—every Sunday in a dark cellar, to perform penance, before she went to church. In this horrid place, every Sabbath brings a suspension of all that makes other dull places tolerable. Few walk; none venture to mount a horse; the steam-vessel lies like a *sleeping water-fowl on the beautiful Clyde*; the poor mechanic cannot, if he would, ventilate his lungs, or refresh his wife and children on its pure waters; pent up in his close or vernal, amidst the *fomites* of fever and dysentery, he must make the best of it. O the horrors of a Scottish Sabbath in its cities! What penances will not men impose on their own consciences!—and the results? *Je n'en sais rien*. But I *know* that the Christian exercise of voice commonly called *scandal* is not *less* practised here than elsewhere, and observe that the citizen of the Clyde pursues his diurnal interests with certainly not less intensity of purpose than other people. The same average quantity of solid virtue and social worth may, *must* exist here, as in other places, but I will say that the virtue is somewhat less seductive, and the social disposition, perhaps in the situation of the kernel of a very hard nut, which *must first be broken*, and which all will not take the trouble to break.

On the whole, I own that I should not quite like to leave my bones under one of the huge cast-iron *SAFES* which you see placed over the *tombs*. These safes are *grilles* of great solidity and large dimensions, which, on the first inspection, suggest a suitable accommodation for an *extensive menagerie*; you seem to have a right to expect the muzzle of a lion or the formidable claw of a tiger to protrude from beneath. Adieu, then, till we meet in spring to enjoy our pleasant walk along the Boulevards.

I remain, dear Vernon, yours affectionately,

HENRY D'ARCY.

* ——— the bubbling cry

Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—*Don Juan*.

† *Tacfarinas*.—*Tacit. Annal*,

PAGANINI'S FIDDLE.

“ Il cantar, che nell ANIMA, si sente.”—PETRARCH.

“ This must be spirit music, good my Lord !”—TEMPEST.

WHAT traveller who has ever visited “ Genoa la Superba” can forget the Strada Balbi, with its marble palaces, its bright frescos, and hanging orange groves? Who can forget that clear blue sky, whose tints are reflected in the Mediterranean, and whose heat is tempered by the “ aria marina ” which there so gratefully refreshes the southern atmosphere? Bright and sunny as the picture is, still, like all others, it has its reverse; and some of the narrow lanes, which lie in the vicinity of this magnificent street, present, as if by way of contrast, scenes of dirt, desolation, and wretchedness, unequalled in any even of the Italian cities.

In one of these miserable byways, in 1810, the period at which our story commences, Nicolo Paganini, the violinist “ *par excellence*,” whose name has since been borne upon the wings of Fame throughout all Europe, and who has been deemed, in the judgment of the musical world, unrivalled and supreme in the arcana of his art, dwelt in poverty, unnoticed and unknown. He was the inhabitant of one of the poorest shops in the “ vicolo,” or narrow lane, and barely obtained enough by working as a musical instrument-maker to support himself and his aged mother, who for many years had been his sole companion. For some time past their circumstances had been gradually declining, and the little patrimony bequeathed to Paganini by his father had been dissipated and exhausted, so that the poor Genoese had been reduced from comparative independence to obtain his daily bread by his daily labour. This had not always been the case. The little shop of Paganini had at one time exhibited an appearance of comfort, and even wealth; he and his mother Brigitta had been decently clad; and as there were not many tradesmen in Genoa who followed the same occupation, he had obtained a tolerable livelihood. At that period he might regularly have been seen working cheerfully at the door of his little habitation, gaily humming some of the favourite airs of his native city, and repaying with interest the good-humoured jokes of the Genoese damsels, who often raised their veils in passing to gaze upon his thin, ungainly figure, and wild, spirit-like face. But all his bright prospects of independence had been clouded; and one unfortunate calamity seemed to doom him to continued melancholy and to hopeless poverty—he had become the victim of monomania; a devoted prey to one unchangeable idea, which haunted him night and day, and whose impulses he blindly followed, regardless of the privations he might suffer or give rise to. His poor mother, deeply afflicted at seeing him thus dissipate his substance, in vain entreated him not to reduce her to misery. Her supplications were disregarded, sometimes unheard, and her son continued to neglect his ordinary occupation; so that by degrees all his savings, his stock in trade, his furniture, and even his very clothes, were swallowed up in the expenses incurred by the futile experiments which his monomania induced him to make. It must, however, be confessed, that if there had been any chance of his attaining his object, Paganini had hit upon an excellent speculation. Having in his possession a violin of the celebrated

Mantuan maker, Tartini, for which several amateurs had offered him extravagant prices, the idea of imitating the excellencies of that maker suddenly flashed across his mind. He calculated, fairly enough, that if he could produce a violin, copied from his model with mathematical exactness, formed of a similar description of wood, and coloured and varnished in a similar manner, his instrument would fully equal the original in tone and value. In spite, however, of all his endeavours, he always discovered some trifling differences between the copy and the model—some indefinitely slight distinctions which rendered it necessary to commence the work over again. Thus the poor instrument-maker seemed destined to the endless task of constructing new violins, and of making infinitely close approximations to, without ever reaching, the perfection which he aimed at. At last, after many experiments, Paganini's original idea became somewhat modified; he had completed a violin which, to all appearance, was a perfect copy of the Tartini, and which, nevertheless, was so wholly inferior to it, that Paganini began to suspect that some element of a superior nature, some intellectual essence above his reach, existed in the composition of that *chef-d'œuvre* of violins. "Who knows," said he, raising his tall, thin figure, and fixing his dark, unearthly eyes upon a Genoese professor, who endeavoured to solve his problem by some new application of the theory of sound,— "Who knows whether I should not seek, out of the pale of this gross material world, the solution of my doubts? Words are the representatives of ideas, are they not? Well then, when I speak of the soul of music which dwells within my violin, perhaps I may have unwittingly mentioned the obstacle which retards me; perhaps there may be a soul of music! What think you, Signor?" The Professor, with an inward conviction of the madness of poor Paganini, only answered by shaking his head in that oracular, Lord Burleigh style which means everything or nothing, and left the shop, while Paganini continued soliloquising. "Aye, the soul of music! but how is that spirit to be invoked, and to what incantations will it prove submissive? I have heard of one Mozart, a German, who has effected wondrous music with a zauberflöte, (a magic flute,) why should there not be also a magic violin? Let me consider now." His head sunk on his breast, and he only became the more deeply buried in his speculations.

One day a customer, who brought him a fiddle-bow to have it repaired, forgot in his shop a book, which remained there unreclaimed for some time. Paganini, in his hours of leisure, which were rare, (for when his hands were not engaged in manual labour his poor visionary brains were at work,) turned over the leaves. It was one of those respectable monuments of Florentine patience which the press of Messer Giulio Aliberti produced in the seventeenth century—the prototype of the modern Encyclopædias and Societies for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The author of the work, which thus fell into Paganini's hands, modestly professed his intention to treat "*de omnibus rebus*, and also of many other things," and certainly did his best to fulfil his profession by making his book, like Lord Brougham's head, a universal repertorium! There a chapter upon the best form of government was to be found beside one upon the Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne; and a receipt for making Cyprus wine was followed by a dissertation on the Council of Trent. As Paganini indolently turned over its leaves, the words "Transmigration of Souls" suddenly met his eye. He started up in extasy, feeling that his

hour was come, and that the great secret which he had so long sought, and sought for in vain, was on the point of being revealed to him. He devoured the chapter, which contained merely an account of the Indian doctrine of the Metempsychosis; and conceiving that a new light had burst in upon him, occupied himself in making preparations for the great physiological experiment, which he hoped would soon crown his efforts.

Three months after Paganini had perused the volume which had so deeply attracted his attention, and had become imbued with the idea of the eternal transmigration of souls, through animate and inanimate bodies, thus convincing himself of the possibility of animating an inanimate violin, the interior of the little shop which he inhabited presented a strange and unusual scene. It was one o'clock in the morning; not a sound was to be heard in the devoted streets of Genoa; and then, in a small apartment behind his shop, whose darkness was only rendered visible by one small lamp, lay Brigitta Paganini, the mother of our artist, in the pangs of her last hour, upon the very same black leather bed on which, thirty years before, her son Nicolo had been brought into the world. We would not, however, insinuate for a moment, that Paganini had murdered his mother for the sake of establishing his theory. No; he had not as yet reached so high a degree of apathetic philosophy. The respectable old lady was only dying of a cancer, which she had rendered inveterate by copious doses of rosolia. There she lay, a prey to all the agonies which that torturing disease inflicts upon its victims, speechless, and only giving evidence of her existence by deep and painful groans; and beside the bed stood her son Nicolo, pale but determined,—unnerved by the pangs of which he was witness,—not one tear glistening in his eyes,—not one muscle of his face exhibiting an expression of sympathy. No: all his faculties were absorbed in watching the expiring woman, while he applied to her dying lips a long leathern tube connected with the violin lying upon the table.

At fifty-two minutes and some seconds past one the respiration of poor Brigitta suddenly ceased; her pulse stopped,—her eye became fixed;—and her son, almost shouting for joy, having received her last breath in the tube, hermetically stopped the entrance, and forced the dying sigh down the leathern passage into the body of the violin. This, it is hardly necessary to inform our readers, was the experiment over which Paganini had so long pondered. This was the impious attempt which, with the heartlessness of ambition, he made to imprison the soul of his respectable mother in the bowels of a violin. Happily, however, the superhuman experiment was frustrated. The Indian philosophers, who fancied the last sigh, the *anima ultima*, to be synonymous with the soul, had misled him through their false system of metaphysics. The human *soul* has other modes of reaching the regions of eternal misery or bliss than through the medium of human respiration; and the result of the experiment was to imprison, not the *soul*, but the *ghost*, the surviving human breath of the estimable Brigitta, in the fiddle of her son. It must not, however, be imagined that such audacious tampering with the things of the invisible world were unattended with evil to the bold experimenter. At the moment when the great effort was accomplished, and the ghost was heard fluttering for freedom against the sides of the violin, Paganini, exhausted by the efforts which he had made, and the emotions which he had experienced, sunk lifeless upon the floor, and remained there until the sun was already high in the heavens.

When he recovered, it was only by slow degrees that the transactions of the night were presented to his mind. With a slow and trembling step he approached the bed upon which his mother lay. He closed her eyes, which seemed to regard him with a melancholy and reproachful glance; and then, throwing aside all thoughts of repentance, rushed in ecstasy to the table on which the violin lay, and, gently touching the strings, ascertained, from the soothing spiritual sounds which issued from it, that his experiment had not been without effect. His violin had at length become a something more than human!

Gradually, and by awful degrees, did Paganini venture to make use of the magic power which he had thus acquired. The place in which the incantation had been performed grew hateful to him: he quitted Genoa, where he had become an object of suspicion and envy, and went to exhibit his magic violin upon the more extensive theatres of Rome and Naples. Everywhere his music produced the most astonishing effects; everywhere he was heard with the deepest rapture, his performance striking even the most jealous of his rivals dumb with admiration. At Rome he had the honour of a private audience with the Pope at the Quirinal Palace, and had the incredibly religious audacity to perform upon the spirit of his mother for the entertainment of Pius VII. and a select conclave of Cardinals. The Pontiff, after consulting Cardinal Gonsalvi, pronounced the music to be heavenly!—a judgment which the reader must needs regard as a striking proof of Papal fallibility, as the spirit of Brigitta was not in heaven, and, at best, was subject to all the tortures of a musical purgatory,—now groaning in the *de profundis* of a bass, and now hurried aloft into the ærial wailings of *e in altissimo*. Her voice is particularly observable in his *e flats*. However Paganini departed from Rome covered with honours; and at Naples his success was still more remarkable. The King assigned a suite of apartments in the Caserta Palace for his use. The Lazzaroni, awakened from their usual “*dolce far niente*,” pointed him out to each other in the streets, “*Ecco il gran sonatore*;” and, better than all, the Opera-house was crowded to suffocation every night of his performance, and crowns and sonnets were showered upon his head. Little did the Roman Pontiff, or the amateurs of the San Carlo, think, while they listened to the unearthly tones of the enchanted instrument, that it was spirit music sounded in their ears,—that it was the injured spirit of the imprisoned Brigitta pleading in plaintive tones for her release.

At length, thanks to the newspapers and M. Laporte, the fame of Paganini reached the good city of London, where higher rewards than even those in the Arabian tale await the inventor of a new pleasure, and where novelty calls down a golden shower more surely than the conductor attracts the electric fluid. Money was all-powerful in the soul of the Italian, and to London he went; passing, however, through Paris, where he had the good fortune of “*assisting*” at a grand review of the National Guard by Louis Philippe, one or two “*émeutes*,” and about a dozen concerts. At London Paganini at last arrived; and there his unhallowed thirst for fame and gold was doomed to experience some foretaste of its punishment. It is true that his concerts were well attended; his name was the topic of every tongue; enterprising booksellers puffed his pseudo-biographies; grave physiologists wrote essays upon his physical organization; his face and figure disfigured every printshop; and sentimental young ladies (there is no nation more

romanesque than the English) laid their bewitching selves, and still more bewitching fortunes at his feet! Even the barriers of the exclusives fell at his approach! He was *fêted* at Lady Y——'s and the Duke of D——'s; and, to crown the triumph of his soul, managers vied in offering him the hugest engagements!

Sed medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat."

"Amidst the roses fierce repentance rears her snaky crest."

While the triumph of the violinist was at its highest, the cup of pleasure, for a time, was dashed from his guilty lips. At his last concert in the Haymarket, an old Genoese, the butler of the Sardinian Ambassador, happened to be present. He had known, "*dans les beaux jours de sa jeunesse*," under the bright sky of Italy, Brigitta Paganini; he had known and passionately loved her; and the recollections of his early attachment had never been obliterated from his susceptible bosom. When the first sounds of Paganini's violin reached his ears, he started in amazement; a thousand recollections of youth, of home, of happiness, of the smiles and tears of former years, were excited by the plaintive tones of his early love issuing from the fiddle. Human nature could not support the shock, and old Pietro fainted. Some of his fellow-domestics, it is true, accused him of having swallowed at dinner too large a portion of that pernicious potation, so pleasing to Londoners, called gin: but Pietro stoutly maintained the next morning (for on the fatal evening he had been carried to bed in the most affecting state), that his emotion had not been occasioned by any earthly spirit, but by the heavenly spirit of his long-lost Brigitta. He immediately proceeded to 22, Regent-street, demanded an interview with Paganini, approached him with tottering steps, and, in a hollow voice, demanded, "Where is thy mother?" This question overcame the shattered nerves of the conscience-stricken fiddler. He glared unutterable things,—struck his forehead frantically,—rushed from the room, with his fiddle-case under his arm; locked the door upon the astonished Pietro,—ordered post-horses instantly,—and quitted England never to return.

Such, at least was his intention; but the love of gold is stronger than the love of one's mother, or even than the dread of her ghost. At any rate, all the Genoese think so, and some few Englishmen; otherwise so many good lessons in childhood and one's copy-book would not be so soon forgotten by the dealers in bank-notes and fiddle-notes. News was brought to Paganini that Pietro, not many hours after his interview with him, had died of a locked jaw, and that his notion of the maternal spirit had been looked upon by the incredulous English as the fancy of a disordered brain. Paganini sighed; looked at his strong box; gave a few ducats to the church of St. Siri for the repose of his mother's soul! (so inconsistent is superstition;) and set off again with that very soul in his fiddle-case for England.

"With this sauce," says the *Almanach des Gourmands*, speaking we forget of what exquisite condiment, "a man might eat his father."

"With this temptation," quoth Paganini, looking at a fresh draft on a banker, with a groan betwixt rapture and remorse, "a man may, and *must*, play the devil with the ghost of his mother."

THE RUINED LAIRD.

“WHAT ’ill that be, Mrs. Græme?”

“What, Aberfoy?”

“De’il take it, woman, have ye no got a pair of ears to yer head? What’s that skirling and screaming among the bairns?”

“Why, how can I tell? they’re always screaming and fighting. I suppose the boys have quarrelled;—or, maybe, they’re teasing Jeanie——”

“Weel, weel, take yere own way, Mrs. Græme; but it’s little comfort to a man to see the mother of his children, and the mistress of his house, lie daudling on a fine sofa, instead of being up and about, bestirring herself (there again! hear till’t,) and preventing the little leisure poor means leave him from being spent (there again!) in flichting at the servants and correcting the bairns. It’s no for a reproach I say it, Mrs. Græme, but Aberfoy was a different place when my mother saw the sun rise every morn on Bencruach, and wanted no grumblin’ lady’s-maid to draw away the curtain and show when it was day-light.”

The speaker was a dark, stout-made, handsome-looking man of about five-and-forty, dressed in a green plaid waistcoat and shooting-jacket; in his hand he held a paper advertising a show of cattle to be held at some distance from Aberfoy, the particulars of which he had vainly attempted to master during the succession of discordant noises which had finally provoked him to address his wife. On this lady he bent an angry and contemptuous look; but he might as well have attempted to frown away the rain from his harvest-field, as indolence from the nature of Mrs. Græme of Aberfoy. He might have sworn, stormed, scolded, till doomsday; she knew he would not beat her, and she was just the sort of woman who dreaded, or rather heeded, nothing else. Ten years since both thought they had done a most satisfactory thing in getting married. The laird of Aberfoy (who, up to that period, when the death of his father left him master of the small and barren, but beautiful place of that name, had scarcely ever been sixty miles from home) encountered his future bride at Bath,—to which place he had gone to convey a crooked and sickly sister; and as he had been chiefly accustomed to draw his notions of female manners from this, and three other more robust and consequently more active sisters, he immediately, with the natural caprice of man’s heart, decided that there was a charm in the languid grace of the young West Indian widow. She had all the gentle sweetness of his sister Nanny, without the painful deformity and feebleness which made that gentleness seem only part of the disease. She had the gaiety of Catherine,—the beauty of Margaret,—the magnificent figure of Ellen, without the loud, shrill laugh, the tanned and harsh complexion, the horse and foot activity, which distinguished these young ladies. They were all well and comfortably married in Scotland: Nanny was well and comfortably settled at Bath, and the small annuity secured to her for which his father’s will had especially provided: why should he not marry the divine West Indian, whose sleepy Creole eyes, so “darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,” were always turned upon him, and whose indolent smile had such inexpressible witchery in it? There was no just cause or impediment; and there was a temptation, besides, in the knowledge that the widow, who had but been a wife a year and a half, had inherited great part of her husband’s property.

Græme of Aberfoyle, though poor himself, had what is technically termed "great expectations." His uncle, Sir Douglas Græme, was one of the proudest of Scotland's proud baronets: his castle stood on an eminence, and every inmate held his or her head proportionately high; his shooting tracts were large, he could afford the diversion of deer-stalking to any friends he pleased, and it was rumoured that he actually preferred that they should succeed in bringing down a deer; an enthusiasm which all proprietors of deer-forests are said not to share. He was a kind landlord, a keen sportsman, a great breeder of cattle, and was suspected of winking at the distilling of whiskey on his wild mountainous estate; and he was withal one of the most obstinate men who ever wore tartan. Such as he was, virtues and faults, Græme of Aberfoyle loved him with the strong love of habit, and thought him the only great man in his Majesty's dominions; and from the time he was an infant, and rode round the hall on the large Newfoundland dog, to the days when he carried his rifle in company with Sir Douglas, nothing but kindly words had passed between them; and still, as years rolled by, the increased respect and interest evinced by the Highland tenantry, and the increased puffiness of the sighs breathed by the fair and fat wife of the sturdy Baronet, (sighs of regret and disappointment,) pointed him out more clearly as the heir to the honours and estate of the haughty Græme. This was a pleasing prospect, and one which could not fail to have weight with the West Indian widow; who, after duly considering that so kind a brother must make an easy husband, that the air of Scotland would brace her nerves and spirits, and that he certainly was devotedly attached to her, languidly imposed silence on some envious spinster of Bath who was remarking on the broad Scotch in which that attachment was expressed, and declared her resolution to become Mrs. Græme of Aberfoyle.

What a pity it is that some transmuting power, such as the witches and fairies of old possessed, cannot be exercised over those individuals who wish mutually to bind themselves in an indissoluble bond! What a pity that a change (not, indeed, of the same gay nature, but equally great and complete with that of the chrysalis) cannot take place in the mind and temper of each of the "happy couple" about to be united. *Then*, perhaps, those "days of disappointment," to which Rosamond's blue jar bears so close a resemblance, might be spared the pained hearts of many worthy and amiable individuals, fond of choosing exactly what will not suit them, and of grumbling afterwards at what cannot be undone;—then many a bitter mortification might be warded off from those who find most of what were charms in the lover's eyes, resolve themselves into faults in the opinion of the husband. The merry-hearted girl would not then be snubbed for her giddiness, nor the graceful, lounging, fine-lady-bride scolded for her indolence. The magician's wand should reverse every quality in the self-same hour that the wedding ceremony was performed.

O Love! false mirage of our deceiving life, why dost thou hide from our dazzled eyes the sands of the desert over which we have to travel? Why dost thou create in the distance that vision of a cool and quiet resting-place—a living fountain of joy? Lo! as we tread, it vanisheth before us, and the burning plague settles in heart and brain: there is no freshness in our youth—no spirit in our hope!—Be still, complaining voice!—Were the fulness of love to be found on earth, what soul

would spread its wings towards Heaven? weary with wandering over the earth in search of a home, which all seek, and none may ever find!

The magician's wand had not been exercised over Mr. and Mrs. Græme of Aberfoyle, and the consequence was, that they shortly became less pleasing to each other. The indolence which had been so captivating in the Creole widow was exceedingly inconvenient in the Highland laird's wife; and the patience which Mrs. Græme had seen so unfailing in the case of the feeble and deformed Nanny seemed entirely lost when it was taxed by her own graceful, well-proportioned self;—as years rolled by, too, Mrs. Græme grew less graceful—less well-proportioned. Three successive confinements, and six years of utter inactivity, combined to change

“The form that was fashioned as light as a fay's”

to a corpulence anything but becoming in the eyes of Aberfoyle; and a neglect of her once carefully-studied toilette,—that first symptom of dissatisfaction in an indolent and silly woman,—deteriorated from a beauty naturally evanescent. But these would have been “trifles light as air” in the sight of her husband, had she happened to please Sir Douglas and Lady Græme. To his mortification, surprise, disappointment, despair, not only she did not please, but she was positively an offence to their eyes—a thorn in their sides—an object of dislike and contempt. Græme of Aberfoyle knew his uncle's prejudices well enough to be aware that the bare fact of his wife not being a Scotchwoman, and being chosen without reference to any one's taste but his own, would make the introduction of the divine West Indian, as he expressed it, “a kittle task;” and he frankly explained his hopes that she would take pains, and his fears that she might fail in making herself as adored as he desired by his dear uncle. And his lady, as her head rested on his shoulder, raised her sleepy southern eyes, and smiled one of those slow, fond, languid smiles, by which she was in the habit of expressing her assent without the trouble of saying “Yes.” Evidently, she would attempt to please; and, attempting it, how could she fail?

Poor Aberfoyle! he had not reflected, that doting parents rearing their last child, a train of black slaves, a host of yellow lovers, an indulgent husband, and, finally, a wealthy widowhood, were not exactly efficient schools of preparation for teaching his lovely wife's will to bend to that of strangers; nor did he sufficiently consider that she was the less likely to make allowance for the peculiar pride of birth common to all his countrymen, and especially observable in Sir Douglas, as she really did not know who was her great-grandfather, or whether she ever had one. A faint attempt at conciliation on Mrs. Græme's part was followed by mutual disgust and mutual coldness between the relations. Aberfoyle found that gentleness of manner can be, and very frequently is, accompanied by determined obstinacy; and when his eldest son was born, it was a matter of hesitation and discussion whether the laird of the little place should ride over to the baronet's castle (where they had ceased to visit) to communicate the tidings, or whether they should await in sullen silence the notice which might be taken of the event by the family. It was not interest, it was not ambition, which prompted the decision to which the laird came, as he bent above his new-born infant's cradle,—it was *the father* which woke in his heart, and made him yearn to show the proud old man his beautiful boy; and he went.

A temporary reconciliation was the result; and, for some time, things went pretty smoothly, with the exception of the loss of Mrs. Græme's West Indian property, which hurricanes, mismanagement, and rascally agents had reduced to an empty vision. At the time, this loss was little heeded. Mrs. Græme herself, feeling no diminution of her daily comforts, wrapped in the same shawls, lying on the same sofa, bore the news with great equanimity; and Aberfoy, intent on regaining his uncle's good-will, thought nothing of importance but as it related to this grand object, and took the occasional sneers at the *do-nothingness* of his once worshipped wife with a calm philosophy, in which sympathy in his uncle's irritation, and consciousness of the truth of his uncle's severe remarks, seemed to be far more prominent than any wish to defend or excuse the defects commented upon.

But the time came when the deceitful calm, broken only at intervals by slight breezes, was to give place to the storm and shipwreck. Sir Douglas, in vouchsafing once more to smile on his offending nephew for the sake of the little pledge before-mentioned, had arrogated to himself all the privileges of father, mother, grandfather and grandmother, uncle and guardian, in one. His natural obstinacy seemed to have found a constant subject of exercise. Whether the point to be decided were great or small,—the choice of the young Græme's future profession, or of the day's dinner of broth or pap,—equally authoritative, equally determined, was the sturdy Sir Douglas. An unhappy difference—a mad disinclination on the part of Mrs. Græme to the clan tartan, and an expressed wish to substitute the royal Stuart as a proper dress for her boy, caused an open breach. Sir Douglas was bitter and haughty beyond even his usual manner;—Mrs. Græme was sick, peevish, and looking forward to the birth of another little Græme. High words were exchanged; and Aberfoy had the satisfaction, as he flung open the door on his return from shooting, to hear his languid, passive beauty's thanks to God “that she could afford to dress her child without depending on Sir Douglas,” followed up by a bitter execration, pronounced by the baronet on his own immortal soul, for having ever been fool enough to countenance and protect the daughter of a black,—and a command that she would forthwith remove herself, her child, and all that belonged to her, from the castle which her presence had polluted, and her tartan predilection disgraced. The quarrel may appear ridiculous—the cause inadequate—the conduct of both parties improbable; but those only who have witnessed it can vouch for the intense fury produced by slight causes, where mutual disinclination and strong prejudice give every word a double force to wound, and make every action an offence.

Many years had passed away between the date of this dispute and the disturbing squalls of the three children, with which we opened our narrative. Many changes had taken place. Mrs. Græme had grown fatter, more indolent, and more complaining, with occasional fits of sullenness to vary her existence. Aberfoy's luxuriant black hair was beginning to be much sprinkled with grey, and his figure was losing the air of strength and activity it had formerly possessed; he had taken greatly to drinking, and gave way to sudden fits of passion, the vehemence of which was sometimes fearful. His frank, happy manner was gone, and he had that cramped cold feeling about his heart, peculiar to men whose wives do not suit them, and who cannot pay their quarterly bills. The general

opinion in the country was, that "Aberfoyle would be ruined if Sir Douglas did not leave him his property." It was then already a matter of doubt with some, whether eventually some other destination might not be found for the gold in his uncle's coffers, and the woods on his uncle's hills. Lady Græme had long since breathed her last apoplectic sigh, and the widower had betaken himself (to the astonishment of his nephew, friends, and tenantry) to a lengthened residence in England, and subsequently to a tour on the continent. Graham Castle was now a blank in the lists of trespassers on Scotch hospitality, and Aberfoyle sighed as he caught a glimpse of its grey turrets from one hill to another; and sighed too, when he looked at his two beautiful boys, as they clambered up the rock and mountain, wild, sturdy, and radiant with health, to think that their grand uncle had not an opportunity of seeing how well he was provided with heirs in a direct line. Sir Douglas at length returned for a little while. No notice was taken of the inmates of Aberfoyle; but accident throwing the two children in his way, he was struck by their beauty and intelligence; took them with him to the castle; showed them hunting horns and powder pouches, stuffed deer and ptarmigan; and finally taking it into his head that one of his favourite dogs recognised in the person of little Douglas the infant so unceremoniously expelled some years before, he was unaccountably touched by the display of affection in the brute, for the child whom his domestics would have deemed it impolitic and insolent to caress while under the ban of their chief; he gave the dog to little Douglas, and told him to bring his brother to the castle whenever they liked to come. Sunshine, in all its splendour, never brightened the face of nature in the eye of man, as did the intelligence brought by the children to Aberfoyle. His boys—his beloved boys—would at least be masters of the castle; his own struggles and embarrassments, petty privations and vexations,—what were they? If he died involved—if he died in prison—his boys would still be provided for. For the first time for several years, Aberfoyle felt sanguine, hopeful, inspired; for the first time for many months of increasing pressure and discomfort, he smiled, jested, and tapped gaily at Mrs. Græme's window, to announce the tidings, instead of dawdling sullenly into the little old-fashioned parlour, and flinging himself into his father's high chair, with his eyes vacantly fixed on his father's old gun, as it hung above the mantel-piece. But, alas! for the obstinacy of women in general—of Mrs. Græme in particular; the indolent spirit was roused, and she declared that no child of hers should crave the capricious favour of one too proud to own himself in fault, and who refused to notice their parents; she had rather die; she had rather starve; and starve they accordingly did. The children succeeded for some time in evading their grand-uncle in his rambles across the hills; and the mother's heart might have been softened could she have seen the lone old man, as he stood gazing wistfully from the proud eminence on which Græme Castle was built, to the glen, thick with fir plantations, where the thin blue smoke might be seen curling upwards from the house of Aberfoyle. Sir Douglas had never felt what it was to be *alone* till that autumn. He had had a wife and two brothers; they were dead; he had seen his brother's only son grow up, and almost looked upon him as *his* son. Now they were parted—alienated—even as strangers to each other. He had been fond of the three bright-haired, romping sisters of the disgraced Aberfoyle; they had homes, and happy ones, of their own, and came rarely, and as visitors,

to the castle; and lastly, those little cheerful voices, whose shrill ejaculations of admiration and joy had sounded so pleasantly in his ears,—they, too, had deserted him! Sir Douglas Græme whistled to his dogs, and sauntered down to the game-keeper's house. Old Allan was the only one of his servants or dependents with whom he sometimes conversed familiarly.

"Allan," said he, "have ye seen the Aberfoyle boys lately?"

"Na, Sir Douglas."

"They've maybe taken to playing the other side of the hill?"

"I'm na sure, Sir Douglas."

"Hoot, man, who expected ye could tell whar they were!"

There was a pause. Allan continued his employment, which was the formation of sundry flies for fishing.

"That's a perfect fly for the stream down by Cruach-side," observed the Baronet, as he watched, or seemed to watch, the handywork of his keeper; and he sighed as he said it. There was another pause. The Baronet looked across the hills—across Ben Cruach—across the silver, thread-like stream, for the fishy inhabitants of which the grey flies were destined—to the fir plantations in the glen. A vague desire to be reconciled to his nephew, and adopt his whole family, including even the obnoxious Creole, now rose in his heart.

"It's long since the boys have been up at the castle," said he.

"'Deed is it, Sir Douglas."

"I wonder I havn't seen them; they used to seem glad to come, poor laddies."

"I'm thinking they're *let*, Sir Douglas," replied Allan, without raising his eyes from the grey fly which was forming under his creative fingers.

"*What*, Sir?" exclaimed Sir Douglas, his shaggy grey eyebrows fiercely knitting over his fiery dark eyes.

"I'm just thinking they're no permitted," murmured the imperturbable Allan, with as little change in his tone as the baronet's anger might have caused in the gurgle of the trout stream over the black stones in its current.

Sir Douglas spoke no more to his gamekeeper; he strode over park and heather, till he found himself in the glen, and within a few paces of Græme of Aberfoyle's children, who stood hesitating,—afraid to advance, unwilling to retreat,—sorrowful and startled. Blunt and harsh were Sir Douglas's questions—frank and simple the children's replies;—the old man spoke with increasing irritation, and, at length, setting his teeth, he said, "Ye may tell your lady mother that she's the worst enemy ye ever had, let the other be who he may; and that she'll live to rue the day she ever set eyes on Aberfoyle's house or Douglas Græme's castle."

Sir Douglas again departed, and again returned; but this time he did not come alone. A lady, so beautiful, that the very piper (whose age bordered on eighty) was moved to an exclamation when he saw her, accompanied him. She spoke broken English, in a sweet clear voice, the tone of which, as Allan said, would have "wiled the flounders out of the Firth;" and clung to old Sir Douglas's arm, as though she would have crept into his heart for shelter. Even so did the lady cling to Christabel, in that exquisite poem of Coleridge's, till she had made good her entrance over the guarded threshold; and even such a mysterious influence did she exercise when once admitted:—Sir Douglas's will bent to the stranger's

wildest caprices; Sir Douglas's obstinacy melted before one glance of those passionate eyes, whose rarely-lifted lashes—black, long, and silken—made them seem so much more soft than they really were; and within a year of their arrival, and exactly six months before the birth of Græme's little girl Jeanie, Sir Douglas folded to his heart, with all the rapture and energy of a doting father, the child of his old age—the joy of his withering autumnal years—Douglas Antonio Scott Græme!—and in that embrace, as in the coil of a snake, lay crushed all the faint, lingering, half-confessed hopes still cherished for *his* children by the unhappy Græme of Aberfoyle.

From the hour of her birth, Jeanie Græme never saw the smile of welcome on a human face. Whether it was that his temper was altogether soured by the events of the last few years, or that the presence of the little infant continually reminded him of the contemporary production at the castle, or a mixture of both causes, certain it is that Aberfoyle disliked his daughter, even before her dawning intellect taught her to shrink from his eye and dread his anger—or before constant rebuffs and ill-usage had given her little delicate face the expression so well described by the French phrase “*l'air de souffrance*.” Her brothers took the tone of the household with respect to her, and shunned the feeble creature who haunted their sports without strength of body or elasticity of mind sufficient to enable her to partake of them. Her mother, disturbed in her repose by the eternal rebukes of Aberfoyle to the little girl, and her shrill cries when the young boys, with the tyranny natural to their age, used force to compel her to relinquish a toy, or obey a command, bestowed as much dislike as her passive nature could afford;—and the servants saved themselves a vast deal of trouble in the minor concerns of household, by sending Miss Jeanie to collect the eggs for breakfast, to fetch up milk from the farm, or go a message to the village of Pid-Muddie, three miles beyond Aberfoyle. It has been said, and I believe with some truth, that “they whom none love, love none;” but to this rule Jeanie Græme must form an exception. She not only was affectionate, but she bestowed the chief part of her affections on the very individual who seemed most to repel them—she loved *her father*, that little deserted, mournful girl!—and she would steal round to meet him when the report of his rifle warned those at home of his approach, without daring to question him, with the natural inquisitiveness of a happy child, as to his day's sport; and feel a sort of pleasure in seeing him sit down to rest, and lift his blue bonnet off the short thick hair which time and vexation had as yet only partially changed. Sometimes, if he seemed *very* weary, she would venture timidly to propose mixing him some whiskey and water or Athol-brose, by way of refreshment; and when the permission was granted, it was a great satisfaction to her to “see papa so thirsty.” Gradually, too, she learnt to make herself at least *not* obnoxious—she no longer followed her brothers when they drove her back; she wept softly, or choked back her tears, or wandered out—far, far, and alone—to some spot on the purple hill, where heaven only could witness her weeping. She arranged the folds of her mother's shawls, and comprehended her languid signs, which the Scotch servant-girls always required to be rendered into words, and meekly, if not cheerfully, she bore to be commanded hither and thither by all who had, and by all who had not, a right to do it.

Meanwhile Aberfoyle's affairs grew more and more embarrassed, as he

seemed less able to meet his embarrassments. From his uncle he had ceased to have any hopes ; and, reckless and half ruined, he defied his creditors, and oppressed his small scattered tenantry. For some time past he had, with one of those desperate and vexatious efforts at petty economy, gone to spend a week here, and a month there, in houses where, as the frank-hearted heir of the Douglas, he had been accustomed to meet a hearty welcome. Sometimes his wife accompanied him—sometimes the terms of the invitation civilly but pointedly excluded her ; he was asked as “ a bachelor,” as “ my good fellow,” or “ to meet a few friends who were coming to shoot ;” and from these visits, where he had been daily drunken, mortified, and wretched, the ruined laird used sullenly to return to his comfortless home—to gloom over the days when *his* songs and *his* jokes were reckoned best at the board, and when his presence, like Virginia’s, “ made a little holiday.”

One cloud still darker hung over him. Antonia, the beautiful mother of Sir Douglas’s child, seemed at first willing to show him kindness ; but there was a sudden coolness, a sudden ceasing even to mention his name, and strange rumours went abroad of his having endeavoured, in a letter, to poison his uncle’s mind against the partner of his home, by wild and vague accusations ; and still stranger reports were circulated in his defence, as if Antonia had tempted him for the express purpose of being able more entirely to embitter against him every latent feeling of dislike and resentment in the heart of the jealous old man. Aberfoyle became more sullen ; his house was poorer ; his comforts decreased ; while the heir of Græme Castle grew strong and lovely—more lovely even than the favourite Douglas of Aberfoyle. From time to time his sisters, Margaret, Ellen, and Catherine, endeavoured to make a temporary residence in their own homes agreeable to him, or they asked one of the boys at a time on a long visit ; but dependence is at best a bitter thing, and when he saw his wife universally disliked, and taking all favours as if it was *she* who conferred them ; when he felt his popularity declining, and saw his sister’s husbands severally begin to show that they were weary of helping one who in no way contributed, as formerly, to their amusement ; when he knew that his fine-spirited, noble boys, worse dressed, worse clothed, worse fed than their cousins, were twitted with their misfortunes as faults, and laughed at for the disclosures they made of the poverty of their own home ; when, in short, he observed the impatience of *continued* misery which exists in the hearts of the generality of men, and which prompts that most ridiculous reply, daily made to the appeal of the houseless beggar, “ Why I gave you a penny yesterday !”—Græme of Aberfoyle felt that he could struggle no longer ; and he was preparing for his return home, with the sullen determination of an animal creeping back to its hole to die, when Catherine’s husband (his host at the time) said carelessly as he pushed the silver-wheeled decanter stand down the polished mahogany table, “ I wonder now, you don’t let, or rather *sell* Aberfoyle.” Sell Aberfoyle ! The thing had never entered his brain—never struck him as possible. Sell Aberfoyle ! where his father, grandfather, great grandfather, were born and died ! the home of his childhood—the home he had thought to transmit to his children’s children—sell Aberfoyle ! At first a flush of anger passed across his brow at the suggestion ; then, as he gazed round the table at the unsympathising faces of his stranger-friends, and saw only an expression of curiosity as to how he would receive the proposal, and of eagerness, as

he fancied, to determine what chance they had of being rid of him—when he saw the coral lips of his own sister Margaret part as if to persuade him, he could maintain neither fortitude nor anger; his nerves were weakened by habitual excess and unceasing anxiety, and to the surprise and embarrassment of all present, the ruined laird leaned back in his chair, and, covering his face with his hands, he wept.

But bitterer tears were yet to flow at Aberfoyle. The misery of poverty and struggling against petty privations; the dissensions at home and mortifications abroad, were to be whelmed in one awful irremediable stroke. The merry lads, whose spirit privation could not tame, whose growth privation could not check—the bright-eyed, fearless boys, so loved, so idolized by their father, were to be taken from him “both in one day.” Attempting to ford the ferry at the stream by Ben Cruach (a feat which they had performed hundreds of times before by the aid of their Shetland pony) they were carried down by the rapid violence of the waters. Far below the ford they were found, locked in each other’s arms; and the schemes which affection or ambition had planned for a future they were destined never to see, crumbled into dust! Long, long was it before the father would believe that both—*both* his sons were gone from him in a day, in an hour; delirious with agony, he tossed his arms wildly in the air, shouting alternately the name of one and of the other—calling to them to come back—promising pardon to the survivor for his carelessness in not having been able to prevent his brother’s death. Then he would make a desperate effort at calmness, and repeat, in a woeful tone, “Hush! let me understand—let me understand; it is not Douglas who is lost! it is poor Malcolm—poor little merry Malcolm! And yet one would have thought Douglas could have procured assistance in time!” And so, with incoherent sentences, he vented his grief, at intervals reproaching Heaven for having bereaved him so entirely—for not having spared him *one* child to close his eyes and comfort his old age. And little Jeanie stood apart, listening and weeping, but not daring to fling herself into his arms, and weep *there*; for *her* existence there was no rejoicing in the hour of joy—no memory in the hour of sorrow!

It was many days after this event, that the dark-eyed foreigner who now governed all at the castle paused by the rapid stream of Ben Cruach, where, lost in miserable thought, Græme of Aberfoyle sat, unconscious of her presence. “Mr. Græme,” said she, in her broken tones, “I am grieved for your grief, indeed: oh! do believe that I am. And I came,” continued she, after a pause, “I came to ask you whether I could do anything,”—(her voice faltered as she attempted to take his hand, and the tears fell fast from her eyes,)—“that is, whether I could not say anything to Sir Douglas for you.”

The bereaved father turned and looked at her, as if seeking to read in her countenance the meaning of her words. His face was drawn and haggard; his hair was as grey as the locks of old Sir Douglas himself. He gazed on the Italian for some minutes; and then, fixing his eyes vacantly on the waters, he said, in a listless tone, “Tell my uncle Aberfoyle’s for sale by public roup. I’ll just sell Aberfoyle, and make mysel’ a little comfortable. Maybe he’ll like to buy it;—ony way, ye’ll tell him Aberfoyle’s to be sold.”

C. E. N.

(To be continued.)

TO THE PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

THIS is no temple where I stand, and thou
 Art but the workmanship of human hands;
 Yet, as I gaze upon that lofty brow,
 Where the undying bay its leaf expands,
 I seem to bend before some holy shrine,—
 Such homage yields *my* spirit unto *thine*!

Shadow! whose silent grandeur stirs my heart,
 Canst thou unfold the records of thy day?
 Or from thy sleep of death one moment start,
 To wake again the rapture-breathing lay?
 Pouring impassion'd words upon my ear,
 While I am thrill'd with joy akin to fear!

Speak! I adjure thee by the living lyre,
 Whose earliest music was Creation's hymn;—
 Speak! I invoke thee by the sacred fire
 Which, heaven-descended, never can grow dim;—
 Ay, by that radiance of the mind, whose rays,
 Concentred round thee, shine with quenchless blaze.

By these—which I have worshipp'd from my youth—
 I do entreat thee to disclose the strife
 Which thou wert wont to wage in search of truth,
 In the dim dream of years, miscalled thy life!
 When thou wert passion-haunted, and aspired
 To fame—by every child of song the all-desired!

Still thou art silent. But thy forehead high
 Has furrow'd traces of deep grief and thought;
 And there's a history in thine eloquent eye
 Of years with sorrowful emotions fraught:
 Compress'd thy lips; yet do they seem to tell
 What cares of earth upon thy genius fell.

And to have wooed the Muse proclaims thy doom—
 A lot of anxious joy and bitter care;
 The thrill of inspiration, and its gloom
 And after-languor; and the heart's despair,
 As a cold world beheld thee waste thy fire
 To warm *their* clay, yet revered not thy lyre.

What was 't upheld thee through this weary state?—
 The bright revealings which thy spirit had
 Of its high origin and future fate.
 For thus doth Genius make her children glad—
 Giving oracular dreams of joy to come
 To cheer the worn soul longing for its home!

C***

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY*.

NO. III.

THE only points in the musical progression of England (during the period we have undertaken to review) that remain to be illustrated, are the scientific attainment and character of our artists.

Three distinct *schools* of vocal science have been established, though something mixed in performance.

1. The Ecclesiastical and Orchestral.
2. The Theatrical.
3. The Italian.

But it must be remembered, that all the followers of either of them, who can lay any pretensions to science, have resorted to the Italian methods of vocalisation, (or forming the voice,) with one single and great exception. The ecclesiastical and orchestral school of England, *par éminence*, was founded by Joah Bates, with his wife, (Miss Harrop,) and Mara as examples; and, by a later descent, by Greatorox, Harrison, and Bartleman, both as examples and instructors. Mr. Bates was an amateur (we must again retrograde a little) who planned and executed the great meetings in Commemoration of Handel, at Westminster Abbey. These, after the introduction of the Italian opera, gave the impulse; we feel it now in all our music, but most in our provincial festivals. The Abbey performances gave this country a character no other has ever yet achieved for vastitude, precision, and excellence in the grander demonstrations of musical art.

The foundation of the style of this school is laid in the union of the church and the oratorio; for although Mr. Greatorox, its real head, studied at Rome under Santarelli, almost the last of the Roman musici, and there obtained the final polish, his taste was decidedly formed in the church, under his first preceptor, Dr. Cooke. His early and deep study of the old masters, but especially of Handel, imbued his mind not only with the feeling, but the manner. His engagement at the Ancient Concerts confirmed and fixed his predilections; and however sensible of the merits of the Italian method, he adhered to the original distinction of the only school that could lay any real claims to be English, and, at the same time, scientific. This distinction is that single word, compounded of so many attributes,—EXPRESSION,—a word which conveys every thing, but defines nothing. We may be pardoned if we endeavour to help the reader to a more precise apprehension of its meaning when thus applied. Expression has, indeed, been defined to be “the best adaptation of sound to sense;” and this axiom was the principle of this, the best school of English singing.

It must never be forgotten, that the compositions chiefly cultivated were grave in subject, strict in treatment; a purity of enunciation, avoiding theatrical inflation, but maintaining a sufficiently emphatic and characteristic dignity—a rejection of all glittering and false ornament—a certain refinement, chastening even the contrasts and transitions of tone which give not alone the lights and shadows, but the more delicate shades of feeling—the absolute avoidance of every thing bordering on

coarseness or vulgarity, yet preserving all possible strength—these constitute, at once, the essentials of the great style*, which, in this department, is also the English style.

At that period, the music even of the Opera retained much of the gravity of ecclesiastical composition. If such singers as Farinelli had shown how much *could* then be done, in spite of the universality of the complaints on that head, ornament had not become the fashion of the day; the ear had not yet superseded the heart†.

Mara was exalted into the idol of the day by her singing at the Abbey; and if the deep, but comparatively inexperienced impressions of youth may be trusted, her delivery of Handel's most sublime and most pathetic airs was exalted by a majesty and tenderness no singer has since equalled‡. Like all other great exemplars, her influence made itself felt: it was especially felt by the students of this school. Harrison and Bartleman held her in absolute reverence; so far as congruity permitted, they made her a model. To one of this generation it must be difficult to conceive how she so completely apprehended and demonstrated the power of the music; but a little reflection will bring forward a fact as natural to our knowledge of the then general style as of her application of it, namely, that there was a considerably nearer alliance and approximation between the manner of the theatre and the orchestra than subsists at present. The dignity of the one, with a very slight elevation probably, was easily converted into the sublimity of the other. They will bear us out who remember Mara in "Son Regina," and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Harrison, the first apostle of this school, was very limited in his powers, but his style was the most perfect specimen of the true cantabile an English singer has ever exhibited. *Tone* is the most indescribable of all attributes, for if we say it is rich, brilliant, and sweet, even to lus-

* "It is scarcely possible completely to describe in what the great style consists. In a singer, it asks a combination of all the faculties of the mind and graces of execution, which address themselves to, and command the highest feelings of nature. The elements of this style are power, pure tone, and a varied expression; an entire command of manner, correct taste, and perfect simplicity: or, in other words, that genuine sensibility, and that intellectual dignity, which enable us to embody, in their finest forms, the conceptions of the poet and the composer, and to employ, in the best manner, the powers of nature and of the art."—*Bacon's Elements of Vocal Science*.

† We are very much disposed to question whether velocity of execution has not advanced as much as any other part of the art, since that date. We strongly suspect, from what we have witnessed during the last forty years, that Farinelli himself would have stood aghast at the power, rapidity, neatness, and, above all, at the fancy of modern artists. Let any one who doubts our interpretation, compare "Son qual Nave," the most difficult *aria d'agilità* ever composed for the musico, with the bravura "Let Glory's Clarion," written for the English tenor Braham, by Storace, in *Mahmoud*. This song Mr. B. coursed through like light, in 1797, and even added to the notation of its densely-dotted lines.

‡ Lord Mount Edgcombe underrates her powers. He says "Mara's talents as a singer (for she was no actress, and had a bad person for the stage) were of the very first order. Her voice, clear, sweet, distinct, was sufficiently powerful, though rather thin, and its agility and flexibility rendered her a most excellent bravura singer, in which style she was unrivalled; and though she succeeded so well in some of Handel's most solemn and pathetic songs, yet, while it was impossible to find fault, still there appeared to be a want of that feeling in herself which, nevertheless, she could communicate to her hearers." We conversed much with the veterans in art about her, at the time she so unfortunately appeared before the public in her age, and they all maintained that her majesty and feeling had no competitor, although every trace of her original manner was then obliterated.

ciousness, we appeal to other senses which have little analogy with hearing. Such, however, was his tone. Though deficient in power, it filled the ear; it satisfied the sense. Smoothness and exquisite polish, a purity of taste that rejected all but the most chaste and appropriate ornaments, the extremest accuracy of intonation, were his perfections. His defects were coldness of imagination, coincident with his restricted powers—a total want of energy and force. He wisely confined himself to songs which lay within his compass and suited his capacity, and, perhaps, his extreme range did not exceed from six to twelve. But we shall probably never again hear, with such unalloyed delight, “Alexis,” and “The Soldier’s Dream,” “Odi grand’ Ombra,” and Handel’s “Pleasure, my former ways resigning.”

It is curious to trace, even in our amusements, how the departed great continue to “rule us from their urns.” Such was the fascination of Harrison’s manner, that no other has ever yet found endurance, much less acceptance and approbation, within his circle. Vaughan, and below him the minor tenors of the Ancient Concert, and of the Three-choir meetings*, are the followers of his steps, nor dare they stray beyond them. To the long and almost unbroken reign of this triumvirate—Greateorex, Harrison, and Bartleman—we owe the true, because the traditional, manner of performing the works of *our* ancients—the Madrigalists, Lock, Purcell, and, lastly, of Handel, enthroned by the dictum of Mozart himself as “the master of them all.”

Harrison was, we have seen, limited by his comparatively feeble powers, for his volume was anything but large, and his compass scarcely reached a dozen really good notes. But Bartleman, the bass, gave a range and dignity to the school, which are still remembered with absolute devotion by its followers: he certainly was no ordinary man.

Whoever looks at the songs constructed for this species of voice, Italian and English alike, will perceive that the composers contemplated a large and heavy volume of tone, inflexible except according to an understood routine of triplets and quadruplets. Handel’s compositions are as mechanical† as possible: we may refer to such songs as “When storms the Proud,” “See the raging Flames,” and “The Lord worketh Wonders,” in his English; “Del Minacciar del Vento,” and “Lascia Amor,”

* These meetings are perhaps the most striking instances of a love of music, and the credit of an association bearing up against loss, of any in the whole country. The annual (or, as they are called, triennial) meetings of the choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, have now subsisted more than a century. Three clerical and three lay stewards are responsible for the expenses. The receipts at the evening performances go towards the outlay; the collection in the morning, to the charities. But the stewards almost uniformly suffer a loss of about 500%. Yet gentlemen are found who consent to this loss for the sake of the science and the honour of their county. The performances are never cramped by economy, but maintain their deservedly high estimation.

† We know not what odium we shall incur by the use of this word. The writer was once so unfortunate as to repeat to an organist of the old school, whom he met at the house of a country gentleman, a saying of a very excellent musician, that “Honour in Arms,” in “Samson,” appeared to have been written for an ass, since the passages were constructed exactly according to the skips made by that animal in his bray. “In the dead watch and middle of the night,” he was alarmed by the repetition of this song in the adjoining chamber, growled by the old man to a miserable harpsichord, for the best portion of two hours, which at breakfast was explained by the poor old gentleman’s declaration that he could not go to rest till he had discovered what could give occasion for such a calumny upon Handel.

in his Italian works. But justice desires us to point the attention of the observer also to the majesty given by this very mechanism to "The Lord worketh Wonders," "He layeth the Beams" (originally "Nasce al Bosco"), and the still more characteristic felicity of Polyphemus, in "Oh, ruddier than the Cherry!" A grain of allowance must also be given for (we believe) the well-founded supposition that *the time* when those songs were written was much slower than it is at present. All we have ever understood from the musicians of a former generation accords with our conjecture that bass-singing was rough, heavy, and unpolished; but still possessing a certain weight, and something of majesty from mere calibre. We just remember the elder Sale, whose singing suited this description, *maugre* the favour he was in with George III., no mean judge of that style.

The character of Bartleman's intellect and voice was in diametrical opposition to both the theory and the practice. He was of a spirited and gay temperament, and his voice was strictly a barytone. He had a compass of more than two octaves, and the tone was as penetrating as that of a violoncello, from which instrument perhaps he caught it, for it bore more resemblance to the clear, vibratory, yet stringy effect of Lindley's bass than anything else. Bartleman, too, was himself a violoncello player, which adds force to the opinion. His performance gave to bass-singing a totally new air. He enlivened and exalted its expression, and by his energy of manner informed the inert and sluggish ponderosity of heavy sound with vivacity and meaning. He lightened, improved, and enlarged the sphere of the bass. It fortunately happened that there lived a composer who apprehended the extent of the possibilities which the singer had begun to demonstrate. Dr. Calcott, by the animated solo parts of his glees, but more especially by his bass songs, written, it fairly may be said, not more for the singer than upon the model of Haydn's bass cantatas in "The Creation," "Sisters of Acheron," "These as they change," and "Angel of Life," established the fact, that the bass, rightly employed, was as capable of affecting the hearer as any other species of voice. If not so ear-piercing as the soprano, so spirit-stirring as the tenor, or so pathetic as the falsetto, it can be more dignified, more magnificent and not less soothing, more forceful yet not less polished. In execution, we shall hereafter show it is very little below the other kinds of masculine voice.

But even this extension of his boundaries did not satisfy his inquiring and ardent mind or his devotion to his art. He ransacked the old masters, Purcell especially, and rescued some of his noblest pieces from oblivion. We owe to him the remembrance of that "smooth old ditty," "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly in vain," the lively "Hark, my Daridcar!" the "Frost Scene," "The calling of Samuel by the Witch of Endor," and, superior to them all, "Let the dreadful Engines of Eternal Will*," a song which ought to be sung once a-year at the Ancient Concert, as the best possible specimen of impassionate English music—for *it is* genuine English, and there is nothing in the

* The truth is, no living English bass dares attempt it. Phillips has avoided the trial, perhaps wisely; and those below him stand aloof. There is, however, more fine transition, more of the inspiration of music in this song than in any other of English make—"Mad Bess" and "From rosy Bowers" scarcely excepted. By the way, Mara's performance of "Mad Bess" showed how nearly her genius was allied to English feelings and English judgment.

whole scope of musical passion like it. There is no such example of various and exciting recitative.

The drawback upon Bartleman's singing was his vocalization. He is "the single and great exception" we mentioned above. He had embraced a theory that the perfection of tone was its general uniformity—its homogeneity. To this intent he rounded the pronunciation of his vowels, thus making *thy* into *thoy*, *die* into *doy*, &c. &c. This swelling and sonorous system of enunciation, for system it was, corrupted the purity, and infected the whole manner with a pomposity that was very like the affectation of a superiority not absolutely certain of its claims. In Bartleman however it passed*,—in his followers it has been found intolerable, and has materially stopped their progress by stamping them for mere imitators. But the true objection is that it is wrong in principle, for, independently of the evils already noticed, it impedes execution, falsifies the articulation of words, and renders the tone impure, by introducing the instrumentality of the lips and mouth erroneously employed; yet he was unquestionably the first singer of his time, in that species. The very corruptions universally introduced by his imitators, and they have been nearly all those who have succeeded him, are the proofs. With the music, however, the manner will pass away, and the velocity, articulate pronunciation, and freedom from the affectation of pomp and all such artifices, necessary to the execution of Rossini's compositions, and others of the same manner, together with the rage for the comic songs and duets of the Italians which now pervades all musical circles, will in no very long time obliterate all but the remembrance, and with the present generation even the remembrance will pass away. The Italian method of vocalization will wholly supersede it.

Just as Mara's star was declining, that of Billington reascended. She had been known in her youth, celebrated both for her beauty and voice, and she remained before the public till 1793, when she determined to quit the profession, and went abroad. She was, however, induced to relinquish that intention, and, after making a "*furore*" in Italy, she returned to this country in 1801, certainly a very different singer to what she had departed. So eager was the struggle for her, that both theatres retained her. She was engaged for the Italian Opera in 1803, and appeared whenever there was any considerable meeting till 1809, when she finally and indeed quitted public life.

By nature Mrs. Billington was largely gifted. Her voice was of that peculiar brilliancy in tone that has obtained the appellation of *fluty*; for, with the richness and fulness of that instrument, it had a bird-like lightness and brilliancy, whilst its compass upward was all but unlimited.

* When Bartleman had reached his very zenith, he went down to a provincial meeting, and a newspaper critic pointed out these defects, but in so delicate a phraseology, that his exposition was somewhat obscure. Bartleman called upon him and requested an explanation, saying that he had sung in every part of England, and no such objection had ever been raised. A meeting was appointed, and a musical clergyman attended as a mutual friend and umpire. The pianoforte was opened: "Now," said the critic, turning to a duet in Haydn's "Creation," "listen to this passage," which he sang. "I do not like it," said Bartleman; "it is too thin and meagre—the tone is not sufficiently of one kind." "I expected as much," said the demonstrator. "Now listen to yourself;" and he sang the passage in Bartleman's exact tone and manner. He had not got beyond the first few bars, when the artist seized him by the arm, and exclaimed, with some vehemence, "Stop, sir; I see it; but you have made me miserable for life, for I shall never correct it."

Shield composed a song for her that went up to G in altissimo, a height never reached, we believe, before or since*. Her intonation was so correct, that she was hardly ever known to sing out of tune. Her execution was perfect, and her fancy suggested more than her good taste would allow her to introduce, for the age of "fiddle-singing," as it has been contemptuously termed, was then only about to commence. She, however, embellished every song she sang, changing the passages, and introduced more extensively the *expression of ornament*. But with all this power, imaginative and vocal, she nevertheless retained a chastity in her manner of executing Purcell and Handel, which made her the idol of the ancients. She united cordially with the Greatorex party; and for her, it is known, the practice of harmonizing airs was first commenced. Carter's beautiful and pathetic "Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me," was the most popular, and it certainly was an exquisite treat to hear such a voice *descanting* above the accompanying vocal harmony of Harrison, Knyvett, and Bartleman. We may here take occasion to illustrate this part of our subject, by pointing out that to this party, perhaps, is owing the polish and perfection at which madrigal and glee singing is now arrived. They sang continually together both for practice and in public, and they endeavoured to give to singing in parts the same finish that renders solo singing so superior. Each part was chastened to its utmost, and the effect of *all* together exalted infinitely, as well by the lights and shadows of tone—by alternate force and delicacy, by the contrast of loud and soft, as by the exact sobriety of the *middle tint*, so to speak, by which the general efficiency could be best sustained and enriched. They spoke *together*, sang *together*, and blended all into one delicious mass of sweet and expressive sound. This school produced several singers of a lower rank indeed, but of considerable celebrity. Miss Cantelo, afterwards Mrs. Harrison, Miss Jackson, afterwards Mrs. Bianchi Lacy, and Miss Tennant, are three examples of no ordinary attainment. Miss Parke reached, and Mrs. Wm. Knyvett retains, a still higher place. Glee parties have been maintained and supported by the Messrs. Knyvetts, Elliot, Evans, Sale, Terrail, and some others, who still flourish; indeed the choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, the Abbey, and Windsor, reciprocate with the Ancient Concert, and afford each other, and the school itself, their mutual support.

Vaughan and Bellamy succeeded Harrison and Bartleman, but neither of them have attained anything like the same elevation. They were highly polished singers, but they lacked the capital distinction—originality. They were content to follow in the track marked out by their greater predecessors, and can be said to have added nothing to the science or the practice of vocal art.

The vacancy left by Billington, as an English singer, was first occupied by Mrs. Salmon, one of the very musical family of the Mahons. There was something so exquisite in the tone of her voice, that, like Harrison's, it enchanted the hearer at once. Her facility was not less delightful, but she was distinguished neither by a fervid imagination nor any commanding faculty of intellect. She continued, however, to enjoy the first place in the orchestras of England till the last five or six years, when, from some nervous affection, her voice appeared to fail.

* The well-known high song in "*Il Flauto Magico*" extends only to F. Miss Corri sang it with ease.

We have thus run through the higher names that have dignified English art in this its true school. We must now turn to the next branch—the Theatre.

The English Theatre was at a very low ebb, scientifically speaking, at the close of the last century. Kelly and Incledon had occupied the first places. Kelly's voice was naturally bad; so bad that Dr. Arnold used to say it was like "the tearing of brown paper;" but he had been well and variously instructed, both at home and in foreign lands, and returned a prodigy for the time. Incledon was purely English. His professional life was coloured by an incident of his boyhood. He began a chorister in the cathedral of Exeter. A relative of one of the dignitaries was charged with a heinous offence. Incledon was a principal witness. The simplest way of getting rid of his evidence was to send him on board a man of war, then no very uncommon stretch of power. He was accordingly kidnapped and kept afloat for some years. Hence his predilection for sea ditties, and his success in them. But Incledon was splendidly gifted by nature; his voice was not only powerful, rich, and *ductile* as gold, but his falsette was more exquisitely toned than that of any singer we ever heard. His energy was great, his sensibility scarcely less, and, but for the vulgarity* of his manner, he was qualified to take, and would have taken, a very high place. His pronunciation was thick, and affected by something like a lisp, which proceeded from a roll of his too large tongue, when he prepared for a forcible passage, or was embarrassed by the word. In this way, too, he used to jump to his falsette by octaves, for the tone (it was that of a rich flute) was so widely different from his natural voice, there could be no junction. His singing was at once natural and national. The hunting song—the sea song—and the ballad, given with English force and English feeling, may be said to have expired with Incledon. He was the manliest of singers.

In 1797, appeared John Braham, the man who has stamped its most universal character upon the style of his age. He was first trained to sing at the synagogue, under Leoni, who was, it is said, his relation; but his real master was Rauzzini. Although he had sung both in London and at Bath, he burst, as it were, upon the musical world, in the full blaze of his powers, at the period above named. Stephen Storace wrote *Mahmoud* (his last and one of his best works) for his introduction. The writer of this article witnessed his début, and was never more astonished than by the marvellous ease of his execution and the facility with which he vanquished the most extraordinary difficulties. Every person of this age has heard Braham, but in a record of this nature, which it is hoped may attain some permanency, a more specific description of so gifted an artist is indispensable.

Braham's voice is a tenor, enlarged in compass by a falsette, and its whole range of really useful and good notes extends from A in the bass to

* It is impossible to imagine anything more conceited, or more coarse than Incledon in private life, as well as on the stage. There is an anecdote in common circulation which combines these two qualities to demonstration. Some of his theatrical companions were one day discussing the qualities necessary to the performance of *Macheath*, when Incledon thus spoke:—"A man should be a gentleman, G—d—me, to play Macheath; he should be a man of education (another oath); he should have fine manners (a still stronger); in short (with a most blasphemous adjuration) he must be Charles Incledon."

E in alt,—a scale of twenty notes. The tone, when not forced, approached the very best sounds of a clarinet, beautifully played, less reedy, though perhaps always *a little* lowered by that defect. It was so perfectly even and equal, and he possessed so thorough a command over it, that he could produce any given quantity or quality upon any part of it at pleasure; while, if he ran through his whole compass by semitones, it was impossible to point out at what precise interval he took, or relinquished, the falsette, though the peculiar quality of that voice, when he rose high, was sufficiently perceptible. But to this faculty (the true *portamento** of Italian vocalization) he also added the power of *colouring* his tone according to the passion,—he could increase or attenuate its volume, not merely making it louder or softer, but by a distinctly different expression of tone, so to speak. It became bold or pathetic, tender or amatory, martial or despairing, according to the passion of the song. “Whoever has heard Braham,” says the editor of the “Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review,” in his elaborate character of this artist, “sing the first line of ‘Waft her, angels, through the skies,’ (from ‘Jephthah,’) and recollects such first line separately and apart from the rest of the song, will have heard the perfection of his tone, and will probably admit that he can produce sounds breathing hope, adoration, and fervent piety,—sounds most touching and full of beauty. Whoever has heard him in the recitative preceding this air, ‘Deeper and deeper still,’ will have listened to as extraordinary changes of tone, expressing remorse, hesitation, the deepest anguish and despair, awe, heart-rending, yet firm and resolute obedience to divine power and justice, bitter thoughts urging to the very confines of madness, and finally the shuddering horror of pronouncing a sentence which fulfils an oath to heaven, and sacrifices all earthly hope of happiness. We can select no single specimen which assembles so considerable a portion of the light and shadow, of the *colouring* of tone, (if we may borrow such a term,) as this admirable recitative and air. In the order of musical effects, it ranks, we think, with the finest efforts of Mrs. Siddons in the drama.”

His volume was not less beyond almost all other voices than the quality and *adaptation* of his tone. His execution was still more prodigious: his fancy, too, was pregnant and exuberant to excess; while his attainments as a pianoforte player and musician enabled him to enrich his genius with the whole learning of the art.

Few persons possess a finer temper or a stronger intellect than Mr. Braham; and fewer still have laboured so incessantly in the pursuits analogous to his profession. All these attributes led to their extravagant employment, and he became not only the most varied, imaginative, and expressive singer, but by far the most florid. Perhaps he is right in the belief he entertains, that he was born about twenty years too soon,—that he preceded his age. The singers of Italy, of the present day, do commonly what he introduced about thirty years ago. He cannot, however, stand excused for having abused his gifts and attainments. By doing everything, he has confounded everything: he has sung at table, in the orchestra, the concert, and the theatres Italian and English;

* This term has been corrupted from its original and proper sense, “the conduct of the voice,” to the *glide* by which the Italians pass from note to note, both ascending and descending.

he has ministered by turns to every taste, and revelled as heartily and as luxuriantly in the worst, as in the best parts of his art.* But let us do him justice. We are perfectly satisfied that the same judgment which has accused him of “frequently disappointing the ear at the very moment of its most intense and fervent expectation,” “of quitting notes in an abrupt and unfinished state by sudden stops, and instant transition of words, and of the tone,”—of “refining too much, and pointing too powerfully,” is not less correct when it pronounces that, “taken as a whole, Mr. Braham is the most accomplished singer it has fallen to the lot of the present, or perhaps any generation to hear.” “He is master of every style. Not to admit this perfection, in its fullest acceptation, would be to deprive him of a part of his honours; and if he has rendered up himself to a luxuriance of ornament, to a degree of passionate expression a little above the colouring of truth, or if he has vitiated the purity of his taste, and the uniformity of his manner, by a general commingling of the styles of the church, the Italian and English theatre, the orchestra, and the chamber, it has been from a want of recollecting that the public judgment is formed by the study of such eminence as his own, and that, while it was his profession to administer to the pleasure of the age, it was his duty to preserve, and with such talents it was certainly given him to exalt, the dignity of his art.”

Braham has had few competitors, no rival. During the long period of his public life (almost thirty-six years), he has stood alone;—a sufficient indication not only of his supremacy, but of the extreme rarity of the *intellectual* and organic qualifications necessary to constitute a great artist. The nearest approach to rivalry was in the person of Mr. Sapio, who possessed a beautiful voice, a good style, particu-

* Two anecdotes will serve to demonstrate the motives and circumstances which have corrupted this extraordinary man, and made him also the corruptor of his age, when he ought to have been, and would have been but for these influences, its best guide. Being at table with some of the finest musicians in the country, his friends, when there was some doubt as to his reception with the public, one of these remonstrated with him upon his extravagancies on the stage. “Did you ever know,” asked Braham, “any other singer who made eighty thousand pounds by his voice?” “And who is the singer that does this?” “He to whom the managers must grant his own terms.” “And what gives him that power?” “Being encored three times.” “And who encores him three times?” “The pit and galleries. To them therefore he must sing.”

So much for the money-getting part of the question. Turn we to the other side. Braham was conversing with a friend concerning the merciless way in which he had been criticized, who defended his critics upon the ground of his having assumed all styles. “Do you mean to say,” asked the sensitive artist, “that I should have been a better singer had my practice been less multifarious?” “I do,” replied his friend. Braham sank for a few moments into a reverie, from which he broke, and speaking with great fervour, exclaimed, “I never had an audience that could appreciate me: give me such an audience, and then see how I’ll sing.”—The directors of the Ancient Concert, who excluded Braham with a prejudice most unjust and indefensible, from their orchestra, till his powers had sensibly declined, have much to answer for in this respect. The severe, not to say fastidious, taste of that audience would, we doubt not, early applied, have polished away the imperfections which have so deeply injured our own English school, of dramatic music especially.

Perhaps the highest compliment ever paid to a singer, and exceeded only by that well-known dustman’s to the Duchess of Devonshire, is thus related by Braham. He got entangled, by losing his way, in some obscure alley at the back of Bishopsgate-street. Scarcely had he entered it, when he saw four or five ruffians manifest. Nothing was left but to face them. As he passed on, he felt his handkerchief drawn from his pocket. This was no sooner done than one of the fellows who stood before him cried out, “’Tis Braham!”—the thief immediately threw it him back.

larly in the Italian, and considerable feeling. He was alike excellent in the oratorio, the orchestra, or the stage, for which his gentlemanly deportment and figure especially qualified him. Some years since appeared Sinclair, whose voice was pure in quality, of considerable volume, and extremely flexible. At first, he made some figure, and became in some sort a favourite with the public. He went to Italy, and returned perhaps the very best specimen of the very worst taste. His facility of execution led him to embellish everything he sang in the most extravagant manner, and he reappeared only to fall irredeemably. Mr. Wood has lately also enjoyed a small share of the public regard; and here may be said to end the catalogue of English tenors*, for it is a curious fact that, neither in the concert-room nor the theatre, has any one of larger promise than ordinary appeared during the successive reigns of Harrison, Vaughan, and Braham.

If there have been more diversity among the females, there has not been more excellence. One single name has stood the test of time,—Miss Stephens,—who has of late, indeed, seceded almost entirely from the practice of the profession. Miss Stephens began her career early, but did not come pre-eminently forward till about 1812. She commenced her musical education under Lanza, who proceeded to form her voice with care, but also with the slow progression of the Italian method. Subsequently she became the pupil of Welsh, who applied himself industriously to the task of fitting her for the stage, and of bringing her out. Her round, full, rich, *lovely* voice, her natural manner, her simple style, deformed by no sort of affectation, immediately won upon the public; and both in the orchestra, the church, and the theatre, she became universally admired. No female singer perhaps ever built so true an English style upon Italian rudiments. Her ballad singing was perfection. There was also high beauty, and no slight polish, in her concert and oratorio singing, and though the manner was anything but impassioned, it was sensible and graceful. Her purity rendered her performance the very model of what our nation terms “chaste singing.” No one ever enjoyed more universal engagements than Miss Stephens. She sang everywhere for nearly twenty years, except at the Italian Opera; and no one adorned public life by the virtues and the natural graces of her private character more than she has done.

Miss Paton, endowed more variously, but not so highly in some respects, has, for the last few years, occupied a lofty place. Nature gave to this young lady a very beautiful person, a sweet and extensive voice, unbounded industry and emulation, and a warm imagination. She is a very fine musician†; but she has been the scholar of a multitude of masters, good, bad, and indifferent, and her scale was never rightly formed from the first; she has therefore laboured under the drawback of an unequal and imperfect vocalization. Her fancy and feeling have also

* Perhaps we ought to mention Mr. Broadhurst, if it be only for his beautiful performance of “John Anderson my Jo.” Neyer was anything more pathetic, more exquisite than this.

† One of the strongest proofs of this truth was given by Miss Paton about five years since. She was engaged to sing at the Philharmonic; and, on the morning of the rehearsal, was requested to sing a song of Spohr’s, one of the most difficult, because consisting of intervals almost unvocal, that ever was composed. She sang the song “a prima vista,” with a degree of precision and excellence paralleled only by the well-known anecdote of Mara, when tested in a similar way by Frederick the Great.

of late allured her to refine too far: her pathos has become ultra-patetic; her expression is carried, by retardations of the time, violent emphasis, and struggling after extreme effects, to a length often touching upon the ridiculous, and always liable to the suspicion of affectation. But, with all these deductions, she is still a great artist; and it would be impossible to find another English female so variously and so highly cultivated.

The place of these singers has been since occupied by Miss Inverarity (who has scarcely realized the promise she at first held out), Miss Shirreff, Miss Cawse, and Miss Romer; but none of them have yet risen to a height sufficient to place them above those who float, for a short time, like the gay bubbles of the element, sink, and are seen no more*.

The stage has rarely reared a bass singer of any mark or likelihood; the paucity and incapacity of such artists, and the few and feeble parts written for them, have operated necessarily to keep them out of sight, and repress even the talent which has appeared. Storace had the noblest voice to write for in Sedgewick that was ever heard on the English stage; but the man was heavy, dull, and irregular. Of late, however, Mr. H. Phillips and Mr. Seguin (a pupil of the Royal Academy) have come boldly out. The former has highly distinguished himself, and is now esteemed, in the concert-room, the direct and only successor of Bartleman; while, upon the stage, he takes a more exalted place than any of his predecessors. His voice is somewhat heavier and rounder than a barytone, while it preserves, in a great degree, the brilliancy of tone peculiar to that species, ranges through its full compass above, and is more extended below. Mr. Phillips has a strong capacity and a fertile fancy; but he has also good taste and a sound judgment. At this moment he is the most popular English singer going; and, what has seldom been achieved by any bass, his ballad-singing is greatly esteemed. The truth is, he is simple, natural, sensible, and expressive; and, above all, content to do no more than the occasion demands, and he himself can perfectly execute.—Mr. Seguin has a noble voice and much science. His performance with Malibran in “*La Sonnambula*” has gained him credit with the public, which industry and experience will establish.

We have thus exhibited a “peristrepic picture” of the talent nourished by the election of the country during the last thirty years. Multitudes have risen and sunk; for the trial shows how rarely persons are endowed with all the qualities that constitute a *great* artist. Organic strength—vocal, intellectual, corporeal, must all unite†; and now, the education and knowledge necessary would astound the singers of the last century. To be able to pronounce and understand, so far as the words of a song go, English, Latin, Italian, French, and German‡, sometimes

* We have not forgotten, though we postpone, Madame Vestris, because she commenced at the King's Theatre.

† The fatigue singers undergo is incredible. Pasta, not many seasons ago, played in Naples, and seventeen days afterwards appeared upon the boards of the King's Theatre in London. After the most fatiguing characters, she sometimes goes to more than one private evening concert, having sung at a morning concert, or rehearsed, or both. Mrs. Salmon, in one week, sang on the Monday night in London, Tuesday at Oxford, Wednesday in London, Thursday at Bath, Friday in London, and Saturday at Bristol. Nothing but the constitution of a horse can stand it. The private concerts of the nobility rarely *begin* before eleven o'clock at night, and end—no one knows when. The late hours are the destruction of the health of the London world.

‡ It is marvellous that no aspirant has revived Heighington's Greek Odes, or

even Spanish, seems to be all but indispensable; for all these languages have been sung at provincial festivals. To converse in French, if not Italian, is almost equally important to those who must mix so much with foreigners, and with such various society. To be able to read music with the utmost facility,—to understand its construction sufficiently, at least, to judge of the propriety of ornament upon given harmonics,—to play the pianoforte enough to accompany,—are essentials. To these accomplishments ought to be added a wide and comprehensive study of English, Italian, and German composers, both for the church and the theatre. Here is enough for the employment of a laborious life; but if the artist have not polished manners, and some acquaintance with the current literature, he or she will find little countenance in the polite world, to which, if they mix in society at all, it is their province to aspire. This is no ideal picture. We have known females,—aye, and young females,—(for they far exceed the men,) whose attainments were not far short of this estimate. Madame Caradori Allan is one of the brightest examples. To all these attainments she adds drawing and modelling to great perfection, and is, withal, amongst the most modest, sensible, and well-bred persons of her time. We know not how it is, but so it is, the foreigners excel us in the extent and variety of their accomplishments.

We have already alluded to the dearth of rising singers in certain classes. The absence of commanding talent is obvious; but perhaps so much more is now done, even by second-rates, that, to be first, implies even more than former favourites achieved. Upon the stage there are Misses Inverarity, Betts, Shirreff, Romer, Cawse, H. Cawse, Mrs. Waylett, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Wood, &c.; Messrs. Sapio, Wilson, Templeton, and Wood, tenors; H. Phillips, Seguin, and Stansbury, basses. In the concert Miss Masson has already attained high eminence; Mrs. Seguin, Mrs. Bishop, and, above most others, Miss Clara Novello, afford abundant promise. But the summit is only attained by *long*, as well as painful labour.

Our notice has run to an extent which compels us to postpone the last and most fashionable, if not the most popular, item,—the portraiture of foreign excellence,—to another Number. Enough, we hope, has been said to prove that the natives of England, under judicious cultivation—give them fair play—have, at least, the power of vying with foreign artists in most, if not in all, the branches. If Italy and Germany boast their Catalani, their Colbran, their Pasta, and their Sontag, we have our Billington, our Vestris, our Salmon, and our Stephens. Braham we pronounce to be unmatched, in spite of all his sinkings. It is a question whether Italy ever produced a more perfect cantabile singer than Harrison. What, then, is wanting to the perfecting of English art and English artists? That devotion to music which England can never feel, so long as England considers politics, commerce, and general literature to have superior claims; in short, so long as Englishmen and Englishwomen prefer domestic affection and society to public entertainment, general good to personal amusement, freedom to frivolity, moderate to excessive pleasures, and reason to passion.

set Romaic. The Russ will soon appear, now that the horn band has come among us.

THE LATE MR. TARDY.

"*Better late than never*" was the motto of that ancient family, the Tardys; that of the Loiters, "*Slow and sure*." The deceased Sir Dawdlemore Tardy, of Neverdone Castle, Bart., father to our present subject, married Miss Evelina Loiter, sole offspring of Sir Lag Loiter, Bart., of Limpingham Hall. Certain trifling circumstances appeared to render this marriage desirable—such as equality of rank, contiguity of the family estates, the mutual affection which had long existed between the principal contracting parties, the fitness of their ages, the conformity of their habits, tastes, and dispositions, &c. Yet, maturely considered, a more injudicious union can hardly be imagined; for what, indeed, but the most disastrous consequences could be expected to result from the junction, not of the families, but of their mottoes! In the formation of character the operation of a precept frequently repeated, though imperceptible, is certain; and no one will venture to dispute that a person who can scarcely ever step into his carriage, or seal a letter, without finding the same maxim obtruded upon his attention, will insensibly become its slave. How much, then, must the case of such a one be aggravated when abandoned to the influence of *two* such monitors, both pointing the same way! Had either of the two families had for their motto, "*Delays are dangerous*," or "*Strike while the iron's hot*," or, "*A stitch in time saves nine*," or "*Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day*,"—though, haply, somewhat too long, or not sufficiently elegant to decorate the pannels of a carriage,—the counteracting influence of one of these sentences would have neutralized the mischievous effects of either of the others. As it was, the operation of their combined force was irresistible; and of their pernicious power the unfortunate victim was the late Mr. Loiter Lag Tardy.

The Genius of Delay seems to have presided over the fortunes of our hero even before his entrance into this world of trouble. Anxiously awaited by Sir Dawdlemore and his young and lovely wife was the period which should bless them with what is prettily termed a pledge of affection. The tenantry, also, of the two families felt a deep and natural interest in the event, for (to say nothing of the love and respect they entertained for their landlords) the birth of a child was to be celebrated by the roasting of a couple of fat oxen, and the distribution of sundry barrels of very strong ale. The heads of the most learned gossips of the village of Limpingham were at work; signs and appearances were carefully considered; time was strictly calculated; and, at length, by a general concurrence of opinions, the eighth of September was declared the favoured and fortunate day which the young stranger would most certainly honour with his first interesting squeak. The important eighth of September arrived. Certain symptoms experienced by Lady Tardy seemed likely to confirm the opinions of the old ladies of Limpingham. The ale-barrels were rolled out upon the lawn of Neverdone Castle, the fatted oxen were turned from their pastures, the ropes of the church-bells of Limpingham were already in the hands of the most expert ringers in the village, and nothing remained wanting to put all these evidences of

heart-felt rejoicings into appropriate action, but the preconcerted signal which was to announce, incontestably, an addition to the family. But the old ladies of Limpingham were, for once, at fault; and the eighth of September was disappointed of its expected honours, for the little Tardy appeared not on that day. So the bell-ringers returned to their homes, the ale-barrels were restored to their shed, and the fatted oxen to their pastures. Another day passed away, and another; a week, a fortnight elapsed, yet was the world ungladdened by the addition of the invaluable unit to its hundreds of millions. "Slow and sure," said Sir Lag Loiter. "Better late than never," responded his patient son-in-law. At last—at last—at last, on the twenty-ninth of September, (exactly twenty-one days *after* the period calculated upon,) at precisely nine of the morning, a red flag, hoisted on one of the chimney-tops of Never-done castle, gave assurance of the birth of an heir-male to the house of Tardy. All was now rejoicing! The bells of Limpingham church were set ringing, the ale was rolled out to be tapped, the oxen were driven forth to be slaughtered.

We have already said that the Genius of Delay seems to have presided over the fortunes of our hero, even (if such an expression be allowable) before his birth. His first step in the world, or, more strictly speaking, the very step he took into existence, was taken *too late*! The young gentleman, whose appearance we have announced, was *not* Master Loiter Lag Tardy! Barely had a quarter of an hour passed away, (for Sir Dawdlemore Tardy and Sir Lag Loiter were still shaking hands, and congratulating each other upon the happy event,) when the nurse burst into the room, and announced the arrival of a *second* pledge of affection! This *was* our hero. Call it indolence; call it politeness towards his fellow-brat whom he allowed to take the start of him; qualify his conduct upon the occasion in whatsoever way you please; certain it is, that by coming into the world just a quarter of an hour too late, he lost a baronetcy, with two-and-thirty thousand a year, and took in exchange the advantageous place of younger brother, with a magnificent three hundred whilst his father lived, and the chances of what afterwards the generosity of the person whom he had so kindly obliged might choose to bestow upon him on his acceding to the title and the estates.

The overjoyed father (whose delight, however, was somewhat diminished by receiving more than he had bargained for) was naturally anxious to feast his eyes with a sight of the future baronet and his brother. Accordingly, two little lumps of brick-dust-coloured putty were brought for his inspection. Not greater could have been his wonder and his admiration had a phoenix and a unicorn been exhibited to him. Apparently forgetting that such things are by no means uncommon, he gazed upon them as though they were the rarest productions of nature; and, like the bird we have alluded to, only to be met with once in a century. But the first-felt raptures of paternity must be treated with indulgence.

"Do you consider them handsome, nurse?" asked he, in a tone sufficiently indicating that *he* did—at the same time putting a couple of guineas into the hand of the matron.

"They are, positively, the most beautiful creatures I ever beheld, Sir," replied she; adroitly adding, "and so like you and my lady!"

She then expatiated on the several charms of the things; declaring a small pimple in the centre of what she pretended was the *face* of our hero—[having no business with his brother, we shall make no further mention of *him*!—to be the very nose of her ladyship; and a gimlet-hole just below it to be Sir Dawdlemore's own mouth.

But however well-founded may have been the nurse's encomium on the beauty of the little gentleman, certain it is that that beauty was not destined to be of long duration. At the period when Mr. Tardy came into the world, that scourge of society, that foe to the quiet and comfort of mankind, the barbarous and ever-to-be-execrated Jenner, had not yet promulgated his fatal discovery of the means of counteracting that admirable contrivance, called the small-pox, for preserving the earth from being overrun with scrubby, screaming children. Then did that invaluable disease walk unimpeded through the blind alleys and the crooked lanes, in one week beneficently sweeping away a greater number of the "little unwashed" than the combined industry of war, plague, pestilence, and famine, could in a month exterminate. One morning the nurse entered the breakfast-parlour, and, with consternation painted on her countenance, informed the baronet and his lady that four virulent cases of small-pox had appeared in the immediate neighbourhood of the castle. At this awful intelligence the baronet and his lady looked aghast.

"What is to be done, nurse?" inquired Lady Tardy.

"O, my lady," replied nurse, "the dear baby ought to be inoculated immediately; and I have told your ladyship so for this month past."

"Slow and sure, nurse," rejoined her ladyship; "I don't think the child is in condition for the operation."

"O, my lady," continued nurse, "an angel from heaven wouldn't be fitter to be inoculated. We can never be too early in these matters; and, with my will, it should have been done yesterday."

"Better late than never," said Sir Dawdlemore; "it shall be done to-morrow."

On the evening of that very day, the unfortunate little Loiter took the disease naturally. It was a case of the most malignant character, and, for a long time, the state of the little sufferer seemed hopeless. However, he recovered; but (thanks to the family motto of the Tardys!) the beauty of his "human face divine" was obliterated for ever.

To recount the instances, in his boyish days, of young Tardy's failures and mishaps, through his indolent habit of procrastination, were endless. Was a school-prize to be contended for, his exercise, which was never deficient in merit, was always *nearly* ready about the time when it should be delivered in, yet never finished, or not presented, till just a quarter of an hour after the period when it could be received. Did he join a marauding party in an orchard, his companions would scamper away on the first alarm of detection, whilst he, too indolent to run for it, would be caught, and bear the punishment due to the whole party. Or even was he a candidate for a prize in a rowing-match or a pony-race, the slow-and-sure maxim would still prevail. "Where's the good of doing things in a hurry?" he would ask: and when, as a natural consequence of his "taking it easy," he came in just in time to lose (as he invariably did), and his successful rival sneeringly welcomed him with "a *leetle* too late, Tardy,"—he would console himself, for the loss of both money and

reputation, by quoting the family motto, "Well—better late than never."

His education finished, it became necessary to consider the means of establishing him in life. But what could be done for the poor fellow? The joint fortunes of the Tardys and the Loiters amounted, it is true, to two-and-thirty thousand a year; but this, together with the title, was, very properly, destined to illustrate the career of the elder brother. Loiter thought this hard; and once, when his settlement was the subject of discussion, he ventured to express such an opinion to Sir Dawdlemore:—

"Now I ask you, my dear father, as a man who knows what life is, what *can* I do with the three hundred a year you allow me?"

"Really, my dear boy, that's a very perplexing question."

"Now, Sir, do you think *you* could live upon three hundred a-year?"

This question being little less perplexing than the other, the baronet humm'd, and ha'd, and hesitated, and at length replied,

"Why—aw—no—I—aw—candidly speaking I don't think I could; but, you see—aw—I never was a younger brother, but—aw—if I had been, I suppose I must have contrived as well as I could with it—and—aw—that's what you must do—aw—don't you see?"——

"But, surely, father, out of an income of two-and-thirty thousand pounds something might——"

"That's nothing to the point, Loiter; be reasonable, and remember that your elder brother will have to maintain the dignity of our name—and that nothing less than that will do it—whilst you, for your part, having no responsibilities in the world, can easily——"

"Then, Sir," warmly exclaimed Loiter, "I must say I consider it a cruel injustice that I should be turned forth a beggar, simply because in our race into the world my brother happened to beat me by half a neck."

"And I must say, Sir," with equal warmth retorted Sir Dawdlemore, "I consider your complaint to be both unjust and absurd: you have no one to thank for that but yourself: why did you let him?" So saying, he angrily left the room.

In about half an hour he returned. "Come, Loiter," said he, "give me your hand. Although I can do nothing for you myself, I have not been negligent of you. Your fortune is made. By my interest at the India-House I have procured a writership for you. I have been long trying for this, but wouldn't let you know it till I could tell you I had succeeded. Read this letter."

The delighted Loiter Lag Tardy read:—

"East India House, 13th February, 179—."

"Why, Sir," said Loiter, "this letter is dated exactly ten days ago!"

"Yes, my dear boy; but slow and sure: sending a beloved son to India is, after all, a serious affair, and ought not to be too hastily determined upon. But read on."

Loiter continued:—

"My dear Sir Dawdlemore,—At length I have a nomination to a writership, which I shall be most happy to use in favour of the son of so old and so valued a friend as you. But *within three days of your receipt of this* (AT THE VERY LONGEST) pray inform me whether you are now in the mind to accept it; for, as you will readily believe, I am overwhelmed with applications for it,—and one amongst them is

from a CERTAIN PERSON *whom it would be not a little to my interest to oblige*.—Believe me, most faithfully yours,

“To Sir Dawdlemore Tardy, Bart.,
Neverdone Castle, Limpingham.”

“WALTER RICE CURRIE.”

“Well, my boy,” exclaimed Sir Dawdlemore, exultingly; “what say you to that?”

“My fortune is made, Sir,” said Loiter; “and I am grateful for your remembrance of me.”

“Now, then, Loiter,—let me see,—this is Monday the 23d; write by to-night’s post to Sir Walter in acceptance of his offer; to-morrow he will receive your letter, and on Wednesday, the 25th, we may expect an intimation of your appointment.”

With his accustomed alacrity Loiter flew to his writing-case; but reflecting that, as it was now only two o’clock, and that the post did not leave Limpingham till a quarter-past seven, he thought he might as well defer the task till after his morning’s ride. Accordingly he mounted his horse, and rode his usual time; and on his return home, again flew to his writing-case. After taking from it seventeen unanswered letters (of which, seven exhibited, in large characters, underscored, the appalling words, “Pray answer by return;” five, “Immediate;” and two, “Most pressing;”) he thus commenced his missive to the director:—

“Dear Sir Wa——”

Having proceeded so far, he looked at his watch. “Half-past five,” thought he. “There will barely be time to write this letter, for in a little while it will be almost time to dress for dinner; so I’ll just amuse myself during this useless quarter of an hour with my flute, and then dress, and then——.” So he took up his flute, and continued *too-tooing* till the dressing-bell warned him to his room.

Having performed the important duties of the toilet, he resumed his letter to the director; and, by a vigorous effort, he, this time, advanced so far as

“Dear Sir Walt——”

At this particular moment, or, rather, at this particular letter, he recollected that his servant had omitted to give him a handkerchief; so he rang the bell, which ring brought a servant who happened not to be his own, which servant was sent to send Robins; when, after a slight delay, the said Robins came; who, being told of the omission, went forthwith to supply it. All this occupied time, during which Mr. Tardy paced up and down the room. Presently Robins returned with intelligence that he could not open the drawer where the handkerchiefs were kept, something being the matter with the lock. Whereupon Mr. Tardy went himself to see what *could* be the matter with it; and he, after peeping twenty times into the key-hole, and blowing forty times into the key, and thrusting it into the lock, and twisting it first one way and then another, at length found himself the victor in the struggle, and marched off with the spoils of conquest in the form of a cambric handkerchief. Victories, however, are seldom gained but at some expense; and the cost of this to our hero was exactly sixteen minutes of time and a writership in India. He returned to his letter, but had scarcely taken up his pen when the dinner-bell was heard. In an emergency of this nature, however, dinner was an affair of minor consideration; and

soup, nay, even fish, might be sacrificed to a writership: so, spite of message after message from the dining-room, the energetic Loiter finished his letter and despatched a servant with it to Limpingham.

In the course of the evening word was brought that the letter had been sent just a quarter of an hour too late for that night's post, but that it would be forwarded on the morrow.

"I'm sorry for that," said Sir Dawdlemore; "inasmuch as we cannot now expect an answer before the 26th."

"No matter, Sir," replied Loiter; "better late than never."

On the 26th the expected letter arrived. It ran thus:—

"E. I. H., 25th Feb.

"My dear Sir,—It is with infinite regret I inform you that the writership in question is no longer in my power to bestow. Your letter, *dated* the 23d, (which, consequently, ought to have arrived yesterday,) I have but this moment received. From a sincere wish that *you* should benefit by the appointment, I resolved to extend the *three* days I proposed for your consideration of my offer to *ten*. But not hearing either from you or your father, I interpreted your silence on the subject into a rejection of the thing; and, at last, yielded to the pressing entreaties of my friend, Lord Snatchatall, that I would give it to his youngest son. What adds greatly to my mortification is the fact, that had your letter arrived even yesterday, the 24th, (which, agreeably to the date it bears, as I have already said, it ought to have done,) the appointment had still been yours; for it was not till last night I nominated the Honourable Hungerford Snatchatall in your stead.—Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your's and your father's very sincere friend,

"To Loiter L. Tardy, Esq."

"WALTER RICE CURRIE."

Reproaches from father to son very naturally ensued upon the reading of this epistle; and these terminated with—"Well, Sir, I have done for you all which I have it in *my* power to do. You have marred your fortune by your own fault, and must now try to mend it again in the best way you can." But as no one likes to bear blame which he can, by any means in the world, transfer to the shoulders of another, poor Robins was accused of being the primary cause of the mishap.—"Hadn't that rascal of mine, Sir," said young Mr. Tardy, "kept me blowing into a key for a full quarter of an hour, I should have just saved the post by a minute." So Robins was summoned into the room; and, with a rapidity of execution not very common with the Tardys, paid his wages and discharged.

Of many methods of improving your fortune, or of acquiring one, the readiest, if not in all respects the most agreeable, is to marry an heiress. We will not venture to assert that this expedient frequently occurs to the minds of younger brothers, but that Mr. Tardy had thought of such a thing we are certain. A few miles from the Castle there lived a gentleman of the name of Tubbs, who had "one fair daughter and no more." This young lady was the sole expectant of nearly four thousand a year. Young Tardy was a favourite with the father, and was not indifferently looked upon by his daughter Clara. For although Loiter was not handsome, (owing to the delay we have mentioned as having occurred at a very early period of his life,) yet did he possess recommendations sufficient to win the affections even of a woman beautiful and accomplished as was Miss Tubbs. But the pass-

port which gained him admission into the very citadel of her heart, was his proficiency on the flute. This will be easily understood when we explain that Clara was perfect mistress of the piano-forte, (at least her father, who was a competent judge in the matter, thought so,) and that her chief delight was to play the "Battle of Prague," the "March in Blue-Beard," and the "Overture to Lodoiska,"—(compositions much in vogue at the time in question, though, perhaps, not so frequently performed now as they deserve to be,)—while Loiter would stand behind her and swell the harmonies with the sounds of his attendant flute. There was but one drawback to the perfection of Mr. Tardy's performance,—he was usually three or four bars *behind time*. This defect, being constitutional, could not be remedied; and when upon his concluding *too—too—too*, coming in after the last touch of Clara Tubbs had ceased to vibrate, and she would exclaim, "Charmingly played, Mr. Tardy!—only you are three bars too late,"—his reply was, as will be anticipated, "Better late than never, Miss Tubbs." The growing intimacy between the young people did not pass unobserved either by Sir Dawdlemore and Lady Tardy, or by old Mr. Tubbs himself. The Baronet encouraged it; for he really loved his younger son, and would have given anything in the world to see him advantageously settled,—except money. Nor is it unlikely that Mr. Tubbs would have consented to the marriage had Loiter Tardy made a proposal to him for the hand of the fair Clara at about this time. But notwithstanding that he was repeatedly urged by the young lady so to do, the slow-and-sure principle preponderated; till one day a formal offer was made for her by Squire Lumpy, a wealthy neighbour of Mr. Tubbs. Then it was that Mr. Tardy, conceiving there was no time to be lost, resolved upon an immediate explanation with the father of his beloved Clara. "I fear it is now too late," said Miss Tubbs; "had you declared yourself to my father before this abominable creature, with his five thousand a-year, came to put notions of aggrandizement into his head, I have reason to believe that——But, alas! I fear it is now too late."

"Fear nothing, my dear Clara," replied Tardy; "better late than never." And incontinently he proceeded to the library, where he found Mr. Tubbs, to whom he opened the business.

Having patiently listened to all that the young gentleman had to say, Mr. Tubbs thus replied: "My dear Loiter, I like you; and, to speak the plain truth, I should prefer you for a son-in-law to any man in the county, don't you see? Had you asked me but yesterday, I would have given you my daughter, fortune and all, and never have thought about what you could bring on your side, don't you know? But this offer of Squire Lumpy's has given a turn to the whole affair, you see. He has five thousand a year, eh? Clara will have four, won't she? Five and four make nine, you know. Now, nine thousand a year will make *something* of us in the county, you perceive; and, as a considerate father, I am bound to look to my child's welfare, and to do the best I can for her, and so forth, don't you understand? However, as I said before, I'd rather have you for my son-in-law, you know: so provided that—in short—to come to the point, suppose I were to give you my consent, what would your father give you, don't you see?"

"Why, Sir," replied Loiter, "he would give me *his*: but, to deal honestly with you, I don't think he would give me anything else."

"O!—ha!—Well, then, as that's the case, my dear boy, though you are a very good boy, and I like you, don't you know? it will be better for all parties concerned that this should be your last visit at Tubbs' Hall, don't you perceive?"

"But, Sir," exclaimed Loiter, "our hearts—our affections——"

"Fiddlesticks! don't you see? But, come; there's my hand, eh? And when Clara is married and safe at home with her husband, you may come and see me as often as you like, you understand,—and bring your flute with you, don't you know? So, for the last time, good bye, you see."—With this, Mr. Tubbs bowed his visiter out of the room.

Prior to Loiter's quitting the house a short interview took place between the lovers. The state of their feelings no pen can describe; but it may be tolerably well conceived from the fact that, in this interview,—brief as indeed it was, for it lasted but five minutes,—they not only resolved upon the desperate measure of eloping on the very next morning, but settled also the manner, place, and time.

"At four precisely, dear Loiter: be punctual!" were the last words of Clara Tubbs.

"To a second, beloved Clara," were Mr. Tardy's.

A chaise-and-four was ordered to be in waiting, just out of the village of Limpingham, on the London road, by three the next morning. At a quarter before three Mr. Tardy awoke. It was on the seventh of November. The morning was dark, cold, and drizzly. "No more than a quarter to three, and four is the time appointed: I can take another turn," said the impatient lover. The turret clock struck three. Tardy slowly rose, and peeped through the window-shutters. "What an in-f-f-ernal m-m-morning," muttered he; his teeth chattering with cold. "Nothing but the b-b-bliss of f-f-flying to meet one's b-b-beloved could reconcile a man to so barbarous a proceeding as leaving his comfortable bed. But I've a clear hour before me; half an hour will serve to shave and dress; a quarter will take me to the Little Park Gate at Tubbs' Hall—by running very fast—and—come, I've a quarter of an hour to spare, and may as well enjoy *that*." So he got into his comfortable bed again. The chimes sounded the quarter. "Ugh! I'll not shave; that will save ten minutes." So he took another turn. At half-past three he once more arose. "Only half an hour to four," thought he: "no matter, there's plenty of time; four for half-after—half an hour's grace, of course." At a quarter *before* the appointed hour the tender limbs of the delicate Miss Tubbs were shivering at the Little Park Gate of Tubbs' Hall; at a quarter *after* the appointed hour, Mr. Tardy left Neverdone Castle. On approaching the gate, Loiter, to his infinite delight, perceived through the thick mist, the dark outline of a human figure. "My angel!" he exclaimed, and clasped it in his arms.

"So, you are come at last, don't you know? It was by the merest accident in the world I happened to turn out so early this morning, you see; and what brought me this way rather than any other I protest I can't tell, you know. But here I found my Clara, and—Upon my soul, master Loiter, this was a close-run race, don't you perceive? A few minutes earlier and you might have been off with the girl, and then I might have whistled for her, you see. As it is, my dear boy, you are exactly a quarter of an hour too late, don't you know?"

So Mr. Tubbs returned to the Hall, and Mr. Tardy went home again—to bed.

On the Thursday succeeding this event there appeared in the “*Limpingham Gazette*” the following paragraph:—

“Yesterday, at Limpingham Church, was married, Robert Lumpy, Esq., to Miss Julia Tubbs, youngest daughter of Onesimus Tubbs, Esq., of Box Wood. The happy couple immediately set off for Harrowgate. Their joint fortunes are said to amount to 22,172*l. per annum*. We can append to this a curious little anecdote connected with the event. About seventeen weeks ago the young lady eloped with Peter Loiter, Esq., eldest son of Sir Dawdlemore Loiter; but the parties were overtaken (fortunately in our opinion) as they were changing horses at Hounslow, within three stages of London.”

In this statement our readers will perceive a slight error or two, which, however, were duly corrected in the next day’s paper. The correction ran thus:—

“In our paper of yesterday we were led into a trifling mistake concerning the recent marriage. The parties, it appears, were *Simon Lumpy, Esq.* (not Robert) and Miss *Clara* (not Julia) Tubbs, *only* daughter of *Lawrence* (not Onesimus) Tubbs, Esq., of *Tubbs’ Hall* (not Box Wood). The happy couple went, not to Harrowgate (though we, for our parts, cannot think that that signifies much), but to *Brighton*; and their joint fortune, as it now turns out, is only 9000*l. per annum*. The elopement did not succeed *quite* to the extent we have stated; and the gentleman concerned was not *Peter Loiter, Esq.*, (for, upon inquiry, we find there is no such person,) but *Loiter Lag Tardy, Esq.*, *younger* son of Sir Dawdlemore *Tardy, Bart.*, not *Loiter*—and indeed we must admit that, upon a careful examination of the baronetage, no such name as Loiter appears there, at least since James I., by whom the *modern* baronetage was founded—although it is, nevertheless, possible it may have existed *prior* to that monarch’s reign. To this we may add, that the happy pair were not united at Limpingham Church, (or Limpinghame, as it ought properly to be written,) but by special license, at Tubbs’ Hall. We are told, also, that we were wrong in announcing the ceremony as having taken place on Wednesday, as, in fact, it occurred on *Tuesday*, (an error, by the bye, of no importance,) and the elopement alluded to was attempted, not seventeen weeks ago, but *within the last week*,—though the main point, that an elopement *was attempted*, is not denied. Hounslow, too, which we stated as being *three* stages from London, is, as our too querulous corrector informs us, only *one*. However, we were so far right, inasmuch as it is a *long* and (taking Brentford into account) somewhat a *heavy* stage. We make these corrections to satisfy what seems to us to be the over-scrupulous punctiliousness of the parties, although we were right in the main.”

We have given these paragraphs at length, in order to satisfy the world that even the “*Limpingham Gazette*” cannot always be punctiliously correct in the interesting gossip with which it indulges its readers.

The disappointment that Mr. Tardy here experienced brought him to resolve to live a bachelor; a resolution which he maintained throughout the rest of his life.

Unfortunate in love, Mr. Tardy took refuge in politics; and a vacancy occurring at Rottenbury, he presented himself as a candidate to serve in Parliament, as one of the representatives of that independent and respectable borough. Although he had no support in the contest, save his own talents and integrity, (for his family interest, and three thousand pounds advanced by his father to serve a purpose of his own in getting

his son into Parliament, could have had no influence over the minds of the independent voters of Rottenbury,) Tardy ran his opponent, Lord George Pliant, so hard in the canvass, that it was difficult even to guess on which side fortune would declare. By his promptitude and industry he astonished all those who were aware of his usual habits of indolence and procrastination. He had, as he believed, canvassed every person who had a vote to (qu.) *sell*? for Rottenbury, except one Mr. Grubthorpe, a farmer who, living at a village seven miles off, Mr. Tardy resolved to leave till the last. Just within three hours of the time appointed for the opening of the poll, he ordered his horse for the purpose of paying a visit to the farmer. He had set one foot in the stirrup when the London newspaper was put into his hand. He opened it, and turned to the sporting intelligence. "How's this!" said he, "Bluestocking not expected to run! That alters my book; it may make a difference of sixty guineas to me. As soon as I return I'll—stop—I'll write up to my friend Snaffle upon the subject at once—no; I'd better first go over to—no; I'll write this letter, and then it will be off my mind." He returned to his room, wrote a long letter to his friend Snaffle touching this all-important matter of sixty guineas, and, having so done, he mounted his horse and rode over to solicit the vote of Mr. Grubthorpe. On his way thither he met Lord George Pliant riding towards Rottenbury. They coldly exchanged bows, and passed on. On stating to Mr. Grubthorpe the object of his visit, Mr. G. replied—"Lard, Sir, how could'ee come so leate? I ha' had twenty visits from his Lardship, nor wou'd'n promise he in hopes ye'd come, for I knows yer feyther; but as this weare the last day I didn' think ye'd come at all, so I weare obliged to teake care o' myself, and so I ha' just promised my vote to my Lard. Lard, Sir, if ye had but come the matter of a quarter of an hour ago!" At the final close of the poll the numbers were declared; for

Lord George Pliant	-	-	-	-	371
Loiter Lag Tardy, Esq.	-	-	-	-	370

Hurra! Pliant for ever! Glorious majority of ONE!!!

Not long afterwards Lord George Pliant, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, (and, probably, something more,) vacated his seat; and then Mr. Tardy was, without opposition, returned member for Rottenbury:—the sole condition of his election being that he would oppose, might and main, the Rottenbury-Payment-of-Rate-for-building-a-Bridge-across-the-River-Slush Enforcement-Bill.

L. L. Tardy, Esq., M.P., went to London; and no sooner arrived there than he took the oaths and his seat. His arrival was opportune; for it happened that, on the evening of that very day, a hard struggle was expected to take place on the third reading of the Rottenbury,—&c., &c.,—Enforcement-Bill. On that same evening, Mrs. Siddons, whom he had never seen, was to play *Lady Macbeth*; so, as the Rottenbury Bill was not expected to come on earlier than half-past ten, and the other business before the House being unimportant, he despatched his servant to Drury-Lane Theatre to secure a place for him. Every place was taken; but, fortunately, at the very moment of the application, one front seat in the stage-box was given up, and this was transferred to Mr. Tardy (with the M.P. tacked to the name, of course). In order to be near the scene of action, and that no time might be lost, he took his dinner at the

Shakspeare, and, whilst sipping his wine, addressed short letters to every person of his acquaintance, principally, we believe, for the gratification of scrawling *Free, L. L. Tardy*, on the outside of them. At that period the performances commenced at half-past six. The dial in the coffee-room indicated that precise time. Mr. Tardy didn't care to hear the overture, so he called for another half-pint of port and more writing-paper. Having inadvertently overstaid the time by which, according to his calculation, the first scene of the play would be over, the loss of the second would be of the less consequence; and as, indeed, all he cared about was to see Mrs. Siddons, he could imagine no reason why he should hurry his wine. And now, having deliberately finished his last glass, he proceeded to the theatre. On passing along the lobby his ears were assailed with the awful sound of "First act over!" and the honourable member for Rottenbury reached his box-door just in time to see a long thin leg in a blue silk stocking striding over three benches at once down into the very place which, till then, had been reserved for himself. "That is unlucky, Sir!" said the box-keeper as he closed the door; "you are *so little* too late." "Better late than never," replied the M.P.: "I can see *something* through the glass." And he did see all the action of Macbeth, and he also *heard* some of the louder portions of the choruses. The tragedy concluded, he procured a tolerable place for the afterpiece. It was the "Spoiled Child," in which Mrs. Jordan acted the part of Little Pickle. Aware that his parliamentary duties would not allow of his seeing the whole of the entertainment, he thought, nevertheless, that he might indulge himself with the first act. The first act finishing somewhat earlier than he had been told it would, and the Rottenbury Bill not being expected to come on *before* half-past ten, (which, most probably, would be eleven,) there was no good reason why he should not enjoy a little of the second. At a quarter before eleven the piece was so very nearly at an end that it would be absurd not to wait its termination. The green curtain fell; and, gratified beyond description by the inimitable performance he had witnessed, the member for Rottenbury hurried down to the House. Full of the importance of his new position, with becoming dignity he marched up stairs towards the lobby, but, to his astonishment, the doors were closed. "Beg pardon, Sir," said one of the polite gentlemen in black, (at the same time *not* opening the door,) "after the division, if you please." "Oh!" said Mr. Tardy, and waited where he was. On being admitted, he found that the House had just then divided on the third reading of the Rottenbury-Payment-of-Rate-for-building-a-Bridge-across-the-River-Slush Enforcement-Bill; which, after an animated debate, was carried by a majority of ONE: the Speaker, in the absence of the honourable member, having decided the question by his casting vote. No sooner did the news reach his constituents at Rottenbury that the Rate-paying-Enforcement-Bill (for the express object of opposing which they had returned Mr. Tardy to Parliament) had been carried against them, and that, too, entirely owing to his absence on the division, than the free and independent electors forwarded what they called a "peremptory request" to their representative that he would instantly surrender the important trust, which, for the good of the British empire in general, and of the borough of Rottenbury in particular, they had confided to him. This he accordingly did, and returned un-M.P.'d to Neverdone Castle.

Years rolled on. In their advance they carried Mr. Tardy along with

them—through the prime of life—into its meridian—past it. He was now fifty-five. At this period old Sir Dawdlemore died. The elder brother succeeded, of course, to the title, the estates, and all the advantages of primogeniture. Loiter inherited a legacy of twenty thousand pounds. This bequest would materially improve his condition; for having no one to provide for but himself, he determined to lay out the entire sum in the purchase of an annuity for his own life. Arrangements for that purpose were immediately entered into; and in order that the money might be forthcoming as soon as required, it was placed in the rich, responsible, and long-established banking-house of Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co., London. He would now be the master of about eighteen hundred a year. “It comes too late for me to enjoy it as once I should have done,” thought he; “but better late than never.”

Having occasion to go into the city one morning on account of some business connected with his annuity, his eye was caught by a ticket, numbered 77, in the window of a lottery-office. He walked on, and presently got into a hackney-coach: it was numbered 77. He drove to his solicitor's: his house was numbered 77. At night (naturally enough) Tardy dreamt that No. 77 was drawn the great prize in the lottery. He rose early the next morning, and sallied forth from his lodgings in Pall-mall to Cornhill, resolved to purchase No. 77. The ticket occupied the same place in the window. He entered the office, drew from his pocket twenty pounds, and——“Hold!” said he; “slow and sure; 'tis a great deal of money to throw away in a lottery speculation; I'll consider of it.” He retraced his steps. At Temple-Bar, an old man implored his charity.

“What's your age, my fine fellow?” asked Mr. Tardy.

“Seventy-seven, Sir,” was the reply.

This was irresistible. Back again he flew to Cornhill. Again the twenty pounds were displayed on the counter.

“Give me ticket No. 77,” said he to the office-keeper.

“No. 77, Sir?” said the man; “sold it only a quarter of an hour ago, in a whole ticket, Sir.”

Two days afterwards, No. 77 was drawn a prize of five thousand pounds. Even the ingenuity of Mr. Tardy in twisting “better late than never” into a consolation failed upon this occasion.

Just at the same time when he received intelligence of this unlucky miss, his solicitor called at his lodgings. The purpose of his visit was to *hint* to Mr. Tardy that, from certain whispers afloat in the city, touching the credit of Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co., it might be prudent to withdraw his deposit from their custody. “He could not speak out—it was a delicate matter—*might* injure the credit of a long-established house—an action at law—prosecution—heavy damages;—however, he had drawn every shilling of *his* money out of their hands. Mr. Tardy would, of course, do as he pleased; yet, were *he* in *his* place, most certainly *he*—but, as he said before, he could say nothing.” And having disburthened himself of these agreeable inuendos, the cautious solicitor took his leave.

Here was matter for rumination—and—slow and sure—Mr. Tardy did ruminate upon it during the greater part of the day. The firm of Spec, Smash, and Co. in a ticklish condition! The thing was impossible. A house so long established—so wealthy—so close and wary in its transactions! And then, the individual partners so affluent! Each with

his establishments in town and country; one with his yacht—another with his stud of racers!—To doubt *their* stability! Pooh! Besides, to withdraw so large a sum at a moment's notice would betray a want of confidence in those most respectable men, and wound their feelings. And yet, there was no smoke without fire. Could he but find a decent pretext for removing his account! And, fortunately, a decent pretext was afforded him. Notice was sent him that all the preliminary forms towards the settlement of his annuity being arranged, nothing now remained but to pay the twenty thousand pounds, which, if convenient to Mr. Tardy, he might do at two o'clock on the morrow. Thus were Mr. Tardy's delicate scruples regarding the tender feelings of his bankers appeased; and, with respect to the safety of his property, his mind set perfectly at rest.

At one o'clock on the morrow, Mr. Tardy, resolving to be punctual to this most important appointment, walked stoutly towards the city, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left—except to see some wherries start on a rowing-match from Blackfriars Bridge: nor stopping by the way—except occasionally to look at some of the very best caricatures ever exhibited. Thus it was three-quarters past two when he reached the place of his destination—a delay, however, which was of no importance, he being quite in time to sign the necessary papers and deeds. “I am rather late, I know,” exclaimed Tardy, laughingly; “but better late than never.”

As he was drawing his cheque-book from his pocket, a gentleman entered the office. “Here's a pretty piece of work!” said he. “Spec, Smash, and Co. stopt payment, and there won't be half-a-crown in the pound.”

“Eh!—how!—what!—when?” said, or, rather, gurgled Mr. Tardy. “They have been paying till within this quarter of an hour,” was the reply; “but if you have any curiosity about it, Sir, you may now see their beautiful mahogany shutters up.”

The wealthy, respectable, and long-established Messrs. Spec, Smash, and Co. assuring their creditors that there would turn out to be forty shillings in the pound,—in time,—Mr. Tardy, for his own part, was satisfied. After the lapse of nineteen months, a first and final dividend of eightpence three-farthings in the pound was declared, which Mr. Tardy would have received—had he not arrived a quarter of an hour too late to prove his debt.

Mr. Tardy entered his sixtieth year, yet had experience not rendered him wiser. The fatal influence of the family mottoes attended him to the very close of his existence. For several years had he kept up an insurance on his life for three thousand pounds, in favour of a young lady who was either his niece, or his cousin, or the orphan daughter of a naval officer,—for he was not consistent in his explanations upon this point. In due course he received the usual notice that the premium for the insurance was becoming due; but, fifteen days beyond the period specified being allowed for the payment, Mr. Tardy had plenty of time before him, and he saw no earthly reason why he should hurry himself in the business. The last of those days of grace arrived; and so, nearly, had the last hour. He was rather late in his payment, he admitted; but, “better late than never.” So, he mounted his horse, and set off at a brisk trot towards the insurance-office. He had not proceeded far when his horse stumbled

and threw him. He was carried home senseless from a severe contusion on the head. Preparations were made for bleeding him. He recovered himself sufficiently to be aware of what was going on.

"Slow and sure," he faintly articulated; "as I never have been bled, I have a great objection to undergoing that operation now."

In vain did the surgeon assure him that his life depended upon it: remonstrance and entreaty were alike unavailing. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the surgeon, kindly taking his hand, once more urged him to submit to his advice; adding, at the same time, "Indeed, indeed, Sir, unless you instantly do so it will be too late."

"Do as you please, then," replied he, in a voice scarcely audible; "better late than never."

Even whilst the surgeon was pointing the lancet to his arm, poor Tardy breathed his last. "Had he consented to this a quarter of an hour ago," exclaimed the operator, "I would have answered for his recovery." This melancholy event occurred at precisely fifteen minutes past four o'clock, as it was sworn to, by the parties present, before a magistrate. It is important that we should be thus particular concerning the time of his death; for, at four o'clock precisely, the policy for the benefit of the mysterious young lady we have alluded to, and which till that hour had remained in force, became void and valueless! it expired—just one quarter of an hour before Mr. Tardy!

Of the life of Loiter Lag Tardy procrastination had been the bane. And as he had made his entrance into the world, even so did he quit it—a quarter of an hour too late!

P*.

ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.*

It was high time, we think, for a work like the present to make its appearance; at least, that an Englishman, thoroughly acquainted with the character and condition of his countrymen, should undertake to exhibit them to the world at large; and, in the spirit of enlightened patriotism, to supply them with the means of forming a just estimate of themselves with a view to the further improvement of their personal and domestic manners, as well as of their social and political institutions.

To say nothing of the trash and twaddle which scribblers of inferior note are in the habit of pouring forth on the Continent, the palpable deficiencies, the ludicrous misstatements, and the strangely erroneous opinions to which even foreigners of rank and consideration have given currency in that portion of their literature relating to "England and the English," have long demanded correction and rebuke. Yet, from these, probably, as no evil was intended, nothing practically injurious has arisen. A country that possesses the elements of greatness, and that has raised itself by inherent energy to the very highest eminence in the civilized world, has little to apprehend from the aspersions of enemies, or the misrepresentations of strangers who cannot "*examine* its condition and only glance at its surface." If danger threaten such a people, it comes not from without. Great Britain cannot be destroyed unless she consent to bring down ruin upon herself. But it is more than possible that the causes which have contributed to her prosperity, under disastrous influences, may work those changes in her habits and

* England and the English. By Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P., Author of "Pelham," "Devereux," and "Eugene Aram."

manners which, unless observed, directed, and controlled, may lead to her decline.

There are epochs in the history of nations which mark their transition from one state to another, favourable, or otherwise, to their future well-being. Every such period may be considered as a crisis. If overlooked by those who have the power of guiding and influencing the popular mind, it may produce the most fatal results; but if wisely improved,—if what is wanting in knowledge and experience be furnished,—if correctives be applied to what is redundant and excessive,—then, through whatever variety of untried being a nation may be doomed to pass, the issue will certainly be an augmentation of its happiness and prosperity.

As a nation, we have recently undergone great political changes, and we are on the eve of others equally momentous. Mr. Bulwer remarks, “those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states have begun by revolutions in the character of nations; every change in a constitution is occasioned by some change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago.” Our opinion, however, is, that the English are rather changing than changed; and whether the process which shall impress upon them a fixed character will be for evil or for good, is yet to be seen. Much will depend upon the new and the modifications of the old institutions which political science, in concurrence with public opinion, shall originate, and the intelligence of the people being always kept in advance of their institutions. It is only as a nation approximates to the perfection of social virtue that it is qualified to sustain the dignity and enjoy the benefits of a representative government in its simplest form. An unmixed democracy is suited rather to angels than to men; yet, perfect as they are, even angels are governed according to another fashion,—they have their powers, their princedoms, and their thrones.

When, therefore, we observe the people of England, for the most part, loud in their demands for something like Utopian perfection in the civil economy under which they and their fathers have lived for ages comparatively free and happy, we are anxious to perceive an improvement in their personal character and social state in some degree proportioned to their zeal for political renovation. In the changes already effected by the popular will, we are satisfied that the abuses which have been removed imperiously called for redress, and that we have not yet advanced beyond the intelligence of the people.

But we feel the great importance of the present crisis, and we rejoice to find such writers as Mr. Bulwer in the field. His work is as patriotic as it is seasonable; its general tone and spirit, its evident tendency to dignify the great with the true honours of nobility, and to raise the inferior classes to a consciousness of their real value in the body politic, cannot fail to recommend it to the heart of the patriot and the philanthropist. While we cheerfully make this admission in its favour, we candidly acknowledge that there are many portions of it at which we demur, some from which we altogether dissent, and others which, on further inquiry and a deeper acquaintance with his subject, we are persuaded Mr. Bulwer will himself see reason to amend.

In style, Mr. Bulwer shows himself a very Proteus. In the first book, he is all point and antithesis, as if he had caught the vivacity of the illustrious foreigner to whom it is addressed;*—in the second, he is more diffuse;—in the third, he becomes increasingly earnest and argumentative;—in the fourth, he is again discursive and occasionally eloquent;—the fifth is somewhat in the manner of a political declaimer, and has more coaxing and wheedling than exactly suits our taste; yet, in many respects, it is, we doubt not, adapted to the class for whose instruction and benefit it is chiefly intended.

* Prince Talleyrand.

It is not consistent with the limits prescribed by the arrangement of our work for us to offer anything like an analysis of these volumes. As we have intimated, they are divided into five books, which embrace every stirring question, every subject of political and social interest. Its general contents exhibit a view of the English character, society, and manners,—a survey of the state of education, aristocratic and popular, and of the general influences of morality and religion in England,—a view of the intellectual spirit of the time, and of the political state. With such a multitude of topics, and such a quantity of desultory matter, it is not surprising that the *ensemble* of Mr. Bulwer's work should appear somewhat disjointed and incomplete. It would be difficult to bring all the parts into coherence and harmony, and to make all the conclusions fairly deducible from the premises assumed. Sometimes we are inclined to think him too practical, according to his own definition of a practical man; at others, he seems to be hurried away by speculations too extravagant even for a theorist. He is radical and aristocratic by turns,—though he traces to the aristocracy the greatest of our national evils. With the same breath he lauds the church and the clergy, Robert Owen and Jeremy Bentham. He speaks of the materialism of Locke (a point not even yet determined), and complains of its injurious tendency, while to the philosophy of Mill, derived from Hartley, and founded on materialism, he refers in terms of unqualified approbation. But this by the way. We shall no longer detain our readers from the work itself, but introduce them to a few specimens of the aphorisms and the striking observations, which as brilliant points are scattered over its pages, and which force us to think in spite of ourselves.

“The man who practised it (priestcraft) in the name of the Virgin, thought it a monstrous piece of impudence to practise it in the name of Fo! In the same spirit of travel you read of an Englishwoman complaining of rudeness in America, and a German prince affecting a republican horror at an aristocracy in England.”

“Travellers do not sufficiently analyse their surprise at the novelties they see; and they often proclaim that to be a difference in the several characters of nations which is but a difference in their manners.”

“The passions are universally the same; the expression of them as universally varying.”

“The Englishman then is vain of his country. Wherefore? Because of the public buildings? He never enters them. The laws? He abuses them eternally. The public men? They are quacks. The writers? He knows nothing about them. He is vain of his country for an excellent reason—IT PRODUCED HIM.”

“The laws of a nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles.”

“The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.”

“The common sense of the ancient stoics was the sense of the common interest; the common sense of the modern schools is the sense of *one's own*.”

“Sensible men never do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences.”

“Sensible men make a virtue of necessity.”

“It is an old maxim enough among us, that we possess the sturdy sense of independence; yet the sense of independence is often the want of sympathy with others.”

“A people who respect what they consider good, sooner or later discover in what good really consists.”

“Indifference to moral character is a vice; a misunderstanding of its true components is but an error.”

“It is from the fear of a concussion with persons without property that people with property hazard voluntarily a change.”

“It is from the poorer classes that the evils and the dangers of a state arise; their *crimes* are our punishments. Let statesmen read this and learn to be wise in time.”

"We have been a great people, because we have been always active; and a moral people, because we have never left ourselves time to be vicious."

"When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world."

"One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth."

"Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves; their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied."

Among the *sketches* illustrative of character and manners, some are exceedingly amusing; all are well drawn; and as a few are evidently portraits a little caricatured, they cannot fail to be recognized.

The following, we can ourselves attest, is true to nature, and as it is quite novel, we extract it into our pages:—

"I breakfasted the other day with M——; you recollect that two years ago he was one of the supereminent of the dandies; silent, constrained and insolent; very scrupulous as to the unblemished character of his friends—for *ton*; affecting to call everything 'a bore;' and, indeed, afraid to laugh for fear of cracking himself in two. M—— is *now* the last man in the world one could thus describe. He talks, rattles, rubs his hands, affects a certain jollity of manner; wants you to think him a devilish good fellow; dresses, to be sure, as the young and the handsome are prone to dress—*selon les règles*; but you may evidently see that he does so mechanically; his soul is no longer in his clothes. He startled me, too, by quoting Bacon. You know we never suspected he had so much learning; but, between you and me, I think his quotation is a motto to one of the newspapers. However that be, M—— is evidently no longer indifferent as to whether you think he has information or not; he is anxious for your good esteem; he is overwhelmingly courteous and complimentary; he, who once extended the tip of his finger to you, now shakes you by both hands; it is not any longer M——'s fault if he is not agreeable; he strives to be so with might and main; and in fact, he succeeds; it is impossible not to like such a gentleman-like, good-looking, high-spirited fellow, when he once condescends to wish for your good opinion. His only fault is, that he is *too* elaborately off-hand, too stupendously courteous; he has not yet learnt, like Will Honeycomb, 'to laugh easily;' it will take him some little time to be good-natured spontaneously; howbeit, M—— is marvellously improved. After breakfast, we walked down St. James's Street; M—— has lost his old walk entirely; you recollect that he used to carry his eyes and his nose in the air, never looking on either side of him, and seeming to drop upon your existence by accident. *Now* he looks round him with a cordial air, casts a frequent glance to the opposite side of the street, and seems mortally afraid lest he should by chance overlook some passing acquaintance. We met two or three plain-dressed, respectable-looking persons, the last people in the world whom M—— (you would say) could by possibility have known; M—— stops short, his face beaming with gratulation, shakes them by the hand, pulls them by the button, whispers them in the ear, and tears himself away at last with a 'Recollect, my dear Sir, I'm entirely at your service.' All this is very strange! what can possibly have wrought such a miracle in M——? I will tell you; M—— HAS NOW GOT CONSTITUENTS."—vol. ii. page 176. We refer our readers to the observations with which this spirited delineation is followed up. We have here a glimpse of "the operations which the Reform Bill will ultimately bear upon the tone of manners."

In his treatment of *persons*, Mr. Bulwer seems to know no medium between adulation and invective; not that we suspect him of meanness in the one or malice in the other. Mr. * * * is his friend, and he endows him with every estimable quality—he is the ablest of writers and the best of men. Poor Sneak is his enemy, and he treats him with measureless

scorn; we are, however, at a loss to detect the cause of his more than political animosity to the Whig Administration. His abuse of Earl Grey is personal, and from one of the aristocracy somewhat out of keeping; we cannot well understand how it has been provoked. But that it is not deserved, we think even party spirit will be sufficiently impartial to acknowledge. Mr. B., as well as his friend M—, has constituents, and some of them occupy prebendal stalls and an episcopal throne.

Sir Robert Peel falls under his just rebuke; and we admire Mr. Bulwer for the manly and noble sentiments breathed in the following extract;—it is from his address to the English people.

“The most eminent of your representatives is accustomed to boast ‘that he owes his station to his father’s industry in cotton-spinning.’ You admire him when he does so; it is but a few weeks since that you rent the air when the boast was uttered; you fancied the boast was democratic and truth-loving. It was just the reverse—very aristocratic, (though in a vulgar mode of aristocracy,) and very false. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! Observe that the boast implies a pride of wealth, an aristocracy of feeling, much more offensive than the pride of birth. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! If a man did so owe it, to my mind there is nothing to boast of, nothing very ennobling in the process of cotton-spinning. But what your representative means to say, is this:—that the industry of his father in amassing an immense fortune is praiseworthy, and he is, therefore, proud of it; and you, my dear friends, being most of you employed in money-getting, are very apt to be charmed with the compliment. But successful industry in amassing money is a very poor quality in the eyes of men who cherish high notions of morality; it is compatible with the meanest vices, with the paltriest exertions of intellect, with servility, with cunning, with avarice, with overreaching! Compatible! Nay, it is by those very qualities that, nine times out of ten, a large fortune is made! They were doubtless not the failings of your representative’s father. I know nothing of that gentleman, now no more; he enjoyed a high character; he may have had every virtue under the sun; I will willingly suppose that he had;—but let us stick to the point; it was only of one virtue that Sir Robert Peel boasted, namely, the virtue of making money. If this was an aristocratic boast, if it showed a poor comprehension of morality, so, on the other hand, it was not true in itself. And your representative must have known it was not true when he uttered it. It is not true, that this distinguished man owes his station in the world to his father’s industry; it is not true that cotton-spinning has anything at all to do with it; he owes his station to his own talents, to his own eloquence, to his own perseverance—these are qualities to be proud of; and a great man might refer to them with a noble modesty; but, *to please* you, my dear friends, the crafty orator only talks of the *to kalon* of cotton-spinning, and the *to prepon* of money-getting.”—vol. ii. p. 260.

If Mr. Bulwer can expose and reprove with vigour, he can commend where merit calls for his praise, with a tenderness and delicacy peculiarly graceful. Take the following short and simple reference to Martin—a name we cannot pronounce without admiration.

After dwelling with an enthusiasm worthy of the subject on the great works of this inspired artist, Mr. Bulwer eloquently exclaims:—“They tell us of the genius that the Royal Institution may form—they thrust this man from its bosom; they tell us of the advantage to be found in the patronizing smiles of aristocratic favour—let them ask the early history of Martin! If you would know the victorious power of enthusiasm, regard the great artist of his age immersed in difficulty, on the verge of starvation, prying in the nooks and corners of an old trunk for one remaining crust to satisfy his hunger, returning with unsubdued energy to his easel, and finding in his own rapt meditations of heaven and heaven’s imagery, everything that could reconcile him to earth! Ask you, why *he* is supported, and why

the lesser genii droop and whine for the patronage of lords? It is because *they* have no rapt meditations.

"I have heard that one of Martin's pictures was undertaken when his pecuniary resources could not bear him through the expenses of the task. One after one his coins diminished; at length he came to a single bright shilling, which, *from* its brightness he had, in that sort of playfulness which belongs to genius, kept to the last. The shilling was unfaithful as it was bright—it was taken with a sigh to the baker's, declared to be a counterfeit, and the loaf, just grasped, plucked back from the hand of the immortal artist."—vol. ii. p. 213.

We cannot follow Mr. Bulwer through the miscellaneous subjects which are treated under the grand divisions of his work. Science, literature, the drama, the arts, and the prevailing philosophy, we must, of necessity, pass over; nor can we stop to examine the accuracy of his statements regarding the political condition of the country, the state of parties, and the spirit and practices of the Reformed Parliament. Our remaining observations, which must be brief, we shall direct to the grand remedy with which Mr. Bulwer proposes to correct the abuses of the social system peculiar to the time, and which he would likewise apply as the efficient means for qualifying the people to exercise the elective franchise, with which they have been recently intrusted, so as to establish a firm and efficient government, as well as to consolidate and extend their own political rights and liberties.

Most cordially do we enter into Mr. Bulwer's views on the subject of universal education—education based on morality and religion. The people will no longer repose on the lap of ignorance; the thinking faculty is awake, and the moral wants of the community are painfully felt. But when Mr. Bulwer proposes that morality should be taught as a distinct science, however this may be suited to the tastes and habits of philosophers and scholars, we are confident that, in a system of popular instruction, it must be identified with religion, of which, indeed, it forms an essential element. On these two great subjects, Mr. Bulwer's notions are often obscure: sometimes he speaks of philosophy as if it comprehended both; then he distinguishes them from each other, and treats of them separately. He does not, as it appears to us, comprehend the nature of religion as a divine revelation of mercy to mankind. In perusing these volumes, it occasionally struck us, that Mr. Bulwer's religion is a kind of poetry—an abstraction which suffers by any admixture with human institutions; we should certainly infer this, were we not surprised by his startling remarks on the necessity of an ecclesiastical establishment, in favour of episcopacy, to the exclusion of every other form of Christianity, and as the only legitimate source from whence the religious education of all classes and sects ought to emanate. We are not about to moot the question, whether an hierarchy dependent upon the state, the creature of the aristocracy and its most effectual safeguard—that aristocracy, whose overgrown power and baneful influence is the perpetual theme of Mr. Bulwer's eloquent vituperation—we are not about to moot the question, whether such an institution ought to be abolished. As it exists, we would preserve it with the aristocracy, only introducing into both a regenerating principle, that shall purify them from their worst abuses. But we cannot forbear remarking upon the inconsistency of a writer, who, while pleading for the equal rights and liberties of mankind, would consign millions of the children of his countrymen to the immediate care, or to *the predominating influence*, of a priesthood, whose authority in religion their parents practically disavow.

Mr. Bulwer's plans of social improvement, sanctioned as they are by the spirit of the times, afford us hopes for England. We are not among the gloomy prognosticators who look upon reform as the prelude to national convulsion. We cannot discover those analogies between the progress of the first French Revolution and the measures of government

at the present moment. Our reform is the perfecting of a system good and sound at the core. Revolution has hitherto been only the downfall of that which was not worth preserving—the crash of an edifice whose foundations were rottenness.

If we do not continue a commanding and puissant nation, the envy and the admiration of the world, we shall fall, not in our weakness, but in our might; the surest presages of prosperity will change their nature, and we shall perish by the very means that are best adapted to maintain our greatness. The danger that menaces us is not from the populace, but from the privileged orders who will not discern the signs of the times; but were even these to commit political suicide, we should still have a monarchy, an aristocracy and a people. Coronets may be rent, but the constitution will survive; the leaves and the lighter branches of the oak may be scathed, but the king of the forest will lose nothing of his pristine vigour.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

LOSS OF THE CONVICT SHIP.—One or two very extraordinary things have happened during the month, which have created powerful sensations in the public mind—one, involving a destruction of human life far beyond the general or expected casualties of the sea, has been the loss of the *Amphitrite* convict ship, bound to (Botany Bay, as it was formerly called) New South Wales, with one hundred and eight female convicts.

The details have been long before the public, and all people who know very little about the matter blame both the captain and surgeon for having behaved like brutes and barbarians in not suffering these convicts to land when they might have done so, and appear to feel that justice is scarcely satisfied because these two unfortunate men have simply been drowned together with their cargo.

The system upon which these convict ships are regulated is perhaps not generally known. The vessel is taken up under the auspices of what was heretofore the Navy Board, but which now is in the hands of the Admiralty Office, doing the duty at a somewhat increased expense and a decreased efficiency. When the ship is taken up, a naval surgeon of experience, and certain standing in the service, is appointed “Agent for Convicts” on board of her, and to him is delegated a very considerable power, commensurate indeed with the importance of the charge with which he is intrusted.

This agent of convicts is, in fact, the viceroy over the king; the captain over the master of the vessel; and, as it is necessary that such power should be deposited somewhere, it has been thought right, upon a principle of humanity and economy, to place it in the hands of an officer who is supposed to blend with the authority absolutely necessary on such a service, the medical skill which may be required upon so long and, in some cases, so trying a voyage.

To the charge of this officer the convicts are consigned; he becomes responsible not only for their health, but their security, and, as a reward for his vigilance, he becomes entitled to half-a-guinea a head for every individual he lands in New South Wales. When the convicts are males, an officer’s guard of soldiers is embarked with them, in order to quell

any insurrectionary movements which such a set of refractory rascals, cooped up in a ship, might be induced to make.

It will be seen, therefore, that the responsibility of the surgeon is of a very serious character; and certainly it is a fact in the highest degree honourable and creditable to the gentlemen concerned in carrying on the duty, that until this horrible mishap—shipwreck it can scarcely be called—took place in Boulogne Harbour, no one ship employed in the transport service, from the first adoption of the system to the present time, has been lost.

One thing strikes us as being imprudent in the arrangement; we mean the permission granted to the surgeons to carry their wives with them. In time of war such an indulgence is not permitted to the captain of a king's ship, because it is most wisely and naturally believed, that the presence of a woman so nearly and dearly connected with him would influence his conduct in a very important degree. It appears in this case that the surgeon's wife was a very active performer in the dreadful scene, and we are quite sure that it would be for the benefit of the service if a restriction were laid upon the agents for convicts, who are upon their voyages in the exercise of a very arduous and responsible duty, similar to that affecting the captain in war time. It would seem as if the very circumstance of a crowd of depraved convicts forming the great body of passengers would of itself preclude the chance of a lady of delicate habits and respectable connexions from embarking in such vessels. Love and duty, however, overcome many obstacles; but in this case we think it should be made a point of duty for the medical pair to conquer their love, and leave the lady at home.

To show that we were not very wrong in our suggestions touching this point, we beg to give the following extract from the evidence delivered upon an investigation into the circumstances of this particular case:—

“EXTRACT FROM JOHN OWEN'S DEPOSITION, TAKEN SEPT. 10.

“The surgeon called us aft, and ordered us to hoist the boat out, his wife standing by him. *She said that she would not go in the boat with the convicts.* The surgeon then said, neither the boat nor any person should go on shore that night.

“EXTRACT FROM EVIDENCE.

“You have stated in your deposition that the surgeon ordered the long-boat to be hoisted out, but that his wife refused to go in her with the convicts; what was the wife's reason?—I don't know what else it could be but pride.

“Did the surgeon appear to have any fear of the escape of the convicts?—No; *he would have allowed the convicts to go on shore but for the interference of his wife.*

“To the Hon. George Elliott, C.B., &c.,

“Secretary, Admiralty.”

FASHIONABLE CAPRICE.—The caprice of fashion, and its never-ending mutability, are somewhat hackneyed themes. It is, however, scarcely possible to avoid remarking upon the extraordinary changes in the distribution of public favour, as regards public places of amusement.

At one period, now about half a century since, Ranelagh was everything; it was as essential to the fashionable world as the Opera, and

rather more so than church. The amusements of Ranelagh were conveyed thither by the company itself, for all that was done *there* was walking round and round a spacious amphitheatre to the sound of horns and clarionets, the centre of the room being appropriated to a sort of furnace for boiling kettles, with the water from which parties made tea, and drank it, sitting in little boxes which surrounded the outer edge of the building.

After some time Ranelagh drooped in popularity, and efforts were made to amuse the visitors. A fantoccini—a concert—fireworks were introduced, and the price of admission was raised from one shilling to half a crown; this sealed its fate. The company who frequented it in its fashionable days disliked an association with those who went to see fireworks and fantoccini, and the *beau monde* withdrew entirely, leaving the field to the Goths and Vandals who seemed inclined to occupy it. The attempts, however, to amuse them failed, and in a season or two it was closed, and shortly after pulled down.

About that period Vauxhall, which had for an equally long period of time been the resort of the middling classes at the same price of admission, (namely, one shilling,) took a new turn, and the fashionable world, dislodged from Ranelagh, turned their support to Vauxhall. Gala nights, under the patronage of the Duchesses of Devonshire and Gordon, attracted the gayest of company, and night after night the walks were thronged with the *élite* of society; and this continued even so late as the retirement of the late Lady Londonderry from the world after the death of her lord.

The fashionable world, however, got tired of this, and it was thought, as it had formerly been by the proprietors of Ranelagh, that what they fancied new attractions were wanting in the shape of new amusements, and accordingly a theatre was constructed, temples were built, panoramas painted, water was laid on to combine with the fire-works; rope-dancing, tumbling, whistling, chin-chopping—anything that could be procured, from the Opera House down to Bartholomew Fair, was concentrated at Vauxhall. The result was, that it became a scene of one continued rush and scramble from one end of the place to the other; the sight-seers were excited and delighted, but those who preferred Vauxhall when it was an acknowledged place of assembly, and when, as it had formerly been at Ranelagh, the amusement was derived from their own society, gradually withdrew; so that while the vulgar were growing tired of the sameness of the exhibition, the fashionable people absolutely abandoned them, and the consequence has been that the gardens, at best scantily attended, have been latterly frequented by the worst company; the police reports affording the most powerful evidence as to their general character, by giving us details of one man picking the pockets of another while pretending to offer him *a light for his cigar*, and by the melancholy appearance of what were once supper boxes, more than half of which have been, during the past season, either closed with temporary screens, or blocked up altogether with permanent buildings.

As it was at Ranelagh, so it is at Vauxhall; and it seems that the managers, conscious of its fall, resolved manfully to meet its fate, by giving it up at a suitable price to the mobility. They have closed their season with a series of one shilling nights, which have produced them more money than all the rest of the season put together—thousands

of people have been admitted, and thousands of *pots of porter* have been consumed, and so ends the affair; because now, having lowered the price to the means of its frequenters, they never can raise it again; the pipes and the porter, the pickpockets and the policemen, have settled its character, and in another season nobody will go who can afford to pay four shillings to see and hear what has been given this year for one quarter the sum; while those who delight in its present amusements will wait till the time comes when the proprietors are obliged again to lower the price of their commodity to suit the pockets of their customers.

Some other place of amusement, of a nature similar to Ranelagh and Vauxhall, may perhaps spring up; but our belief is, that the frequency and extent of private assemblies, and balls, and *reunions* generally, have superseded the necessity which, in the earlier days of Ranelagh, the fashionable world felt of having some large place as a general rendezvous. Nor should we omit to observe, that Ranelagh itself rose into power upon the *decadence* of Marylebone Gardens, which fell to the ground in a precisely similar manner to both its successors—by efforts to amuse and surprise a previously placid and well-pleased company by the most splendid fireworks ever exhibited in this country. That space is now covered by Wimpole-street, and Cavendish-street, and Weymouth-street, and other streets and places; and the ladies' boarding school in High-street occupies the space where formerly stood the entrance to the gardens. An adjoining public-house still holds its ground. Ranelagh presents to the eye another fashionable boarding-school, a walk by a common sewer, a steam-engine, and the celebrated Dolphin; and a few years, we suppose, will show us streets, crescents, and circuses, covering the space in Lambeth at present occupied by the worshipful company of cigar-smokers and porter-drinkers.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—It has been officially announced that the King has been graciously pleased to approve of Mr. Wilkins's design for a National Gallery, and that that gentleman has actually laid out the ground near the late Mews, and that his Majesty proposes to sanction the undertaking by laying the first stone. We regret this, not because we disbelieve Mr. Wilkins's talents, but because we are sure that the King does not and cannot *of himself* approve of any plan, in which he persisted in an intention of blocking out the view of the most magnificent parish church in the empire with one of the ends of his proposed gallery.

That Mr. Wilkins, who has proved himself to be the most conceited man in his Majesty's dominions, should be permitted to do any thing with the National Gallery after the literary suicide which he committed, after the lashing of the "*Literary Gazette*" and Mr. Gwilt, seems very strange; but we suppose his views assimilate with those of the noble lord with the stiff neckcloth, who, by naturally looking over his own shoulder, may be enabled to see the portico of St. Martin's Church round the corner, while people whose heads are straightly put on will be left in the dark. Certainly the insolence and ignorance which characterise Mr. Wilkins's attack upon St. Martin's Church—in fact, the work of Wren, although said to be that of Gibbs—would, in other days, have barred the door to his employment in the face of popular

opinion. We regret to see how little the feelings of the people are just now consulted; but from such subjects we abstain while speaking of works of art, and therefore if Mr. Wilkins is to be foisted upon us, all we care about is, to endeavour to awaken the inhabitants of Westminster to the necessity of an alteration in his original plan, and the preservation of the portico, which, although second to Mr. Wilkins's splendid effort in the Long Fields of Saint Pancras, is, considering its place and purpose, just third in the estimation of the people, who admire and venerate it.

Mr. Purser, an architect who, like Mr. Gwilt, has openly taken up the cudgels against the illustrious builder of the *Cockney* College and St. George's Hospital,—an edifice as entirely inconvenient within, as it is frightful without,—pleases himself with the hope that we have got rid of the original plan of the said Wilkins, and congratulates the people of Westminster upon the triumph of their exertions in the cause. He, however, doubts of complete success, and most properly exhorts us all to put our shoulders to the wheel to avert what, really after the noble exertions of Mr. Nash to bring out the beauties of that part of the town, can be considered nothing but high treason against good taste and common sense.

Mr. Purser, speaking of this wonderful Wilkins, the mare's-nest of the Woods and Forests, says—

“It is not merely with the hope of rescuing the magnificent church of St. Martin's that I shall now attempt to reverse his critical conclusions, but also with a view to the protection of those other superb edifices which we have so long and so justly been accustomed to respect. That gentleman, not content with obstructing the view of St. Martin's Church, by placing in front of it a work of *his own*, has, under the plea of furnishing an explanation of his plan, endeavoured to give a colour to the act, by calumniating the beautiful structure which he thus proposes to conceal. He has also availed himself of this opportunity to foist upon the general reader a greater mass of false criticism than I can remember to have seen condensed into the same space, and which, applying not only to the building in question, but also to the magnificent works of Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, Sir John Vanbrugh, and others of the same school, are calculated to beget in the public mind an indifference and contempt for those splendid structures with which this country is so highly adorned, thereby paving the way to *further* acts of Vandalism.”

Appositely enough, Mr. Purser calls to the mind of the reader the simple fact that Gibbs, whom Mr. Wilkins ridicules and runs down, built the magnificent Radcliffe Library at Oxford; and that he, Mr. Wilkins, built Downing College at Cambridge;—but then, Mr. Wilkins says—“*I will boldly state that the portico of the London University is universally acknowledged to be the finest in London.*” “With all due submission,” says Mr. Purser, “not universally; and it may be taken for granted that Mr. Wilkins is by this time perfectly satisfied of the fact.”

We do not mean here to enter into the controversy, farther than to protest, in the most serious manner, against blocking up the “vile” portico of St. Martin's by one of Mr. Wilkins's splendid achievements. Great contrivance and fortunate circumstances, arising out of the improvement of that part of the metropolis, opened to our view the most splendid parish-church in the empire;—this we repeat, without fear of contradiction even from the illustrious Wilkins himself. And are the

people of Westminster to suffer this experimental builder of porticoes—this designer of St. George's Hospital, where the pediment is supported by square columns, like so many gutter-boxes—to destroy, not the chance, but the certainty they possess of preserving this magnificent edifice to their sight? No; petition upon petition, memorial upon memorial, should go to the King to prevent this monstrous outrage upon the metropolis.

And now we come to even a stronger point of opposition. Wilkins may build as beautifully as Soane, or Gibbs, or as the Right Honourable Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor would have built, had he continued the practice of his respectable father's art; but, let him do his best, he can do no good for the town or the people by building the National Gallery where it is proposed to be. This is no fault of Wilkins's; but the site is injudicious, and, moreover, inconvenient to the majority of the population of London. The place which the National Gallery should have occupied in the metropolis is a site still available—the gardens of the British Museum. Within the gates of that structure rest the splendid collection of natural history, which is national; the magnificent library, which, thanks to the unbounded munificence of the late King, is national; the national antiques in sculpture are also deposited there; and there, forming a concentration of the highest value and deepest interest, should the National Gallery be located.

It is extremely well for those who have established that Grosvenor-square, and the circle of half a mile round its aristocratic railings, shall be called, considered, and denominated London, to talk of the British Museum as a country chateau, and consider its valuable contents nearly as difficult of access as they were before they were collected. But this is a mere fashionable cry, and one by which matters of serious and lasting importance to the nation most certainly ought not to be regulated. Who shall decide which will be considered the central point of London a century hence? Is she not spreading in all directions? and is not even fashion herself leading her votaries to the brick-fields at Bayswater, and driving them into the swamps of Pimlico? Hyde Park-terrace in one direction, Belgrave-square in another, and the Regent's Park in a third, are hourly increasing the distance from the British Museum from what is just now called the fashionable part of town; but, even in so doing, it is only making the British Museum, in point of fact, *more central*.

If it is to be said that the people of the City, of Goodman's-fields, of Whitechapel, of Broad-street, and Great St. Helen's, and Bishops-gate-street, and Finsbury-square, and Finsbury-crescent, and the London Institution, and all the wealthy contributors to our national institutions, are never to peep at a picture, finger a fossil, or stare at a statue, then put your Museums and National Galleries up alongside of your bears and buffaloes in the Regent's Park, and so exclude them by distance from a participation in the pursuits for which they pay their share. But if you wish for a central position, do not, in the present state of London, fancy Charing-cross more central than the British Museum. The Museum gate is about one mile and a half from the extreme end of Oxford-street in a westerly direction: it is two miles and three-quarters from Whitechapel-bars in an easterly direction—giving no less than a whole mile and a quarter in favour of the western extremity of the metropolis; while, as

respects the width of the town, it stands exactly midway between the Surrey end of Waterloo-bridge and the turnpike at St. James's Chapel in the Hampstead-road, being distant from either of those points one mile.

Mr. Purser, the gentleman from whose pamphlet we have borrowed some observations upon Mr. Wilkins's immeasurable vanity, advocates the locality to which we now point with much ability; and, after expatiating on the *positive advantages* of the selection, expresses his opinion that the greatest benefits, in a financial point of view, would be derivable from its adoption. The facility of appropriating the gardens of the Museum to this purpose, and of letting the desirable land at Charing-cross for the building of shops, the profit arising from which would produce a fund for the other building, is evident; while, from the nature of the ground to be used at the Museum, a power of extending the gallery gradually, as means might offer, or funds became available, would be afforded, which nowhere else presents itself.

There is much reason in all this. But upon one thing only is the population of Westminster unanimous as regards the affair, and that is, in the determination to resist to the extremest effort the sacrilege, proposed originally by Mr. Wilkins, to be perpetrated before St. Martin's Church, but which they still confidently hope he has abandoned, in order to obtain the King's sanction nominally to his doing the job at all.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.—The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, with their afflicted son, Prince George, have left town for Berlin, under the following extremely interesting circumstances:—Prince George has, after much protracted suffering, become perfectly blind; and it will be remembered that the acceleration of this dreadful privation was produced by his having accidentally struck the sound eye of the two with the steel acorn of a purse which he was playfully swinging round in his hand.

All the best advice, all the tenderest care and attention have been secured to this illustrious and most amiable young Prince, but we believe that not only Sir Wathen Waller and Mr. Travers had agreed upon the impossibility of restoring the sight, but that Mr. Alexander, who is the generally acknowledged king of oculists in this country, coincided in the opinion that the case was hopeless.

About the beginning of the month the Baron Von Graffe, celebrated all over the continent for his wonderful skill in ophthalmic surgery, arrived in England on a short leave of absence from Berlin, where he is not only in the actual service of the Prussian monarch, but in a practice of the most extensive kind. As soon as he came to London, the Duke of Cumberland, who had himself a personal knowledge of his merits, seized upon the opportunity of consulting him, and took him to Kew to see the royal sufferer, whose exalted position in the world renders all the circumstances of the case of tenfold interest. He examined the Prince, and declared his opinion that the privation of sight arose from the accident to which we have already alluded, and not from any constitutional causes to which our own eminent medical men had ascribed it.

His proposed course in consequence was asked. He had no intention of any immediate operation; nor did he mean to perform any until he should have strengthened the powers of the eye to a point when he himself should feel confident, if not of entire success, at least of having done

all that lay in his power to ensure it. This course of preparation is to consist in the continuous application of a medicinal herb, which was introduced into this country in the year 1732, by a Dr. Baker or Barker, the wonderful powers of which the Baron Graffe has already frequently and powerfully proved upon his continental patients.

The prospect held out to the Duke and Duchess, whose whole hearts are devoted to their son, by the Baron, was much too bright and too full of hope to be for a moment neglected. It appeared that the course of medicine might probably last two or three months, and that it required the constant presence of the future operator to watch its progress. The Duke made the Baron Graffe an offer of no less a sum than three thousand pounds to remain in this country till the period arrived when he thought he could perform the operation—adding that he would bring his family over here at his own expense, and consider them his guests during their stay. The Baron, full of gratitude for so munificent a proposal, was nevertheless compelled by engagements at Berlin to refuse it, and nothing remained for the anxious parents, full of confidence, under Providence, in the skill of the oculist, but to break up all their domestic comforts here, and repair to Berlin, where they might have the attendance of the Baron without overturning all his other numerous arrangements.

They have accordingly left London for Berlin ; and, although everybody who knows anything of society knows that this now given, is the literally true history of the case, some of the newspapers have been indulging in their coarse and silly attacks upon his Royal Highness, who is represented to have had a quarrel with the *King* upon political matters, and to have left England at his *Majesty's* suggestion. We have not the slightest intention to meddle with politics, nor to attempt to decide who may be right and who may be wrong, but this we assert is a fact incontrovertible and undeniable, that the Duke of Cumberland, however devoted to his duties as a father, feels, in his position in the world, that a love of country is paramount, and that whether the politics he adopts are in fact advantageous or disadvantageous, he, in his conscience, believes them to be just and constitutional ; and, that let Parliament meet when it will, he will be found at his post to vindicate the principles he has ever maintained ; and we will superadd to this, that so far from any political differences having arisen between his Majesty and his Royal Highness, we will venture to say that Windsor Castle will afford a welcome home to the Duke whenever he returns from his almost sacred pilgrimage to the Prussian capital : in proof of which we need only observe that both the King and Queen dined at Kew with the Duke and Duchess a few days since ; their Royal Highnesses leave London this day ; sleep at Walmer Castle, the guests of the Duke of Wellington, and proceed on their voyage in the morning ; Lord Charles Wellesley, the Duke's second son, having been specially appointed equerry to his Royal Highness during his stay on the continent.

HUNGERFORD MARKET.—Amongst all the improvements of London, splendid and magnificent as they have been within the last quarter of a century, none have done more real good than the restoration, or rather new creation of Hungerford Market. As a building it is highly creditable to the architect, who has, in a masterly manner, availed himself of

the difficulties he had to encounter as to the level of the ground, in order to make a very handsome elevation and a very useful disposition of the space confided to his taste and judgment.

It is not, however, to the architect alone we are indebted; we are indebted to the projectors of the plan of bringing it into the very heart of the western extremity of the city, or even beyond that, into the city of Westminster, at the eastern extremity of the west-end of the metropolis. The results of the undertaking have been wonderful. Salmon has been selling at a lower rate than it could be purchased in Edinburgh. The effect produced by this sudden and salutary reduction is not confined to the market alone; it spreads its influence in all directions; and the dandy fishmongers, who sport their cabriolets and their claret, have been obliged to lower their exorbitant demands in order to keep pace with the salesmen in the market, and that for which they charged but the other day three shillings and sixpence a pound, they have been glad to sell for tenpence and one shilling.

The horror and indignation of these extortioners have been great. In one instance we heard of a fishmonger who gave notice to one of the best clubs in London, that if they *ever* purchased fish in Hungerford Market, he would cease to serve them at any other period; and this man is one of the body who, night after night, have been in the habit of sinking in the river Thames boat-loads of fish, which have not been sold, rather than reduce the value of the commodity by selling them at a lower price on the second day.

The infamous cheating of fishmongers has long been the theme of popular indignation; but nothing can be done to remedy it until people of the middling classes and moderate means will take the trouble to look after their own concerns, and, as it is called, “cheapen their own fish.” Nobody expects that a great rich duke, like the Duke of Devonshire, or a nobleman of known liberality, willing to sacrifice thousands for the service of his country, like Lord Fitzwilliam, or such men as these, know or care whether their house-stewards and the fishmongers go shares in a great system of plunder, and divide the enormous profit derivable from the morning purchase of a turbot at Billingsgate for three shillings, and the noon sale of it in Westminster for three-and-twenty,—but we do expect, and we are glad to say we see, that ladies of delicate habits and polished manners are not ashamed of driving to Hungerford market, and making personal inquiries as to prices, and consequent purchases.

It is only by a due support and patronage that such an institution as this can subsist and flourish; and we are quite sure that we are doing good to our fellow-citizens, and, we may say, fellow-countrymen,—for the “march of fish” is very extensive,—by calling their attention to the shops in this mart, where every “combustible,” as the late Lady Madcap used to call it, for the table, is to be found in profusion at easy rates, and of excellent quality.

MR. KEAN’S EYE.—Mr. Kean, the very great successor of his extraordinary great father, met with a narrow escape the other day at Brighton, of having one of those hereditary expressive eyes, of which the penny-a-liners speak so enthusiastically, poked out, by the foil of a bungling opponent at one of the country theatres, where the young and unaffected

gentleman is acting. If the story is true, we are glad that, as a human being, he escaped; but we doubt these things; an actor is never happy but when he is before the public—if not on the stage let it be in the newspapers; and we are very much inclined to believe that half the fits, and falls, and broken legs, and sprained ankles, from which the Thespians of the metropolis seem more than anybody else to suffer, are, for the most part, refreshers of the public mind, without which the said Thespians think they should be forgotten. There is a theatrical story extant, of which this “palpable hit” of young Kean’s reminds us. John Palmer—or as he was facetiously called in his day, Jack Palmer—was constantly the cause of apologies to the audience by negligences the most extraordinary, and impudences the most extravagant.

One afternoon—and it only shows how dangerous it is to cry “wolf” when he is not at the door—Palmer, who built and then inhabited a house which faces the traveller leaving London at the end of what is called the Grove, in Kentish Town, on the right hand side of the road, was nailing up a grape-vine which was spreading its tendrils over his porch, and, while so employed, was stung most severely in the eye by a wasp. The inflammation which was produced was so violent that his eye was closed by it, and all the surrounding parts swelled to an inconceivable extent. He sent off an express to the theatre, and an apology was made for his sudden indisposition.

Upon hearing this, a gentleman of pertinacious theatrical habits, who happened to be sitting in the pit, rose from his scat, and, addressing the apology-maker on the stage, stated that he was convinced this was one of Mr. Palmer’s disrespectful neglects of the audience, in which he was so much in the habit of indulging; for that he, not two hours before, had seen him in perfect health, nailing up his grape-vine, at Kentish Town, and in active conversation with another person in his garden.

This announcement incensed the audience, and nothing would serve them but that Palmer must be sent for; and after much vain remonstrance, the manager himself—paint, pumps, and all—set off in a carriage to Kentish Town, where he found Palmer suffering much from the accident, and not “shamming.” He explained the urgency of the case, popped him into the glass-coach, and carried him, as he was, to the theatre, where, in a few minutes, and in his deshabelle, he made his appearance before the audience, who, seeing Palmer walk in apparently perfectly well, the lights and the distance rendering the sting he had received scarcely perceptible, began to hiss, and laugh, and cheer the obstinate little man in the pit, for having brought the culprit before them.

Palmer advanced to the front of the stage, and having assumed an imploring attitude, was at length—not till after a heavy fire of orange-peel and other missiles—permitted to explain. “Ladies and gentlemen,” said Palmer, “I am aware of the odd effect my appearance here may produce after the apology which has been made for my illness, which I hardly thought it possible to describe by communication to the theatre.” “No wonder!”—“Shame!”—“What’s the matter?” were the cries with which this part of his appeal was received. “The fact is, ladies and gentlemen,” continued he, “my illness—was—all—my eye!”

The number of shouts, yells, apple-parings, apples and all, in some instances, which followed this announcement were incalculable, and it re-

quired half-an-hour; and the testimony of one or two others of the "profession," to do away the impression made by the apt but unlucky adoption of a cant phrase which the enlightened public could not but think was used in derision. We should use the same cant phrase for young Mr. Kean's melancholy accident in fencing—these mock diamonds want a *foil* now for them to set them off.

THE expectations of the Irish gentleman who had a few years ago expressed his belief that, before another quarter of a century had passed, every sporting man would go hunting on his own tea-kettle, seem to be in a fair way of being realized;—rail-roads are growing up, or rather lying down, all over the kingdom; tugs, drags, feeders, dragons, dolphins, and the other newly-named machines, are in progress; and in less than ten years we shall scarcely know where we are when we are at home, or where we may be in half an hour if we venture to go out.

It sounds so absurd, and one has seen and may still, of course, see, in the pages of philosophical journals, and in those of the most philosophical journal of all, the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," for the last hundred years, so many proposals and speculations for impelling, and propelling, and expelling (all of which have "vanished into thin air"), that it is difficult to admit, all at once, the possibility of the *permanent* success of the multifarious schemes and speculations now in progress, and some of them arrived at perfection.

How little, how contemptible, these improvements make man! They exalt him mentally; they give evidence of the Divine permission to expand the mind; but the physical force of the tyrant among the spiders is rendered absolutely contemptible;—a pot of hot water, with a fire under it, and a pipe sticking out of one of its corners, does the work of a hundred of us;—these improvements degrade, while they immortalize, the men who make them.

In the golden days, not of *Queen Bess*, (because those were days of ignorance and servility, tyranny and debasement, irremediable by the beefsteaks and ale of the maids of honour, or the roasted goose and sage and onion of Her Virgin Majesty herself;) but in the golden age of Anne, when art, and genius, and talent, and power abounded, those whose names are still justly held in reverence by the small fry of witlings—the wagtails of the brooks—were, with all their splendid abilities, all their accomplishments, all their imagination, looked up and deferred to as perfect—they reciprocated the acknowledgment, and with their wigs, swords, and buckles, believed themselves "perfect."

What would Addison have thought of going to the small dirty village of Brighthelmstone, at a remote distance from the Mall in St. James's Park, in a coach drawn by hot water, in four hours?—How Pope would have stared if it had been proposed to double him up and send him to "the Bath" from Hounslow in four hours and a half on a rail-road! Steele would have marvelled at their iron, and Swift have trembled at their pace: to what, then, but general debasement of man do these perpetual discoveries and inventions tend? What so effectually proves the incompleteness of our nature and the perfection of our vanity? Old Humphrey de Hornbogge, who died at St. Wolfran's in Cornwall, in the year of our Lord 1536, believed that civilization had reached its highest

pitch in Britain in that year ; and the last fly-away steam-speculator of the year 1833 tells you that the science has reached its *acme*—when it has only been practically known for about fifty years ; while the great-grandchildren of the wonderers at the present rapidity of intercourse will look back upon the fourth year of the reign of the fourth William as an epoch whence to date the improvement of speed, and laugh at us for our vanity as we do at old Humphrey, who took three weeks to get from the Land's-end to Marlborough, and another ten days to reach the metropolis, which began in those days at Temple-bar and ended at White-chapel !

SOME curious and extensive frauds have been committed by silver-smiths and others upon the Stamps. One, a Mr. Savory—a Quaker, too—is to be tried for the offence, having moved the case by *certiorari* into the King's Bench. The Friendly Brother, however, still goes on selling cheap watches and cheap plate. The Excise, too, have been beaten by the sale of what is called “British leaf,” instead of the genuine Pekoe and Bohea, and all the rest of the things for which long voyages are made and great pains taken. The hedges of Camberwell and Walworth have superseded the plantations of China ; and draggle-tailed girls and shoeless boys, congregated in a cow-house, have supplanted in the London market all the Chum-Fos and Ho-Kangs of [Canton and Nankin.—Mr. Barnes, a jeweller, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, has also been committed for trial ; for what, we can scarcely say : all that appears against him in the police reports is having made love to a Miss Anne Vickers, who pawned some of her mistress's property, and at last, as it seems, assumed her character. As to suicides, the number during the month has been extraordinary—it seems quite the fashion : a man has a head-ache—he hangs himself to get rid of it ; a lady has a squabble with her husband—she ties herself up in a pocket-handkerchief, and is found dead ; a rider at Astley's “shuffles off this mortal coil” because he is jealous of his wife about a coachman, and because she had read him a letter (the equestrian not being able to read it himself) charging him with bigamy ; and a man of the name of Martindale drowns himself *for fear of the cholera* ; a butler of the Duke of Cumberland drowns himself because the under-butler is ordered to take the plate to London from Kew, instead of *him* (having, it should be observed, been in the habit of using the spirits of wine bought to clean the said plate—*faute de mieux*—in the way of drams). Elopements there have been few, if any ; *crim. cons.*, none—found out ; in short, everything appears to have taken a gloomy turn within the bills of mortality ; and even there, if we look at the streets, there seems to be very little of mortality left.

It has grown into a fashion—which, by the way, we cannot entirely approve—amongst musicians, to hurry the last few bars of every piece of music, so as to give, as they believe, an increased effect at the end. We, at the close of our Commentary,—which next month we propose considerably to augment,—adopt this expedient of the knights of the crotchet and quaver ;—in order to suit our space, we must condense,—and (rather because we cannot help it than in the hope of producing the desired eclat at the termination) increase our facts and abbreviate our comments.

The Duchess of Bedford—who is entertaining a select circle of talent, including Mr. Edwin Landseer, the incomparable artist, and the talented son of the veteran Mathews, at Rothiemurchus—has met with a serious accident, or rather incident: a favourite dog which her Grace was playing with suddenly made a snap at her face, and, we regret to say,—according to the accounts we have received,—has severely wounded the forehead and torn away part of the eyebrow. It is curious enough that her Grace's brother-in-law, the late Duke of Richmond, fell a victim to an unfortunate circumstance of a similar nature. In the present instance no danger is anticipated beyond the inconvenience.

Lord Beverley has left England for a lengthened sojourn. Lord Hertford's return to this country seems uncertain. The Duke of Wellington remains at Walmer during the ensuing month. The King and Queen go to Brighton on the 28th. Lord Westmoreland has not yet been at Apethorpe, although Lord Althorp has been at Althorp, where he has been very much gratified by obtaining some prizes for hogs and sheep and other animals, with the breeding of which his Lordship is extremely conversant. Lord Wellesley is by this time in Ireland—Lady Wellesley and Miss Caton at Harrowgate; and should the Marchioness continue firm to her resolution not to rejoin his Excellency, Mrs. Littleton, his Excellency's daughter, and wife to the Right Honourable the Secretary for Ireland, will assume, and admirably maintain, the functions of Vice-queen. Prince Talleyrand has lifted himself off Lord Palmerston's shoulders; and Lord Fordwich is to be married immediately. M. Thiers has left us, delighted with the civility of the people of Liverpool: he says they have not a good idea of dressing turtle, which ought to be made thinner, and have plenty of toasted bread in it:—M. d'Haussez may set this down as one Rowland for his crowd of Olivers. The charitable bequests of Hannah More are splendid, and practically refute the calumnies of those who charged the venerable lady with superficial cant;—such a *memento mori* as her will is anything but appalling.

The Yacht Club, at least such as chose to play the childish game of follow-my-leader, have been at Cherbourg. Lord Yarborough has got a gold snuff-box set with diamonds from the King of the French; and all the other members two medals each, worth about five shillings. There is not a word of truth in the story of our King having commissioned any of the party to do anything in his Majesty's name.—The people in Westminster refuse to pay assessed taxes, and many other people with equal readiness decline to pay church-rates.—There has been an earthquake at Chichester, where the earth seems to have trembled more than the inhabitants; the Duchess of Kent and her illustrious daughter remain at Cowes; and Lord Durham and his lady are gone to Lambton to receive the Duke of Sussex, who, having honoured a freemason's lodge at Nottingham with his presence, proposes visiting the noble Earl previously to a call at Howick, and a look in at Lord Brougham's.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

SIR HARRY GOODRICKE, BART.

SIR Harry James Goodricke of Ribstone Hall, Yorkshire, a gentleman well known and highly esteemed by a numerous circle of friends, particularly in the sporting world, died in the 36th year of his age. He left Yorkshire a few weeks before his death, for the purpose of visiting his extensive estates in Ireland, which devolved to him on the decease of his uncle, the late Viscount Clermont, and on which he had given instructions for great improvements, benefiting a numerous and industrious class of the poorer orders. His demise took place at Ravensdale Park, on the 21st inst., and will be seriously regretted by many individuals in that country as well as in this. Sir Harry is stated to have derived a clear income of upwards of 60,000*l.* per annum from the property left him by his uncle and his paternal estates in the counties of Norfolk and Yorkshire. He was passionately fond of the sports of the field, and his stud at Melton Mowbray usually averaged between 50 and 60 of the finest hunters; at the close of last season he had 52.

The deceased Baronet was the only son and heir of the late Sir Harry Goodricke, the sixth Baronet, by Charlotte, sister to Viscount Clermont, and succeeded to the title and estates in March, 1802.. He was unmarried, and the Baronetcy becomes extinct.

With the exception of a few legacies and one annuity of 500*l.* per annum, Mr. Holyoake is left the entire of his unentailed property, and constituted sole executor. This munificent bequest comprises the mansion and beautiful estate of Ribstone Hall, near Knaresborough, Clermont Lodge, and demesne in Norfolk; the kennels, stud, and all the appointments at Thruxington and Melton Mowbray; the house in Arlington-street, bought for 17,000 guineas of the Marquis of Tavistock, and on which an additional 5000*l.* was expended, and an estate in Ireland, lately purchased by Sir Harry Goodricke, in the neighbourhood of the Clermont property, to which Mr. Thomas Fortescue succeeds, under the stipulations of the late Viscount Clermont's will; and all his chattels. Mr. Holyoake had not received the remotest intimation of Sir Harry's generous intentions in his favour, which will, at least, add to his income 15,000*l.* per annum. Mr. Holyoake entered into a matrimonial alliance some years since with the sister of Mr. Payne, of Sulby Abbey, Leicestershire, a gentleman who was somewhat celebrated six years ago on the turf.

Sir Harry had promised to join a numerous circle of noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands during the present shooting season. Many of them have already arrived at his shooting-box, Marr Lodge, which he recently purchased of the Earl of Fife; and the feelings of the guests may be better conceived than described on the receipt of intelligence of the premature demise of their hospital host. The late Baronet was much esteemed by a numerous tenantry, to whom he acted as a liberal and indulgent landlord, and his loss will be greatly deplored.

Sir Harry was one of the most spirited fox-hunters of the day, and master of the Quorn hounds for the three or four last seasons. He was a thorough sportsman, in the fullest sense of the word, and literally fell a sacrifice to a favourite amusement—otter-hunting—in the indulgence of which, in Ireland, he caught a severe cold, and was carried off in 48 hours. Sir Harry was one of the few landlords who devoted a portion of his time and wealth to his Irish tenantry.

SIR JOHN STEVENSON.

This eminent musical composer died, in his 74th year, at the seat of his daughter the Marchioness of Headfort, in the county of Meath, where he had been for some time staying in a declining state of health. Few men were more highly gifted. His genius as a musical composer was of the very highest order; and he possessed varied qualities, seldom, indeed we might say never, found concentrated in one individual. It would be impossible to select any particular class of composition, from his multitudinous productions in all, upon which his posthumous biographist would choose to rest his fame; although the public will perhaps involuntarily turn to his "Irish Melodies," as the most popular, because they happen to be the best known. In these he may be said to have redeemed the character and established the musical reputation of his native country: and the best panegyric upon their merits will be found in this, that they are well known, and as highly appreciated in every civilized empire in the world, as their fidelity is acknowledged, and their

heart-rending pathos felt, amidst the hills and vales where their nationality is proudly recognised. The operas, glees, and other concerted pieces of Sir John Stevenson occupy a prominent position in all the musical societies in both countries, and selections from his compositions are invariably made, and are always most successful in effect, wherever festive feeling and social fellowship prevail. But his genius soared above the productions to which we have alluded, and it was when his pen took "a higher and a holier flight" that the great and extraordinary powers of his mind became thoroughly developed. His Cathedral Services and Anthems—indeed all his sacred music, including his oratorio—are splendid compositions—original in conception, suitable in dignity, and expressive in execution. In all the relations of private life Sir John Stevenson was excelled by none. With a kindly heart and a generous disposition, he possessed a vivid fancy and a sparkling wit. As a companion, he had few equals; and, unlike others possessed of social talents, he was no niggard in contributing them whenever their exhibition could tend to promote festive feeling or advance hilarity.

HANNAH MORE.

Hannah More was born about the year 1745, or 1746. She was the youngest of five daughters of a clergyman, who resided at Hanham, near Bristol. Her sister had for some time conducted a small school, in which they acquitted themselves with so much propriety, that their reputation increased, and they were enabled to venture on forming a larger establishment, and taking pupils of a higher class than they had hitherto been accustomed to educate. Patronised by several ladies of fortune and discernment, they, about the year 1765, removed to Bristol, and opened a boarding-school in Park-street. It soon became one of the most celebrated seminaries in the west of England. Hannah More accompanied her sisters on their removal. She soon attracted the notice, and acquired the friendship, of the Rev. Dr. Stonehouse, their next-door neighbour; and that gentleman not only encouraged her to write, but is understood to have corrected all her early effusions. Her first publication, which appeared in 1770, or 1772, was 'The Search after Happiness, a Pastoral Drama.' The reception which it experienced was so favourable, that she was encouraged to print, in 1774, her 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' 'The Bleeding Rock,' and a tragedy, entitled 'The Inflexible Captive,' founded on the story of Regulus. Through the kindness of Dr. Stonehouse, Hannah More was introduced to Garrick, who advised her to write for the stage—for which, indeed, she seems to have had a strong predilection. One of the early fruits of her acquaintance with the manager was 'An Ode to Dragon, Mr. Garrick's House Dog.' This appeared in 1777; as did also a volume of 'Essays on several Subjects, designed for Young Ladies.' In 1778, her tragedy of 'Percy' was performed. It was well received; and, for a time, it seems to have established her fame as a dramatic writer. In the following year she produced another tragedy—'Fatal Falsehood.'

It was not long, however, before Miss More's thoughts took a more serious turn; and, in 1782, she published 'Sacred Dramas,' and 'Simplicity, a Poetical Epistle;' some of the dramas had previously been acted by the pupils of Miss More's school. The stage, however, having become an abomination in her eyes, she subsequently availed herself of an opportunity to declare, that she did not think it, in its then state, deserving the countenance of a Christian. She accordingly renounced all dramatic attempts, except as poems.

Many years since, Hannah More and her sisters retired, with an easy fortune, to Mendip, in Somersetshire. There, by the establishment of charity-schools, they effected a great alteration and improvement in the manners and morals of the colliers.

Continuing to favour the world with her literary productions, Miss More, in 1785, wrote a 'Biographical Preface to the Poems of Anne Yearsley, a Milkwoman.' Circumstances which arose out of her connexion with this Anne Yearsley, poetically designated 'Lactilla,' excited much notice and animadversion. The patroness and her *protégée* quarrelled: the latter was accused of ingratitude; and she, in her turn, told a strange story about the disappearance of a volume of her manuscripts, which had been left with Miss More. The difference, we believe, was never satisfactorily settled. In 1786, she published 'Florio, a Tale,' and the 'Bas Bleu, a Conversation,' two poems. Her 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great' appeared the same year, anonymously: for some time it was assigned to Mr. Wilberforce, Dr. Porteus, and others. This was soon followed by her 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' which excited much attention; 'Village Politics,' and

'Remarks on the Speech of Monsieur Depont on Religious Education,' in 1793; and 'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education,' in two volumes octavo, in 1799.

It is said that, when the education of the late Princess Charlotte became a consideration of national importance, Miss More was consulted on the subject by the Queen (Charlotte); and that, in consequence, she, in 1808, produced, in two volumes, 'Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess.' This work was honoured with the Royal approbation, and that of a large portion of the public.

Though long confined to her bed by an excruciating disease, she continued to write, and in that state produced some of her most popular works; among others, 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife,' which appeared in 1809, and which ran through ten editions in the course of a twelvemonth! Her 'Practical Piety,' in two volumes, was published in 1811; her 'Christian Morals,' in two volumes, in 1812; her 'Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul,' in two volumes, in 1815; and her 'Moral Sketches of prevailing Opinions and Manners,' in 1819.

For several years her health had been in a feeble and declining state; and, after a painful and protracted illness, accompanied, at times, by feverish delirium, she expired on the 7th of September, at her residence, Windsor Terrace, Clifton.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Autobiography of John Galt. 2 Vols.

Autobiography is with us a favourite species of literature; it gives us an infinitely better insight into the character of the individual than any life or memoir written by another. The man who writes his autobiography can alone unfold to us the secret workings of his mind, and without a knowledge of one's motives, principles, and feelings, the knowledge of external conduct is, philosophically considered, of but comparatively little importance.

But it is clear that the value of autobiography must, in a great measure, depend on the honesty of the writer, because he may, if he pleases, without the possibility of detection, give a very false representation of those circumstances which, in the estimation of the world, go to the constitution of his character. Rousseau's "Confessions," which may be regarded as a sort of autobiography of that singular man, derive their chief interest from the internal evidence they afford of their being perfectly honest. Of the more modern autobiographical works, there is, for the same reason, none so interesting to us as that of Hogg.

Among our catalogue of honest autobiographies, we unhesitatingly place that of Mr. Galt. We doubt not it was the conviction that he would redeem his promise to the letter of delivering "a round unvarnished tale," that led the public to receive with such unusual interest the announcement of the volumes before us. The event has shown that their confidence was not misplaced. The work bears, in every page, the clearest evidence of its emanating from an honest and candid mind. Mr. Galt not only does not "set down aught in malice" against others, but we are satisfied that he "nothing extenuates" with regard to himself. How insipid and uninteresting would have been the Life of Galt from any other hand, compared with the volumes before us! The idea of writing an autobiography was one of the happiest that ever occurred to him; it is matter of gratitude that Providence thus spared his life to carry that idea into effect.

Mr. Galt's life has been one of extraordinary vicissitude. Few have experienced to a greater extent the ups and downs of life. The latter, we are sorry to say, have sadly preponderated; still more sorry are we to find that, in appearance at least, "darkness, clouds, and shadows" hang over whatever may yet remain of his earthly existence. It is not necessary that we advert, at any length, to so melancholy a topic. The world knows, and knows with a mingled feeling of sympathy and pain, the bodily infirmities and sufferings to which Mr. Galt is subjected.

Much as we had known of the "dark days" of Mr. Galt's chequered existence, it now appears we did not know the half. Many of his adversities had their origin in what is called the course of things; others of them, we are sorry to say, arose from the misconduct of his fellow men.

It is surprising that the manifold and aggravated wrongs which Mr. Galt has suffered at the hands of men have not completely soured his temper. That they

have not had such effect proves that, constitutionally, he must have possessed the better feelings of our nature in an unusual degree. Speaking, in his preface, of the injuries he has received, or, as he himself emphatically expresses it, of the extent to which he "has tasted the bitterness of the world," his charitable mind leads him to ascribe those injuries to what he calls "the morbid secretions of the moral constitution—the workings of original sin—and surely," he adds, "the victims of disease ought rather to be viewed with compassion than as objects of hate and detestation. No man," he continues, "can change his appearance by voluntary resolution; he can only improve it a little by discipline; and with the mind it is as with the body, we cannot alter the structure, but its vigour may be increased by training, or its complexion rendered more delicate by study. He (Mr. Galt) would rather remember wrongs with commiseration than ruminate on vindictive thoughts." These are noble sentiments; they do honour to human nature. It is grievous to think that such a man should have been fated to meet with so many men of characters so different.

But we will follow Mr. Galt's example, and bury his wrongs in oblivion. It is time that we turn from himself to his book. Our opinion of it will, in some measure, have been already anticipated. It is a work of commanding interest. Among the many thousands who have looked forward to its appearance with anxiety, few, if any, will be disappointed. It is one of the few modern works which, when once taken up, will be reluctantly laid down; it will have no skimming or hopping readers. We will answer for it, that whoever reads page the first will read page the last, and also all the pages that intervene. It is a work which is suited to all classes—to readers of every taste; its every page is an illustration of the remark, that the romance of real life exceeds the romance of fiction.

Mr. Galt is a very prolific, as well as popular writer; but this appears to us to be decidedly the happiest effort he has made. The incidents are interesting in themselves, but they are made doubly so from the rich and racy manner in which they are related. It may sound strange to some when we make the remark, in reference to a man who has been so long before the world as one of the most popular of modern authors, but the facts, we are satisfied, bear us out in it, namely, that the style of Mr. Galt's *Autobiography* is, on the whole, much better than that of any of his previous works. This is the more singular, inasmuch as the whole of it was written by an amanuensis to Mr. Galt's dictation, while all his former works were written by his own hand.

We have said that the present volumes will be the most popular of Mr. Galt's works. We hesitate not to add, that their popularity will also be much more lasting. The *Autobiography* is not a book that will be read to-day and forgotten to-morrow; its materials have permanency written upon them; it will be read with an interest little less than at present for years to come.

From the precarious state of Mr. Galt's health—which, we regret to say, has become much worse since he wrote his preface—there is reason to fear that the present will be the last work with which he will delight the world. Should such, unhappily, be the case, his friends will have the satisfaction of thinking, that his sun, as an author, has "had a golden set." His career, as a writer, could not have finished with a more appropriate work.

So much for the intrinsic merits of the volumes before us. A word now as to what is technically called the "getting up." His publishers have done ample justice both to Mr. Galt and the public—to the author and the reader: the printing is beautiful; the paper is of the best quality; while a portrait is prefixed to the first volume, which eminently unites the quality of the highest finish in the engraving with that of being a most striking likeness. The publishers, in short, have done all that it was possible for them to do to make the material part of the book worthy of the intellectual.

We have said so much about the work itself, and its ingenious author, as scarcely to have left any room for extracts; but there is something so touching in the account Mr. Galt gives of the death of his mother, and the reflections he makes on the event, that we cannot forbear quoting what he says on the subject:—

"While the controversy," says he, "between the Commissioners (viz. of the Canada Company) and the Colonial Office was proceeding, I was overtaken by a sorrowful misfortune. In the course of nature my mother's life was drawing to a close, and could not reasonably be expected to be much prolonged, but the sudden extinction of her intellectual faculties was not anticipated. She was, however, smitten with a severe stroke of paralysis, which at once disabled her corpo-

real functions, and, to a very painful degree, obscured her mind. The account of this event came at a time when I was not very able to pay her a visit; but, after consulting the doctor, I set off by the mail, and found her condition to be as helpless as it had been described. She lingered several months, though, to her family, she was literally no more.

"On my entering her room, she recognized me, and, in the effort to express her gladness, became awake, as it were, to her own situation, and wept bitterly, attempting, with ineffectual babble, to explain what she felt. This was her last effort of intelligence, for although she continued to recognize me while I remained, she evinced no particular recollection of herself, nor of the mere vegetable existence to which she had been reduced, indeed all her sensibilities gradually declined.

"No doubt the death of a parent is a very common occurrence, and the grief of it is mitigated by that circumstance, and by the consideration that it belongs to the inevitable incidents of humanity; but every sorrow is rendered more or less severe by the circumstances in which it takes place. In this case, when I look back on the intervening events, I cannot but regard my mother as fortunate in the time of her end; she was, in consequence, spared from many afflictions of a kind she would have felt keenly. The very obliteration of her faculties was in itself a muffling of sorrow, and though their obscurity could not be witnessed without anguish, there was a blessing in the dispensation. It in this partook of the colour of her life; full, in its privacy, of what to the female mind are great vicissitudes, it called forth exertion, and though few could suffer more intensely, still fewer could look at the worst of fortune more undismayed, when endeavour might avert the threatening.

"To myself the event was, perhaps, more influential than most readers may imagine. From my very childhood it had been my greatest delight to please this affectionate parent, and in consequence her loss weakened, if I may say, the motive that had previously impelled my energies. The world, to me, was deprived of one that I was actuated by an endeavour to gratify, and in proportion the charm of life was diminished in its power; but the misfortunes also were weakened in their pungency, and no effort was necessary to convince me, that I would suffer less by not having her anxieties to consider.

"Many years before I had lost my father; but although few could have stronger claims on the reverence of their children than those to which he was entitled, there is a difference in the filial love which belongs to the father from that which the child's heart thinks is the mother's due. The one is allied to esteem, friendship, and respect; but the other is a gentle feeling, composed of confidence, kindness, and gratitude. The one is more masculine in all its qualities; but the other, without the mind being able to say wherefore, is at once more durable and tender. Fiction has often recorded those divorces of the heart to which paternal regard is liable; but it is a rare and improbable occurrence to suppose the alienation of maternal love. I am, however, saying more than can be requisite to the reader who has survived his parents, even though he may not feel so much the curtailment of his motives to exertion."

Our space, as we have already said, precludes the possibility of further extracts. We regret this the less as we are sure that most of our readers, after what we have said, will peruse the work for themselves.

The Headsman, 3 vols. By J. Cooper, Esq.

We are of opinion that whoever writes a good novel is worthy of being considered a public benefactor. While his magic is upon us,—while we wander amid the hills and valleys which he calls before us,—or share in the joys and sorrows of his moral creations, we forget the care and turmoil of every-day existence, and revel either with what has or what might have been. Mr. Cooper, notwithstanding his national prejudices, has done much towards creating a good feeling between England and America. We cannot avoid respecting the land which gave him birth; and though somewhat of a harsh instructor, and addicted to pertinacity, we must confess that he deals largely in truth,—though it be somewhat of the roughest. He tells us pretty plainly that America is the finest and best-governed country in the universe, and that every man is a "born thrall" (however blindly contented he may be) who is not a republican; but then he gives us such useful hints, and mingles so much shrewd observation and moral feeling with his anti-English principles, that we forgive the one for the sake of the other.

The scene of "The Headsman" lies in Switzerland; and the tale is founded on the fact, of that cruel office being hereditary. Whoever remembers—and we must, in justice to the great American novelist, declare our belief, that none *can* read what he writes without remembering—whoever remembers "The Prairie," "The Pilot," "The Bravo," will readily credit that Mr. Cooper has done ample justice to this thrilling subject. His descriptions of mountain-scenery, of the sublime in landscape, find no rival: he may be termed the *Salvator* of literature. So magnificent are his pictures, so fine his conceptions of the woods and wilds, storms and tempests. He is truly a sea-king; and we almost feared his reputation would suffer by his choosing an inland country as his scene of action; but the very first chapter

of what might be termed the story set us at rest on this subject; for we found him on the borders of the Lemman Lake, steering his bark, like a true-born mariner, across her blue and tranquil waters. The good boat Winkelried, bearing his *dramatis personæ*, goes gaily forward, until overtaken by one of those hurricanes which are as frequent as dangerous. In the storm-scene, this dealer in the whirlwind and the wild sea foam excels himself.

It is essentially different, both in its details and results, from the shipwreck so fearfully described in "The Pilot;" or from any of the water-scenes in "The Bravo." And yet it almost surpasses the former in awful magnificence. Nor are there wanting softer and more gentle passages to contrast with the sterner features of this highly-wrought novel.

We have observed that men, however competent to display the strength of female character, and however eloquent in describing the virtue and beauty of the gentler sex, seldom do justice to that moral refinement which is the most valuable portion of woman's nature, but which it seems impossible to define. We are caught more by externals, and therefore generally dwell too much upon them in our descriptions of female excellence. Mr. Cooper has happily escaped this error; and has combined in the heiress of Willading all the softer feelings of a woman with the dignity of a heroine,—a combination not so rare as we generally suppose it to be. "The Headsman" himself has not found the favour in our eyes which the author evidently intended he should. We cannot think it possible that one so gentle as Balthazar is described, would continue in so loathsome an office when he had the power, at all events, of expatriating himself. All young ladies who love the sound of trumpet, and delight in the free and brave, will patronize Maso, the veritable hero of the book. While others, who incline to the sentimental, will favour Sigismund, who we must confess is, without any exception, the most noble and praiseworthy lover we have encountered this many a day;—lovers in books are like lovers in real life,—most dull and uninteresting company, and when the wit of an author causes an exception to our rule, why we have much reason to be thankful.

Were Mr. Cooper a young author, we should feel it right to enter more fully into the merits of "The Headsman;" but his reputation is established, his genius is appreciated, and the novel we have perused with such increasing interest to the very last page of the last volume, cannot fail to interest our readers, who are not so hackneyed as ourselves either in books or book-making. We have forgotten our disappointment with the "Heidenmaur" in our delight with "The Headsman," which is reverentially placed upon our bookshelf between "The Pilot" and "The Prairie."

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—A Treatise on Astronomy.

By Sir John Herschel, Knt.

The accomplished and scientific author of the "Preliminary Discourse on Natural Philosophy" has, at length, after several delays and disappointments, gratified us with a "Treatise on Astronomy," a subject for which, we presume, he has an hereditary taste and talent; for he seems to "sweep the skies," and tell the number of the stars, with as much zeal and perseverance as did his venerable father, who explored the remotest limits of our system, and whose reputation will be handed down to the latest posterity as the discoverer of the planet which bears his name.

Without wasting time in giving a long history of astronomy, from the flood to Thales, and from Thales to Copernicus, or in demolishing the Ptolemaic or other erroneous systems, he proceeds to "*teach what he knows*" on the subject; (and who that has read his first treatise will dispute his competency?) and has, within the compass of a duodecimo condensed all the leading facts of astronomy, and illustrated, by diagrams, the movements of the heavenly bodies. With that modesty which is the never-failing attendant on true genius and extensive knowledge, he says, "the utmost pretension of this book is to place the student on the threshold of this particular wing of the Temple of Science, or rather on an eminence exterior to it, whence he may obtain something like a general notion of its structure, or, at most, to give those who may wish to enter a ground-plan of its accesses, and put them in possession of the pass-word."

After an excellent and concise introduction, he proceeds at once to the description of what most nearly concerns us all—the Earth, which, indeed, is the starting post of the astronomer,—its course through the boundless realms of space,—having constant reference to it for "marks and measures" by which to estimate the

changes of situation, or the relative distances of the other planets and their satellites.

The earth's diurnal motion leads him to remark, that great as the velocity of rotation is, being to a person at the latitude of London at the rate of thirteen miles and a half a minute, he is unconscious of it, because it is *continuous* and not *interrupted* motion, and becomes sensible only when it produces jerks or jolts, which are *sudden changes of motion*—while gliding on the surface of a lake under a pleasant breeze, with the eyes shut, we are unconscious of progressive motion, till the boat is interrupted by coming in contact with the shore, or some other impediment. Having spoken of the atmosphere which surrounds the earth, with its refracting powers, by which we get the beauties of sun-rise and sun-set, and the comforts of twilight, he proceeds to discuss the effects of change of latitude; to describe the poles of the earth; to estimate the distances of the stars; to speak of longitudes and sidereal time; to give astronomical definitions with their exemplifications, and thus brings us to the end of the first chapter.

The second chapter is devoted to astronomical instruments—transits, chronometers, and clocks, for the measurement of time—altitude and azimuth instruments, reflecting and repeating circles for the measurement of angular intervals, &c.

The third to geography, with all its interesting details, as they relate to astronomical observation.

The fourth takes up the subjects of right ascensions and declinations; describes the ecliptic and zodiac—celestial longitudes and latitudes—precession of equinoxes; and, lastly, gives a few problems to be solved by the rules of spherical trigonometry.

The fifth and sixth chapters are occupied with the two principal luminaries, the sun and the moon—describing their relative distances, diameters, and motions—explaining solar and lunar eclipses, and phases and occultations of stars, accounting for the variations of the seasons—each chapter ending with an interesting account of the physical constitution of the sun and moon.

But our limits will not allow of our attempting even to enumerate the various subjects discussed in the remaining chapters, all of which bear the impress of the hand of a master in the sublime science of astronomy; and as we do not know where the young student can obtain more knowledge on celestial matters, we hesitate not to direct him to cultivate an acquaintance with Sir John Herschel.

A Toxicological Chart, exhibiting at one View the Symptoms, Treatment, and Tests of the various Poisons, Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal; to which are added, Concise Directions for the Recovery of Persons in a state of Suspended Animation. By William Stowe, Surgeon.

We are no advocates for short cuts to knowledge, and are quite sure there is no royal road either to the study or practice of the divine art of healing; and, therefore, we unrolled this chart with no very favourable prepossessions. On perusing it, however, we found much useful information condensed in it, relative to the symptoms produced by metallic and vegetable poisons and their appropriate remedies; as well as to the various chemical tests by which particular poisons may be detected after they have been villanously administered, or suicidally taken. The work of death is so rapidly accomplished through the instrumentality of the more corrosive or narcotic poisons, and the alarm and hurry of the moment allows of so little time for consulting elaborate treatises, that a judicious and scientific condensation of the subject of poisons may be advantageous for *immediate* reference in case of emergency, and we understand the author, who is a respectable surgeon residing at Buckingham, found the manuscript useful in his own surgery, which induced him to send it to the press. The judgment of the public has, it seems, been expressed by calls for seven editions, which renders it unnecessary for us to do more than acknowledge its receipt, and to give it our approbation.

Library of Romance. Vol. VIII. Waldemar.

The romance of Waldemar is chiefly founded on the events of the Thirty Years' War, as described by Schiller. The time chosen for the development of the story is that period of hesitation in which the Elector of Saxony, John George, vacillated between his allegiance to the Emperor Ferdinand and the maintaining his interests by joining the forces of the Swede. The story is well told throughout, but contains nothing worthy of very particular comment: there are no passages of absorbing and intense interest—nothing that makes the reader hang in breathless

suspense on the *denouement* of the proceedings. The characters are sketched—not filled in. The method of telling the story is in some portions characterized by conciseness, some quaintness, and here and there some touches of dry humour; in which respects, the first chapter of the book is, in our estimation, most deserving of praise. The chief interest is made to rest on the personal adventures of the hero, Waldemar, who, by the intrigues of one Baron Eisenfuss—a rival, a traitor, and a ruffian—is constantly placed in circumstances of imminent danger. Escapes from castles, defending passes, appeals to honour, desperate combats with fearful odds,—the right prevailing, according to our every-day experience, in rather too chivalric a manner, against the might,—distressed damsels, and hordes of bandits, making the material of the romance. One Rolandi, an intellectual, intriguing, wealthy, and benevolent Jew, is a well-sketched character: indeed, as we before observed, this same sketching, and leaving to the reader the filling up, is the fault of the work, and which may, perhaps, be fairly attributed to the circumscription laid down for the writer—no romance in this collection being allowed to extend beyond one volume. Something too much there is, also, of the “Ho! within there!” kind of writing whenever a glass of wine is called for, as if such a thing might not have been procured a century and a half back, as now, without a man frightening the world from its propriety with this unmannerly bellowing. The book contains also another objection, to us, of greater weight, as it tends to propagate a most heathenish sentiment. “No sooner,” says the writer, “was the contest decided, and Gustavus saw himself master of the field, than he fell upon his knees, among the dying and the dead; and knowing ‘that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,’ devoutly ascribed the glory of that day to Him, to whom, and not to the arm of flesh, the glory was due. Would to God,” continues our author, “that the example of the pious and single-hearted Gustavus had more followers among the rulers of the present day!” Now, with all due deference to Mr. W. Harrison, we think this most abominable nonsense. War, even at the best, “even when by right the cause is sanctified,” is but a “windpipe-slitting art,” in direct contradiction to the precepts of the Christian religion, and is never so bitter, so bloody, and so revolting, as when the holy name of God is inscribed on the banners of the belligerents. Gustavus Adolphus, the “Lion of the North, and the bulwark of the Protestant Confederacy,” though he professed a crusade against the Catholics, and wished the firmer establishment of a purer faith, was no better than those fanatic priests and enthusiastic soldiers who, in the name of religion, committed every atrocity that disgraces strife in their invasion of the Holy Land. Ambition was the object of the Swede, and Protestantism was merely his pass-word—it was his spell to conjure by; and when he thanked God for the victory he obtained, he only insulted that religion, the precepts of which his whole conduct had been violating. But enough of censure; the work has entertained us, and will well repay the trouble of reading to all lovers of romance. Its faults are few—its excellences many.

Historical Tales of Illustrious British Children. By Agnes Strickland,
 Authoress of the “Rival Crusoes,” &c. &c.

Miss Strickland has long been a favourite with juvenile readers, and we are mistaken if this little work will not much increase her reputation in the honourable and very important department of literature to which it belongs. The tales have much interest, both in subject and style, the aim of the authoress appearing to have been to provide for children what the writers of the “Romance of History” have done for grown persons. They are seven in number; two of them relating to the times of the Saxons, and two others respectively to Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More. “The Royal Brothers” is perhaps the best, as it is the longest, narrative in the book; but none is better calculated to rivet the attention and excite the sympathies than “Lady Lucy’s Petition.” The volume is closed by brief summaries of the historical facts on which the tales are founded.

Observations on the Injuries and Diseases of the Rectum. By Herbert Mayo, F.R.S., Surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital.

The situation which Mr. Mayo holds in one of our public hospitals has given him ample scope for the treatment of diseases; and among the many ills which flesh is heir to, few are more common, or productive of more constant discomforts, not to

say suffering, than some of those which he has described. The greater number admit, if early and judiciously treated, of alleviation and complete cure; while, if neglected altogether, or maltreated, they entail a life of misery and confinement. Diseases of the lower part of the bowels are what many of our literary and sedentary friends are obnoxious to, and we should have been glad, if it had fallen in with Mr. Mayo's plan, if he had given us a chapter on prevention, which is at all times better, and infinitely less painful, in this matter, than cure. The book is not written in the *ad captandum* style, which is so much in vogue now in the metropolis, as a sort of advertisement *without duty*, by which the nobility, gentry, and commonalty of the land are instructed *where* to find relief, but in a manner calculated rather for the professional than the general reader. Some of the chapters are exclusively professional, and can be understood only by such readers; but there is much in the volume that comes home to the personal feelings and experience of thousands of the inhabitants of London.

The Teeth in relation to Beauty, Voice, and Health. By John Nicholles.

The teeth, as the author very justly observes, are intimately connected in their sound state with beauty, voice, and health. If they become foul and carious, they will suppress many a smile and laugh, from the unhappy sufferer fearing they should be noticed if she so indulges. If, from the same cause, they drop out of their sockets, or, from severe pain, they require extracting, the cheeks, from losing their natural support, fall in, and a look of premature age is thrown over the features, which would otherwise have a look of health and youth. The teeth are mainly instrumental in the formation of the voice; and on this part of his subject Mr. Nicholles discourses, and illustrates very ably the doctrines of Sir Charles Bell on the formation of the human voice. Mr. Nicholles' theory on the growth and structure of the enamel may be somewhat novel, yet not the less valuable or unworthy of perusal. Every man of science, who has the advancement of his profession at heart, will, we are sure, peruse this part of the work with pleasure. The subjects of first and second dentition, tooth-ache, tooth-brushes, and artificial teeth, are ably written on, and in such an easy and fluent style as to render the perusal rather a pleasure than a task.

Lives of the most eminent Foreign Statesmen. Vol. I. By Eyre Evans Crowe. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Part XLVI.

The eminent foreign statesmen whose biography is contained in the present volume are the most distinguished individuals who flourished during the latter end of the fifteenth and the sixteenth centuries. They belong to history, where their names make a conspicuous figure, and their lives, which have been distinctly written, or the events of which are to be found in the annals of the respective countries where they flourished, throw great light upon the character of their times, and disclose not only the political but the moral causes of many important transactions that would otherwise have been involved in obscurity. Mr. Crowe has performed his task with great industry and judgment; the scattered contents of volumes are here brought together and interwoven into a tissue of pleasing and instructive narrative. We here behold in one gallery the portraits of the men who, without concert or plan with each other, swayed the destinies of Europe together, and, unconsciously to themselves, prepared the way for that stupendous reformation which altered the course and changed the face of the civilized world. What has Leo the Tenth to do in such company? surely he belongs to another and a very distinct class of biography than that assigned him in these pages. We shall be happy to greet this work in its progress. We wish well to the undertaking, which has been conducted hitherto with that ability on the part of the writers, and liberality on the part of the publishers, which entitle it to universal patronage.

LITERARY REPORT.

A new work, by Miss Montgomery, author of "Lights and Shadows of German Life," will appear shortly.

Preparing for publication, "Trevelyan." By the Author of "A Marriage in High Life."

Lieutenant Breton, R.N., has in the press, in 1 vol. 8vo., a Narrative of his Recent Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land.

A new and faithful translation of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," under the title of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," appears as the present volume of Mr. Bentley's Standard Novels and Romances.

Just ready, "Naval Adventures during 35 years Service in various Parts of the World." By Lieutenant Bowers, R.N.

The Third Volume, for the year 1834, of "Cruikshank's Facetiæ; a collection of Comic Tales, with Humorous Illustrations."

"The Opera; a Poetical Illustration of the Principal Musical Performers, during the late season, &c."

"A Life of Petrarca," from the original papers of the late Archdeacon Coxe. Edited by John Thurgar, Esq.

"Principles of Political Economy, deduced from the Natural Laws of Social Welfare, and applied to the present State of Britain." By G. Poulett Scrope, M.P., F.R.S., &c. &c.

"Traits and Traditions of Portugal," by Miss Pardoe, is announced for publication in the course of October.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XLVI.: Eminent Foreign Statesmen. By E. E. Crowe. Vol. I. 12mo. 6s. cloth.

Transactions of the Zoological Society of London, Vol. I. Part I. Royal 4to. 16s.; coloured, 19s.

Colburn's Modern Novelists for Sept., containing the celebrated Stories of Mr. Grattan, entitled "High-Ways and By-Ways." 4s. per vol., bound.

The Byron Gallery. Royal 8vo. 1l. 16s. handsomely bound in morocco; ditto, half-bound, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Irish National Tales and Romances. By Lady Morgan, J. Banim, Esq., and E. E. Crowe, Esq. In 19 vols. Post 8vo. Price 4s. per vol., bound.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

THE *Barber of Seville* has been the piece chosen at this theatre for the introduction of a new vocalist. Miss Eliza Paton in this piece made her appearance as Rosina, and appears to have gained the golden opinions of the public, as, since her first attempt, she has appeared as Polly, in the *Beggars' Opera*, and taken also other leading characters. In personal appearance,—both in physiognomy and figure,—this lady strikingly resembles her sister, Mrs. Wood. Her powers as an actress are very inferior, but as a singer she bids fair to take the palm from the best. There is a very considerable compass in her voice, her articulation is distinct, and her execution very superior. It is, however, apparent that she sings with prodigious effort,—a constant gasping and straining of the voice proclaim it. There is also in her acting a great degree of awkwardness; indeed, it is so bad, that, accustomed as we are to find singers without the common sense and tact to become decent actors, were she not a lady, and youthful withal, we should feel inclined to say something particularly severe. In the *Barber of Seville*, Mr. Webster plays Figaro; we wonder he should,—he is perfectly incompetent. Count Almaviva by Mr. Vining was made the part of a walking gentleman. Mr. Strickland, as Doctor Bartolo, performed with his usual excellent taste.¹

A piece called *Swamp Hall*, or *the Friend of the Family*, in one act, has been produced, and has failed. It is by Mr. Jerrold, the clever author of the *Housekeeper*, and some fifty more successful pieces. The success of *Swamp Hall* could scarcely have been expected.

My Wife's Mother, *Nicholas Flam*, *The Housekeeper*, and some other stock pieces, continue to draw, even at this dull season, a large and respectable audience,—a high compliment to the excellence of the management.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

The performance of *Richard the Third*, Mr. Ward taking the part of Richard, has been the most attractive novelty at this theatre. There was a little boldness in this attempt, the public only recently having seen so great an actor as Kean in the character, and bearing fresh in their minds his overpowering energy and bright points. Mr. Ward has certainly placed himself in ungracious comparison. In some

parts of the play he, however, showed himself no unworthy competitor of the illustrious deceased. His interview with Lady Anne was of that description, although the sneering devil that played about the mouth of Kean was evidently wanting. But in that deference, that affectation of humility, that assumption of penitence produced by love, Mr. Ward was, perhaps, equal to either of his great predecessors, Young or Kean. His "so much for Buckingham," was hailed with loud cheering from the galleries, but, with all due deference to the *vox populi*, it sounded unto us even as bad as a rant. The expression of his delight at the capture of his quondam friend in villainy, and of proud satisfaction at summarily dismissing the trouble and vexation he had caused by ordering him instantly for execution, was by far too busy and bustling. Richard viewed his enemies as gnats that stung him, and that scarcely at any time needed the exercise of his giant-powers to crush. They moved his testiness, not his rage; and Buckingham was sent to the block on the principle that Richard avows before his battle with Richmond, viz., that he would reign king through fear. The double traitor Buckingham was by far too insignificant to raise the wrath of Richard; he provoked only his intense scorn, and Mr. Ward, instead of appearing agitated with delight at his capture, and revelling in all the extacy of indulged malice at sending him to the block, should have displayed concentrated contempt and reckless triumph. Richard rejoices; but it is the elation of a man who thought nothing could conquer him or his fortunes, and who looked upon Buckingham being in his power as another of those instances which seemed to himself and proclaimed to the world that no obstacle, however formidable, could maintain a front against the overwhelming omnipotence of his daring will. The combat with Richmond was excellently managed; it partook of all the features of mortal strife, and was sustained with a deadly sincerity perfectly edifying. Miss Lee, as Lady Anne, looked pretty, and appeared just the lady that would have yielded to the worshipping kind of flattery so inimitably practised by Richard. Mrs. Egerton, as Queen Elizabeth, was tolerably effective, though melodrama, and not tragedy, is decidedly the *forte* of this lady. There is a fixedness of attitude, and a dwelling in effective positions that is unnecessary in tragedy, however well it may occasionally tell in the dumb show and picturesque grouping of a melo-drama,—in the former, it is beneath the dignity of the character; in the latter, if not in accordance with nature, it is allowable to the extended license of that kind of performance which is considered to be so much sustained by striking effects. None other of the actors require comment.

The pantomime of *Don Juan* has also attracted very considerable attention, and has been received with well deserved applause. Madame Rosier, as the gallant Don, played her part to perfection. There is an easy dignity and effective grace, a boldness, and yet an elegance, in the manner of this lady, that is admirably assumed for the performance of the character of the adventurous, reckless, and enamoured Don. Her dress is sweetly correct, and displays her slight, but well-formed figure to advantage, and she looks to the very life the gay and fascinating hero of the Spanish tale. In the different combats she is elegant, daring, and energetic, and there is a humour in some of the dumb show that would only have been spoiled by speech. Without the somewhat unpleasing effects of the masculine acting of Mademoiselle Celeste, Rosier possesses all her knowledge of pantomime, and is altogether a more aerial creature. Her performance in this part is as good of its kind as anything we ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. Paulo, as Leporello, is unexceptionable.

Harlequin Yorkshireman, or the Fairy Gift, is but a moderate pantomime.

• ADELPHI THEATRE.

The Court Masque, or Richmond in the Olden Time, a play transformed from the French of Lepré aux Clercs, by Mr. Planché, has been brought out at this theatre with considerable success. As a pageant it was gorgeously, as a dramatic effort perfectly worthless. Insipidity of dialogue, stale jokes, when jokes there were, and dulness of incident, are but ill atoned for by correctness of costume and beauty of scenic effects. As far as such things might be atoned for, they were, certainly; we never remember on the stage any instance of a piece in a small theatre got up with such historical accuracy of costume, and altogether such splendid accessories. The story of the piece derives its interest from the attempts of Reginald de la Pole, a nephew of the famous Catholic cardinal, endeavouring, by haunting the Court at Richmond, to procure an interview with the lady of his love, Mrs. Waylett, who is in the train of Anna Boleyn. In these efforts he is opposed by a bully

suitor of the lady's, one Sir Mark Goring (Mr. O. Smith), Captain of the Yeoman Guard, who fights, kills, and almost eats, every presumptuous courtier who dares to oppose his will. The most redeeming part of the performance was the singing of Mrs. Waylett, who, although scarcely convalescent from her illness, sang with great beauty and sweetness the lovely ballads that interspersed the monotony of the piece. Miss Murray, as Anna Boleyn, played the character of a very frivolous Queen with much doll-like prettiness, free from all dignity, and guiltless of Queen-like deportment. The piece was successful, which we attribute to the scenic excellencies, and not to the merit of this worst production of Mr. Planché's pen.

The Mummy, and some other popular pieces, in which the humour of Mr. John Reeve has had full play, have generally been the after-pieces. On Saturday the theatre closed, when Mr. Serle delivered the following address:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am deputed by the proprietor to offer you, on this, the last night of his season, his sincere thanks for the patronage with which you have honoured this establishment during a period of calamity and general depression almost unparalleled in theatrical history. He has desired me, at the same time, to state, that many unforeseen difficulties have hitherto prevented the building of the new English Opera House, but that those vexatious impediments have been gradually removed by unremitting perseverance; and there is now every reason to hope that a very few months will enable him to welcome his friends and the public in a theatre worthy of them and of the purpose for which it will be erected—namely, the advancement of dramatic music in this country. The proprietor feels confident that he will then be enabled to redeem his pledge of restoring the English Opera at least to that degree of credit which it had acquired for some years before the disastrous event that drove him to an asylum where all his energies have been cramped, and his main object defeated. Ladies and Gentlemen, in this hope, and in his name, as well as in that of my brother and sister performers, I bid you, for the present, most respectfully and sincerely farewell.”

Madame Vestris opens her theatre on the 30th of this month, as do also Messrs. Matthews and Yates the Adelphi. Both theatres appear to have a most effective company.

FINE ARTS.

Illustrations of Modern Sculpture. Edited by T. K. Hervey.

Although we by no means agree with the editor of this work, in considering that the taste for sculpture, with few exceptions, is rather on the decline in this country, and although, on the contrary, we have reason to know that a feeling for this sublime art is slowly and steadily, and, consequently, lastingly taking root, we, however, give Mr. Hervey credit for his intention to attract the great mass of the public to this elevated art, and, if possible, anticipate its certain triumph in this, one of the greatest of modern states. Yet, we would not, by any means, be understood as complaining of the hitherto protracted advance of our taste for sculpture; but merely as a portion of the press, encouraged and sustained by the public for such purposes, performing our devoir by arousing the attention of the generality of our countrymen, whose thoughts are otherwise employed, to a sense of the duty they owe themselves and their country, to cultivate one of the purest, highest, and most dignified of all the various constituents and characteristics of the civilization and refinement of a flourishing nation, namely, the art of sculpture.

The fine arts, to progress on a solid basis in any country, must, in some degree, be understood by the generality of the people. This once achieved, their severe and scrutinizing observance will be intently and knowingly fixed on the selection of, and awards to, professors by the government, the committees of taste, &c. and thus the only imperative and effective check can be put on the shameless jobbing with the public money and patronage, so glaringly characterized by such uncouth abortions as that in the Park, miscalled a “palace”—by the disgusting combination of a National Gallery and Royal Academy of Arts with a barrack and a workhouse! occurring in defiance of the reflecting portion of the community on a handful of ground scarcely sufficient to serve the necessary purposes of either one

or the other portion of this heterogeneous association *. It is to prevent the recurrence of the above-named abominable abuses of the public confidence, and to direct the stream of public favour from pretending quacks and impudent impostors into the broad and unobtrusive course of modesty and merit, that we wish a taste for all things appertaining to art to be more commonly understood among the people, so that, by their uplifting a unanimous and decided voice against such ignorant and dishonest practices, at once present an effective barrier to a recurrence of the abuses of the powers in matters of taste with which they necessarily invest a few individuals.

Among the most alluring and effective instructors and improvers in this universal feeling for art, we have always held the "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," a third number of which is now before us, and which, much to the credit of its spirited editor and proprietors, fully equals, if not surpasses, the former numbers. It contains three exquisite engravings of selections from the chief works of Carew, the divine Flaxman, and Canova. The first, "Arethusa," a statue in marble by Carew, is a most charming production from the *burin* of Mr. Dyer, who is, we believe, deaf and dumb, and an *élève* of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and who has lately returned from a long sojourn in Paris. It possesses all the grace and chastity of the original, and, with the exception of a want of foreshortening in one of the thighs, and a little indistinctness about the ear of the dog and the hair of the nymph, which may possibly not be the fault of the engraver, we think it one of the most successful efforts of the kind that has been done. His Venus, after Canova, is, we think, not quite so successful; it is rather too attenuated, and the parts are not sufficiently simple or free from petty undulations, and the extremities are too large; but whether these discrepancies are referrible to the engraver or to the draughtsman we cannot say;—it is, notwithstanding, executed with all that care and attention to delicate minutiae and drawing in individual parts, which are some of the pleasing and certain characteristics of excellence in the engraver's laborious and pleasing art. Mr. Thompson has rendered the other, after the divine Flaxman, with great clearness, decision, and effect. The subject is Michael overcoming Satan, a group in marble, executed for, and in possession of, that munificent patron of art, the Earl of Egremont. This plate, with the exception of the back of Satan, which is hard, and appearing as if it were *paved* with muscles, is the finest of the dot kind, as applied to sculpture, that we remember ever to have seen—the angel is a perfect gem in art. Equally happy in the poetical illustrations is Mr. T. K. Hervey: his poetry accords deliciously with his subjects, and is chaste and harmonious, like the distant chiming of a silver bell, lending an additional charm and interest even to the most exquisite production of her sister art. Although our space is limited, we

* We learn from the public prints that Mr. Wilkins is really taking the preliminary steps to the actual perpetration of this gross outrage upon taste, judgment, feeling, and fitness—this outrage upon the public, whose voice, one and all, has been lifted loudly against it. Truly excellent *excitements* to contemplation and study (the sole objects of the building) to both visiter and student are

"——— the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,—
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;"

and the tasteful reconciliation of the barbarous and demoralizing arts of war and one of its wretched results,

"The parish poorhouse and its wealth of woe,"

with the

"Palm and olive branch of peaceful arts."

We must indeed confess that this arrangement has *novelty* at least to recommend it, and we can imagine how the great Fum Nash, the mighty-minded architect of the Chinese Pavilion, of the no less renowned and meritorious association of stones at Buckingham Gate, must envy Mr. Wilkins the delectable task of realizing it, especially as, by lopping off a slice of the view of St. Martin's Portico, "*its effect is to be improved*," and thereby correcting that error committed even by the great Fum Nash, namely, the injudicious removal of the old houses in front of the church, which, of course, according to Mr. Wilkins, *perfected* its effect by *completely* screening it from public view. To be serious, it is really lamentable, after so much just and continued outcry raised by men of taste against the gloomy confinement of our metropolitan public buildings, —after so much professional and technical clamour on the subject among architects, that one of the latter body should be found to lend a hand, nay, propose to block up from our sight one of the finest of our churches, and this, too, after the obstructions to its view and proper appreciation had been so recently, and with much difficulty and expense, so fortunately removed. Had it been even the Buckingham workhouse, *alias* "Palace"—the ponderous portico and obstructed entrance to the new Law Society in Chancery-lane,—had it been Langham Church, or even the London University, or St. George's Hospital,—had it been, we repeat, either of the above public buildings, even their exclusion from public view would scarcely be justifiable. We will not trust ourselves to say more at present on the subject of this new national *jeb*.

cannot refrain from closing our reference to this beautiful work with a quotation from his illustration to the *Arethusa*.

“We hear them, yet!—their low and lulling song
 Yet haunts the dreamer, when the soul is still,
 In spirit mirth the waterfall among,
 In spirit sighing from the distant hill!
 Their sweet, wild whispers, in the hush of noon
 Steal dimly upward from the river cells,
 Or float beneath the melancholy moon,
 Where night and silence ring the lily bells!
 Their ancient tones make musical the air,
 In the deep pauses of the summer-breeze,
 And Dryad-voices wander everywhere,
 In dreamy talk amid the solemn trees!—
 O’er the bright meadows—near the haunted fount—
 Through the dim grotto’s tracery of spars,—
 ‘Mid the pine-temples on the moonlit mount,
 Where stillness sits, to listen to the stars,—
 In the deep glade where dwells the brooding dove,—
 Through the lone valley,—by the rushing rill,—
 Where’er, of old, the nymphs were wont to rove,
 The heart may hear their steps and voices still!”

* * * * *

VARIETIES.

Greenwich Observatory.—There has been recently erected on the highest turret of the Observatory at Greenwich, an apparatus by which naval captains, taking their departure from the Thames, and also the chronometer-makers along its banks, and in all parts of London within sight of the apparatus, may know the instant of noon, or when the sun passes the meridian of Greenwich. This desirable knowledge is communicated or obtained by the erection of a pole or mast, on which slides a large ball or globe, six or eight feet in diameter (consequently visible at a great distance), and at the top of this pole a large cross is fixed. When the purposed intelligence is to be given, the ball is drawn up close to the cross, about ten minutes before mid-day, and at the instant of noon (or twelve) the ball falls. Thus, by a telegraphic signal, the instant of noon at the British Observatory is made known to all whom it may concern. The value of this knowledge must be evident to those who are conversant in nautical astronomy or geography, and are aware that the meridian of Greenwich is the point from which longitudes are calculated east or west of that place in all English scientific books and naval charts. A somewhat similar plan has been followed for many years by the government observatory at Copenhagen, where a flag is hauled down when the sun has attained its meridian altitude; but the use of a ball or globe of large diameter, as now adopted at Greenwich, is far preferable, as it will be alike visible on all sides and at all times, whether the wind blows light or strong.

“The preceding,” observes the *‘Literary Gazette,’* “is correct as to the description and design of the apparatus on the roof of Greenwich Observatory, which, however, is not placed on, but by the side of one of the turrets; neither is it yet brought into action, but will be so when the present ball (which is temporary, merely hoops covered with canvass) is superseded by a globe of iron constructed for the purpose. The plan, which is excellent, will be duly appreciated by nautical men and astronomers within the sphere of vision, which, owing to the elevated site of the Observatory, extends to a considerable distance.”

In the year 1732 the revenue of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was about 6000*l.*, the number of its members 460, and the issue of its publications about 16,000*l.* In the year 1832 the revenue of the Society amounted to 66,000*l.*, the number of its members to 15,000, and its publications to nearly a million and three-quarters. Thus in the course of a century its operations have increased a hundred fold.

Profits of the Bank of England.—It appears from a Parliamentary return, that “The Bank of England notes which have not been paid into the Bank so late as Nov. 2d, 1831, and which were issued, from its foundation in 1697 to the year 1764,

are as follows: Of 10*l.* 2418; of 15*l.* 892; of 20*l.* 11,803; of 25*l.* 3968; of 30*l.* 3816; of 40*l.* 2549; of 50*l.* 8872; of 100*l.* 9632; of 200*l.* 2444; of 300*l.* 1023; of 500*l.* 3409; of 1000*l.* *nil.*" As the whole of these notes were issued 70 years since, and many of them nearly 140 years ago, the chances against any of them ever finding their way to Threadneedle-street are at least five hundred to one. Therefore the profits which the Bank of England has derived upon notes of ten pounds and upwards, which have been "lost or mislaid," amounts to 4,391,760*l.* sterling. From another return recently made to the House we find that "the amount of 1*l.* and 2*l.* notes, dated March 2, 1797, and Feb. 17, 1826, issued by the Bank, and which were not paid on Nov. 1, 1831, was 301,340." Most of these are probably "lost or mislaid."

Publicans.—The number of publicans in England and Wales convicted for permitting disorderly conduct in their houses, or for keeping them open at unlawful times, from the 1st of April 1832, to the 1st of April, 1833, was 1775. The number of beer-house keepers convicted for like offences during the same period was 3559.

Corn.—From the account of the quantities of corn, grain, and meal, imported during the month ending the 5th August, 1833, it appears that 45,691 quarters of various descriptions of foreign grain had arrived at the port of London, and that duties had been paid on 12,336 quarters for home consumption. The quantity of grain remaining in bond on the 5th of August was 839,934 quarters.

Stamps.—In the bill "for preventing the selling and uttering of forged stamps," it is provided that the Commissioners of Stamps may license persons to sell stamps, (not being Distributors of stamps, nor Sub-distributors,) upon entering into bonds of 100*l.* And it is also provided that, upon oath being made, that there is reason to suspect that any seller of stamps has forged stamps in his possession, constables may be authorized to search the premises of such persons. The bill repeals the stamp duty on artificial mineral water. The nineteenth clause provides that money shall be given for cancelled stamps. The bill comes into operation on the 11th of October.

Unstamped Publications.—A return has been presented to the House of Commons of the number of persons committed by magistrates in the metropolis and the country for selling unstamped publications, from the 26th of July, 1832, to the 27th of February, 1833; also of the number of persons now in prison under such committals. By this return it appears that the number of committals during this period amounted to 224, and that the number of persons now in prison is only seven. With one exception, all these committals took place in the metropolis, there having been but one person committed in other parts of the country, namely at Newark.

British Navy in 1833.—According to a parliamentary return, his Majesty's ships and vessels in commission, at the commencement of the present year, consisted of five first-rates, whose joint complements amounted to 2910 men; two second rates, 844 men; four third rates, 2358 men; five fourth rates, 2255 men; ten fifth rates, 2799 men; fourteen sixth rates, 2409 men; thirty-five sloops, 3685 men; thirty-three yachts, surveying vessels, brig sloops, &c. 1593 men; thirteen steam-vessels, 464 men; and twenty-six packets, 754 men. The total amount of wages for the officers and men employed, 22,500 in number, including 12 flag-officers, one commodore, 99 secretaries, servants, &c. and 2321 men for reliefs, was 687,375*l.* Pay of able seamen, 1*l.* 14*s.* per lunar month.

British Army in 1833.—At the same period the military forces stationed in our colonies were as follows:—Cape of Good Hope, 1725 officers and men; Gibraltar, 2875; Malta, 2366; Ionian Islands, 2889; Canadas, 2417; Western Africa, 255; Nova Scotia and Bermuda, 3222; Windward and Leeward Colonies, 4432; Jamaica, Bahamas, and Honduras, 3122; Mauritius, 1445; Ceylon, 3547; New South Wales and its dependencies, 2539. Total 30,855. In Great Britain there were 5731 cavalry; 4452 foot guards; and 18,569 infantry. Total 28,772. In Ireland, 2626 cavalry; 745 foot guards; and 19,428 infantry. Total, 22,799. In the East Indies, 2663 cavalry; and 15,701 infantry, making a grand total of 100,790.

Half-pay Officers.—Forty-five military gentlemen are employed as barrack-masters at home, and thirteen abroad, whose half-pay amounts to 5381*l.* and salaries to 10,424*l.* Forty-one as police constables in Ireland, half-pay 3129*l.* and salaries 5945*l.* Eleven in military departments at home, and nine abroad, half-pay 2724*l.*

salaries 5259*l.* Twenty-eight under the revenue at home, and five abroad, half-pay 2783*l.* salaries 5418*l.* Forty-five held colonial, and twenty-one miscellaneous appointments, half-pay 7688*l.* salaries 11,219*l.* The total number holding civil employments at home and abroad, in our own service and under foreign governments, is 291, whose half-pay retired allowances and civil salaries amount to 74,075*l.* per annum.

The expenses of the commissioners for building additional churches, for the year ending the 25th of March, 1833, was 3859*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The secretary and surveyor enjoy salaries of 700*l.* per annum each, besides travelling expenses.

The greatest number of prisoners confined at one time during the year 1832, at the gaols in the metropolis, are as follows:—Coldbath-fields, 1340; Horsemonger-lane, 210; Bridewell, 108; Newgate, 610; Penitentiary, 587; Giltspur-street, 160; Tothill-fields, 194; Brixton, 285.

The declared value of bones imported into Great Britain during the year 1832 was 91,755*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.* The total quantity of British exported from the United Kingdom during the year ended the 5th of July, 1833, was 342,769 cwt., being a decrease, as compared with 1832, of 250,644 cwt.

The number of methodist preachers in England this year is 900; in Ireland, 143; of members in England, 279,170; in Ireland, 24,403; on various missionary stations there are 195 preachers, and 45,786 members. The total number of preachers in the world is 3504, an increase of 199 since last year; of members, 914,131, an increase of 65,434.

The number of day-rules granted for the last seven years to prisoners in the custody of the Marshal of the Court of King's Bench is stated to be as follows:—1826, 7051; 1827, 4811; 1828, 3751; 1829, 3759; 1830, 2961; 1831, 2797; 1832, 2193.

During the session of 1833, petitions for 212 private bills were presented to the House of Commons, of which number 46 were not proceeded with, and 166 received the royal assent.

The number of imperial gallons of British and Irish spirits which paid the home-consumption duty in the year 1832 was 20,778,558, being a decrease on the preceding year of 1,066,850 gallons.

The amount of duty received from sea-policies from the 5th of January, 1832, to the 5th of January, 1833, was 212,585*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* Of this sum, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company paid 3480*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.*; London Assurance, 15,739*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*; Alliance Assurance, 11,925*l.*—The amount of duty received for sea-policies during the above period, for Ireland, was 2357*l.* 7*s.* 5*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Kertsch, in the Crimea, Feb. 1833.—Last year, on opening the barrows (*kurgan*) in this neighbourhood, two fine tombs were discovered; one of them in what is called the Golden Hill (*Solotoi Kurgan*), which is remarkable for its extraordinary size; the other for its fine fresco paintings. From time immemorial, a belief, which seemed to be confirmed by numerous traditions, prevailed among the inhabitants of Kertsch, that immense treasures of antiquity were buried in the Golden Hill; and this conjecture was strengthened by the fact that, in the first quarter of this century, several tombs were discovered near that place, which contained a great quantity of utensils of gold. This kurgan, which is about four wersts from the town, is distinguished by its magnitude. It crowns the summit of an eminence which slopes from Mount Mithridates on the west, resembling the cupola of an immense building. The whole kurgan was formerly surrounded with a gigantic wall, the colossal stones of which were put together without mortar (a real Cyclopean work); but only a small part now remains; the rest was destroyed during the conquest of the Crimea. The diameter of the hill at the bottom is forty fathoms; its height, which has been rather diminished by preceding excavations, is about ten fathoms. It consists entirely of rubbish, and broken stones, on which account the design of opening it proceeded very slowly. After some labour the workmen came to the entrance of the tomb, which was nine fathoms long, one and a half broad,

and about four high, and half choked up with earth. The upper part was supported by strong beams, most of them quite decayed through age. At the end of this entrance was the tomb—a kind of circular hall, with a vaulted conical roof. The interior is three fathoms in diameter; the height to the vaulted roof a fathom and a half, and six fathoms with the roof, which is covered with a resinous substance of a dark-violet colour. Fragments of coffins, bones scattered about, &c., show that the tomb had been opened before. A copper coin of Mithridates III. was the only thing found in the entrance to this great tomb. Besides the Golden Hill, there is, near to Mount Mithridates, another, remarkable for its size and regular conical form. The north and east sides consist of great pieces of rock; the others are buried under rubbish. After digging about two fathoms, fragments of vases were found, then jars of a peculiar shape; these were one arsheen high, well closed, and contained funereal ashes, small gold crowns, sacrificing utensils, and other things. The scarcely visible Greek inscriptions indicated the names of the deceased whose ashes were contained in the jars. After examining the hill on one part, the workmen proceeded to dig on the south-west side, where a very evident elevation promised a more valuable discovery. In fact, they soon found two tables of soft stone, with human figures, and the following inscription: ΕΡΜΙΣ ΦΑΝΝΑ ΧΑΙΡΕ, *i. e.* Ermis Phanna, rejoice thou! and ΦΙΛΟΤΑΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΥΙΟΣ ΦΙΛΟΘΑΗΣ ΧΑΙΡΕΤΕ, *i. e.* Philotaës and Philoële's son, rejoice thou!—Soon afterwards they came to a tomb with an entrance or vestibule. Unhappily, it had been previously explored, and even the floor damaged. It is one fathom and a half long, one broad, and one fathom and three-quarters of an arsheen high: it is built of a soft stone. Over the door is a male figure with a basket of flowers in his hand, beautifully designed; and on the opposite wall two peacocks drinking out of a vase. Rather lower, the combat of the pigmies and the cranes is represented. On the side walls are birds sitting on the branches of trees; and over them arabesques and wreaths of flowers. All the rest is covered with rustic-work. The greater part of the paintings are preserved; only some portions have fallen down with the stucco.

We learn, from the “Annals of Agriculture,” that in the year 1785, the quantity of hemp exported from St. Petersburg to England alone, amounted to 353,900 cwt.; and assuming that it requires five acres of ground to produce a ton of hemp, the whole space of ground requisite for raising the above quantity would amount to 88,475 acres. Since that period it has been much more extensively grown in Russia. We find that in 1799, about 600,000 cwt. were exported in British ships from St. Petersburg.

In America there are 56 religious papers; one of them has 28,000 subscribers, another 10,000, and several of them upwards of 3000.

Suicides.—During the year 1831, there were 285 bodies exposed at the Morgue in Paris, of which 197 were recognized; in 1832, there were 344 exposed, and all but 32 recognized.

The mackerel fishery on the coast of Normandy has been most productive during the last season. Twenty-three boats, of 1280 tons register, and their crews amounting to 440 men and boys, have taken 1,378,000 fish, which have produced a sum of 193,710 francs.

There are annually consumed, at Paris, 75,000 oxen, 8000 cows, 76,000 calves, 80,000 pigs, and 370,000 sheep; the sale of poultry and game amounts to 8,000,000 francs, fish 4,000,000, oysters 1,000,000, fresh water fish 600,000 francs.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Crimson Clover.—The following notice is extracted from the fifth edition of the Code of Agriculture, p. 433, and its object is to bring into extensive use, as a field crop, a plant hitherto cultivated only in our gardens, as a curious and rather pretty looking annual:—“It is a subject of astonishment that this valuable plant (the *Trifolium incarnatum*) should not have been long ago introduced into this country, and cultivated on an extensive scale. If sown in autumn, after a crop of potatoes and other roots, it produces next spring a crop fit to be cut for soiling cattle, eight days earlier than lucerne, and a fortnight before red clover. Care, however, must be taken to have good seed, and not to sow it too deep. It produces two excellent

crops in one year, the first of which should be cut as soon as it comes into flower, and the second will produce a considerable quantity of seed. From its early growth in spring, when other articles for feeding stock with advantage are so difficult to be obtained, it is likely to become a valuable acquisition to British husbandry." If this clover—the seed of which is, we believe, to be had in considerable quantity of the seed merchants in this country—be sown in spring, it is considered that it will produce a full crop in Scotland in the months of July or August, and must be of great value to those on whose lands the common red clover does not succeed, or where the crop may have partially failed. It is proper to remark, that this is an annual plant, and therefore should only be employed in partial husbandry.

To prevent Beer from becoming acetous.—There is a way of preventing beer from getting acetous, or what is called hard, which is as simple as it is efficacious. Reasoning on the plain principles of chemical science, we were led to try it, and have this summer found its truth and advantage. It is nothing more than to suspend a knob of marble by a piece of tape from the bung-hole to near the bottom of the barrel, upon which, being pure carbonate of lime, the acid quality of the beer acts on its incipient formation; it consequently becomes neutralised, and thus is kept from turning hard or sour. In our experiment the marble was considerably eaten away, except where the tape encircled it, and the beer remained sound and fresh to the last drop. We mention this discovery as being a point of some consequence to householders, and especially to farmers and their labourers in harvest time; for it is more likely that weak beer should become sour than strong; it is much more healthy to drink it fresh than ever so little turned, and, in the way of economy, many barrels might be saved, which are every year thrown into the hog-tub from becoming undrinkable. It will do good, however, to every species of beer, and, we expect, to any kind of home-made or even foreign wines in cask, which have or are likely to become tart or sour.—Oxford Journal.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter, our Consul at Caraccas, has forwarded to this country a small supply of the Victoria wheat, so much extolled by Humboldt for its productiveness and for the short period required for its growth. According to Humboldt, the produce of this wheat at La Victoria, in South America, (whence it takes its name,) is from 2160, to 2560 lbs. per English acre, while in France the produce of wheat from an equal space does not exceed 800 to 960 lbs. Should it retain the property of early maturity, for which it is remarkable in the other hemisphere, a crop of Victoria wheat, sown on the 15th of February, would be ready for the sickle on the 1st of May, and if thrashed and resown on the 15th of May, a second crop might be reaped on the 29th of July.

Improved Garden Pots.—We have seen some garden pots of an improved construction, and on a principle susceptible of extensive application in the artificial cultivation of plants. They are made of porous earth, which admits of a perfect and rapid absorption of air and water to every part of the root,—essentials so necessary to the growth and maturity of plants, and which give to these an obvious superiority over garden pots of ordinary construction. In these pots the plants are found to thrive better, and come to greater perfection even than under circumstances of cultivation. The principle might probably be successfully applied for the growth of pines and other plants which require the most absorbent earth to bring them to maturity. The outsides of these pots are, we understand, not fouled by the growth of moss.

NEW PATENTS

Granted by his Majesty for Inventions, Sealed 1833.

W. Gratrix, of Salford, silk dyer, for his invention of an improved method of imparting to various woven fabrics, or to the yarns or threads of which the same are intended to be composed, the colour necessary to form the required patterns thereon.

J. Reynolds, of Oakwood, Glamorganshire, iron-master, for his invention of an improved engine and apparatus, to be worked by steam and other motive power.

W. T. Shallcross, of Holt Town, near Manchester, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in looms or machines for weav-

ing cotton, linen, silk, wollen, and other fibrous cloths and substances.

S. Hall, of Basford, Nottinghamshire, cotton-manufacturer, for his invention of an improved method of lubricating the pistons, piston-rods, and valves or cocks of steam-engines, and of condensing the steam of such engines as are worked by a vacuum produced by condensation, &c.

J. Gibbs, of the Kent-road, Surrey, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the processes of dressing or preparing hemp, flax, and other vegetable fibrous substances to

render them fit for spinning, paper-making, &c.

T. M. Evans, of Birmingham, merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner, for improvements in machinery for preparing and dressing flax, hemp, and other fibrous materials.

S. Parker, of Argyle-str., London, bronzist, for his invention of certain improvements in apparatus for making extracts from coffee and other substances.

W. Harrold, of Birmingham, merchant, for an invention communicated to him by a foreigner, of an improvement or improvements in machinery for making paper.

W. Hancock, of Stratford, Essex, engineer, for his invention of an improvement or improvements upon steam-boilers.

A. Clarke, of Bagille, Flintshire, N. Wales, for his invention of certain improvements in blowing-machines.

R. W. Sievier, of Southampton-row, gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the making or manufacturing of elastic goods or fabrics, applicable to various useful purposes.

T. Affleck, of Dumfries, Scotland, for his invention of certain improvements in the means and machinery for deepening and excavating the beds of rivers, removing sand-banks, bars, and other obstructions to navigation.

J. Macdonald, of the University Club-house, Pall-mall East, gentleman, for an improvement or improvements in the construction of bridges made of iron or other materials, communicated to him by a foreigner.

J. Reedhead, of Henry-street, Vauxhall, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of coaches, waggons, or other carriages.

J. M'Curdy, of Southampton-row, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for acquiring power in rivers and currents, partly communicated by a foreigner.

L. Hebert, of Paternoster-row, civil-engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in machines or apparatus for, and in the process of, manufacturing bread from grain, and the application of other products, or another product, thereof to certain useful purposes.

J. Warner, the younger, of the Crescent, Jewin-street, brass-founder, for his invention of certain improved processes in giving a metallic coating to various articles of commerce.

R. Stephenson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, engineer, for his invention of certain improvements in the locomotive steam-engines now in use, for the quick conveyance of passengers and goods upon edge railways.

W. North, of Stangate Wharf, Lambeth, slater, for his invention of an improvement in roofing or covering of houses or other buildings.

J. S. Dawes, of Badford Works, Staffordshire, iron-master, for certain improvements in the manufacture of iron.

R. Butler, of Austin Friars, merchant, for his improvements in manufacturing, obtaining, or

producing oil from certain substances; and in extracting, producing, or obtaining gas from the same, &c.

E. Appleby, of Doncaster, iron founder, for his invention of certain improvements in steam engines.

J. Reehcad, of Henry-street, Vauxhall, Esq., for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of coaches, waggons, or other carriages.

J. Linton, of Selby, Yorkshire, brazier, for his invention of an improved construction of steam-boilers.

J. J. Guest, of Dowlais Iron Works, Merthyr Tydvil, Esq., for an improvement in the process used for producing from iron ore, and other materials containing iron, what is called in the iron trade, finers.

J. Lutton, of Dean-street, Soho, chair-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in easy-chairs.

J. Dickson and J. Ikin, of Holland-street, Blackfriars-road, engineers, for their invention of improvements in the process of making gas from coal or other substances.

W. Crofts, late of Lenton, of Radford, Nottinghamshire, mechanic, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for manufacturing bobbin-net lace; also another for his invention of an improved mode of combining together, and actuating certain parts of machinery already known and used for making bobbin-net.

E. Lucas, of Edward-street, Birmingham, engineer, for his invention of a self-acting force and lift pump.

J. Brown, of Margaret-street, Commercial-road, rigger, for his invention of certain improvements in capstans, and apparatus to be used therewith.

W. Rhodes, of the Grange, Leyton, Essex, brick-maker, for his invention of an improved manufacture of bricks for building purposes.

T. R. Williams, Esq., late of Norfolk-street, Strand, for his invention of a new combination of fibrous materials, forming, by means of machinery, artificial skins, which may be applied for the purposes for which skins, leather, vellum, and parchment, are now used.

L. Hebert and J. Don, of Lower James-street, Golden-square, for their invention of certain improvements in engines and other machinery employed in the construction of steam-vessels and steam-carriages, part of which improvement was communicated by a foreigner.

T. Hills, the younger, of Saint Michael's Alley, Cornhill, gentleman, for his invention of certain improvements in furnaces for steam-boilers, and other useful purposes.

A. Gordon, of the Strand, engineer for certain improvements in the boilers or generators of steam or vapour, and in condensing such steam or vapour, being a communication made to him by a foreigner.

R. Hicks, of Wimpole-street, Esq., for his invention of an improved method of, and apparatus for, baking bread.

J. Thompson, of Newhall-street, Birmingham, Esq., for his invention of improvements in the steam-engine.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM AUGUST 27, 1833, TO SEPTEMBER 24, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Aug. 27.—T. I. DIMSDALE, Trinity-square, Tower Hamlets, corn-factor. J. JACKSON, Old City Chambers, Bishopsgate-within, jeweller. W. WRIGHT, Heathfield, Sussex, dealer. H. ROBERTS, Chirk, Denbighshire, draper. J. PATCHETT, Liverpool, saddler. A. E. FOWLER, Liverpool, merchant. J. THOMPSON, Liverpool, grocer. T. ROBERTS, Liverpool, and J. ROBERTS, Holywell, Flintshire, ironmongers. M. GATELEY, Birmingham, victualler. T. DEAN, Manchester, publican. M. and J. HEATHCOTE, Manchester, merchants. J. PATCH, Exeter, hop-merchant.

Aug. 30.—W. BALLANTYNE, Battle, Sussex, bookseller. J. MANHERINGS, Chatham, builder. J. WAKEFIELD, Manchester, silk-hat-manufacturer. R. CLARK, Newark-upon-Trent, linen-draper. J. ELIOTT, Devonport, grocer. J. LUCAS, City-road, timber-merchant. W. BLOFIELD, Hosier-lane, Smithfield, carpenter. G. PEACOCK, Catterick, Yorkshire, draper. R. PHENEY, Fleet-street, law-bookseller. R. K. SNAPE, Manchester, victualler.

Sept. 3.—W. CORP, Tower-street, carpenter. G. PRICE, Sneinton, Nottinghamshire, twist-net-manufacturer. G. WIGHTMAN, Manchester, victualler. B. SHAW, Harlsethorpe, Derbyshire, candlewick-manufacturer. W. GILBURD, Brighton, wine-merchant.

Sept. 6.—J. JOHNSON and J. GIBBS, Warwick, linen-draper. T. RICHARDSON and W. CLARKE, High Holborn, printers. R. ARMISTEAD, Liverpool, straw-hat-manufacturer. J. HOWARD, St. Mary at Hill, victualler. T. HEMMINGS, Great George-street, Bermondsey, bacon-drier. H. CARTWRIGHT, Shrewsbury, victualler. G. ROUNDTWHAITE, Leicester-square, victualler. W. W. YOULTON, Devonport, Devonshire, tailor. W. B. CHARD, Clutton Inn, Somersetshire, innkeeper.

Sept. 10.—J. BELL, Exmouth, coal-factor and wine and spirit-merchant. F. FURNISS, Longstone, Derbyshire, seedsman. S. HAMPSON, Pilkington, Lancashire, dyer.

W. WILKINSON, Handsworth, Staffordshire, tailor and draper.

Sept. 13.—G. WARD, Clare-street, Clare-market, hatter. W. MOON, East Stonehouse, Devonshire, clothier. G. HOLDEN, Salford, Lancashire, print-finisher. J. SPEARS, Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. G. WILSON, Brompton, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. T. GROOM, Welch Pool, Montgomeryshire, wharfinger. A. B. HOPKINS and P. BURGESS, Commercial-place, City-road, tobacco-nists.

Sept. 17.—J. BRYANT, Watlington, Sussex, draper. G. TRENT, North-street, Lisson-grove, dealer. W. SHORT, Henrietta-st. and Compton-street, Brunswick-square, and South Crescent-mews, Burton-crescent, cabinet-maker. H. C. ENSELL, Winchester, glass-dealer. J. BERENBURGH, Bloomfield-street, London-wall, tobacco-nist. R. BRAGG, Southmolton, Devonshire, wine-merchant. J. HODGSON, Liverpool, merchant. T. MOORE, Dursley, Gloucestershire, ironmonger. S. COOK, Weston, Somersetshire, gardener. T. FLETCHER, W. S. ROSCOE, R. ROBERTS, J. TARLETON, and F. FLETCHER, Liverpool, bankers. J. LINDEGREN, Portsmouth, merchant. C. CHAMBERS, Duxford, Cambridgeshire, grocer. D. WILBY, Nottingham, currier. J. HARRISON, Birmingham, auctioneer.

Sept. 20.—G. SOUTHALL & W. MILNES, Pedlar's-acre Wharf, Lambeth, coal-merchants. G. OWLES, Great Yarmouth, grocer. J. S. GADD, Woolwich, linen-draper. R. L. LAWS, jun., South-street, Greenwich, master-mariner. P. WRIGHT, High-street, St. Giles, bookseller. T. TINGLE, Sheffield, ironfounder. G. GOULDEN, Liverpool, wine and spirit-dealer. J. STORER, Manchester, grocer.

Sept. 24.—C. HAMOND, Great Surrey-str., Blackfriars-road, Italian-warehouseman. J. CORNES, jun., Nantwich, Cheshire, timber-merchant. E. EMERSON and B. FENWICK, Stella, Durham, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironfounders. T. DODD, Coventry, riband-manufacturer.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE manufactories of all our great staple articles of commerce and internal trade continue to be animated by a spirit of healthful activity; although, in the metropolis, the dealers in the fancy productions of Manchester and Norwich feel the periodical depression which characterizes the interval of transit from the costume of summer to that of winter.

In Colonial and Foreign produce, the tendency to speculation, so useful when restrained within certain limits—so destructive when it

degenerates into mere gambling, has happily been arrested at the time when serious apprehensions began to be entertained lest it should lead to excesses fraught with similar mischief to that which marked the disastrous period of 1825. The general opinion seems to be, that although the prices of various commodities of that class have been raised beyond what the continental markets, either in their present or their prospective state, will warrant the continuance of, still that the advance is not of that extravagant character that will induce a

reaction, sudden in its operation or violent in its effects. The firmness with which holders of colonial produce stood out for the advanced quotations, and the reluctance with which the dealers, anticipating a decline in prices, made their purchases, have kept the market in a very inanimate state for some time past. The late extensive arrivals have decided the question against the holders of Sugar, and a reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt. has consequently taken place in Muscovades, Mauritius, and East India descriptions.

In Foreign Sugar, where sales have been effected, a similar reduction has been submitted to; but of the parcels which have been offered by public sale, a very considerable portion has been taken in.

Of 2148 chests of Havannah Sugar offered by public sale on the 24th, 1400 chests of yellow were bought in at 25s. 6d. to 27s., and the remainder, white, at 33s. 6d. to 36s.; a small quantity of strong middling white sold for 33s. 6d.

The Refined Market is still in a very depressed state; the holders require 35s. for fine Crushed, but the offers are generally limited to 34s. and 34s. 6d., at which latter price some sales have been made, as well as of low Crushed at 31s. The purchases made by the wholesale grocers are strictly confined to their immediate wants; and in the low qualities for exportation there is nothing doing.

The stock of West India Sugar is now about 50,000 hhd. and trs., being an excess of 5400 beyond that of last year at this period; the stock of Mauritius is about 96,000 bags, exceeding that of last year by 46,500 bags.

The last average price of Sugar is 17. 15s. 6½d. per cwt.

There is a similar absence of animation in the Coffee Market; prices of British Plantation remain unaltered, but purchasers stand aloof, and the transactions are, for the present, on a very limited scale. A floating cargo of St. Domingo, at Cowes, has been sold at 66s., deliverable at Hamburgh, the buyers paying the trade dues. Of 1000 bags, also St. Domingo, offered by public sale, the whole of the sound was bought in at 66s. 6d. Good ordinary Brazil has realized 65s.; and Sumatra 55s. to 57s.

In Cocoa little doing; a parcel of Brazil has been taken, by private contract, at 27s.

The transactions in Rum are very inconsiderable, but the quotations are not lower, notwithstanding the late large arrivals. Brandy maintains its price firmly; in Arrack there is some improvement; 487 cases of Batavia, six over proof, brought 2s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva is without alteration.

In Spices, the only article in which there is any briskness is Pepper, on which an advance of ½d. to ¾d. per lb. has taken place. A decline, to the same extent, has occurred in Pimento. Nutmegs are quoted at 7s. 3d., but there are no transactions to note.

The Cotton Market has been less firm lately; the sales during the last week have been inconsiderable, and at a reduction of ¼d. to ½d. per lb. A very large importation from the United States is expected, which would place

the speculative purchasers for a rise under the necessity of investing a considerable additional capital.

The Silk Market continues to improve steadily, as well in Raw as in Thrown, and a still further advance is expected.

Indigo and Cochineal maintain their prices, with a regular demand.

The favourable accounts from the Davis Straits Fishery, have caused a decline of from 3l. to 2l. per tun in all common descriptions of Oil; Linseed Oil is still much in request, and fully maintains former quotations.

The supplies of Wheat and Flour at Mark-Lane during the month have been ample, and the qualities generally good; upon these, however, a decline of 1s. to 2s. per quarter may be noted, and a still further depression in secondary qualities. In Barley and Oats the supplies are large, and none but the first qualities meet with ready sale.

The Money Market, in so far as British securities are concerned, has been invariably dull throughout the month, and the fluctuations small; the lowest closing price of Consols for the Account has been 88½, and the highest 88¾. The usual dividend of 4 per cent. for the half-year ending Oct. 10th, has been declared at the Bank. Bank Stock is still shut; it closed at 211½ to 212½, but private bargains have been since made at 213 to 214. Exchequer Bills have advanced 8s. since the close of last month. In the Foreign Market, the chief subject of speculation is Portuguese Stock, which has undergone rapid fluctuations, but not to so great an extent as during the preceding month; it has been gradually declining during the last few days. The closing prices of the principal securities, on the 24th, are annexed:—

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols; ditto for the Account, 88 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Three per Cent. Reduced; Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, shut.—New Three and a Half per Cent., 96 one-fourth, three-eighths.—Four per Cent. (1826,) shut.—India Stock, 242 one-half, 3 one-half.—Bank Stock, shut.—Exchequer Bills, 47, 48.—India Bonds, 31, 33.—Long-Annuities, shut.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, 94 one-half, 95.—Brazilian Five per Cent. 69 one-half, 70.—Chilian, 25, 26.—Colombian (1824), Six per Cent. 23 one-half, 24.—Danish Three per Cent. 74 one-half.—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent. 48, three-fourths, 49.—Dutch Five per Cent. 94, three-fourths, seven-eighths.—Greek Five per Cent. 38, 40.—Mexican Six per Cent. 35, 36.—Portuguese Five per Cent. 76 one-fourth, one-half.—Portuguese New Loan, 20, one-fourth, pm.—Russian Five per Cent. 101 three-fourths, 2, one-fourth.—Spanish Five per Cent. 21 three-fourths, 22.

SHARES.

Anglo-Mexican Mines, 11 10, 12 10.—United ditto, 12 15, 13 5.—Colombian Mines, 12 10, 13 10.—Del Monte, 58, 59.—Brazil, 58, 59.—Bolanos, 125, 13.

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

August 19.—On the presentation of the report of the Colonial Slavery Abolition Bill, considerable discussion ensued. Several new clauses were proposed, but no material alteration of the Bill was carried. Lord Wynford proposed a clause whose effect was to prohibit the importation of sugar or coffee, &c., the produce of any slave labour. Earl Grey, and other Members of the Government, resisted it as a measure quite inconsistent with the Bill, however just the measure itself might be, and however worthy of legislation hereafter. Even if the House would adopt it, the House of Commons would reject it, of course, as wholly inconsistent with the usages of Parliament, and as being in no way within the intent and meaning of the Bill. Lord Ellenborough contended that the clause was calculated to promote the objects of the Bill; and the Duke of Wellington defended its principle. The house divided on it, and it was negatived on a division; the ayes being 17, and the noes, 38; majority against it, 21. The report was then agreed to.

August 20.—The Slavery Abolition Bill was read a third time and passed.

August 22.—The Lord Chancellor laid upon the table a bill for the establishment and the regulation of the affairs of municipal corporations, which was read a first time and ordered to be printed. The Chancellor shortly developed the leading features of the bill, which he justly characterized as one of very great importance.

August 23.—The Bank Charter Bill led to considerable debate. The prohibitory clause, on which so much discussion had already taken place, was again the most prominent feature. It runs thus:—"That it shall not be lawful for any body, politic or corporate, whatsoever, created, or to be created, other than the Bank of England, or for other persons whatsoever united, or to be united, in partnership or covenants, exceeding the number of six persons, in that part of Great Britain called England, to borrow or owe, or to take up any sum or sums of money, on their bills or notes, payable on demand, or at any less time than six months from the borrowing thereof." Lord Wynford, the Duke of Wellington, and other Peers opposed the Bill, as an interference with the currency, the effect of which was likely to prove injurious. And with regard to this particular clause, they deprecated any interference on the part of the Legislature, at least without the opinion of the Judges as to its interpretation. The Lord Chancellor and other Noble Lords vindicated the conduct of the Government through the whole transaction, and justified the interpretation given by the Law-officers of the Crown to the clause that had produced so much difference of opinion amongst lawyers.

August 26.—The Bank Charter Bill was read a third time and passed, after an ineffectual effort on the part of Lord Wynford to get the clause expunged recognising the legality of banks of deposit of more than six partners within sixty-five miles of London. The Duke of Wellington expressed the opinion that the tender ought to be extended to 10%—a proposition that was negatived.

The Factories' Bill was read a third time and passed.

The Earl of Warwick entered into a vindication of his conduct as Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, declaring that with respect to the alleged interference in the election for Warwick, he knew no more about those proceedings than any of their lordships. His lordship added, that he was on the Continent when these charges were first made, and that he had deemed it to be his duty to the peerage, as well as to himself, forthwith to return to England, and to deny all knowledge of the charges that had been preferred.

August 27.—On the presentation of the committee's report of the Tithes' Arrears (1,000,000%), Ireland, Bill, Lord Melbourne moved an amendment to the effect that all persons claiming relief under this bill should do so for all that might be due for the whole period of the three years, and not for a part of the dues that accrued within such time. This amendment, together with the report of the bill, was agreed to.

The adoption of the Commons' amendments to the Court of Chancery Regulation

Bill having been moved, the Lord Chancellor expressed his dissent to that amendment which proposes wholly to repeal the payment of the Clerks of the Registrar and the Clerks of the Masters by fees; he had wished that they should be paid in part by fees, as he considered that such course would stimulate them to a more rigorous and more vigorous discharge of their duties. Next session, he would again call their lordships' attention to this subject. The Commons' amendments were then adopted.

August 29.—His Majesty having signified his intention to prorogue the Parliament in person, the usual preparations were made. His Majesty entered the House a few minutes after two o'clock, when a message was sent, desiring the attendance of the House of Commons; soon after which the Speaker, accompanied by a considerable number of members, attended at the bar. The Speaker, in presenting the Appropriation Bill (the supplies of the session), and praying his Majesty's assent thereto, delivered the speech usual on such occasions, taking notice of the prominent acts of the session. His Majesty then addressed both Houses as follows:—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

In opening the present Parliament I stated that never at any time had subjects of greater interest and magnitude called for your attention.

The manner in which you have discharged the duties thus committed to you now demands my warmest acknowledgments, and enables me to close a session not more remarkable for its extended duration, than for the patient and persevering industry which you have displayed in many laborious inquiries, and in perfecting the various legislative measures which have been brought under your consideration.

I continue to receive from my Allies, and from all Foreign Powers, assurances of their friendly disposition.

I regret that I cannot yet announce to you the conclusion of a definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium. But the Convention which, in conjunction with the King of the French, I concluded in May last with the King of the Netherlands, prevents a renewal of hostilities in the Low Countries, and thus affords a fresh security for the general continuance of peace.

Events which have lately taken place in Portugal have induced me to renew my diplomatic relations with that kingdom, and I have accredited a Minister to the Court of Her Most Faithful Majesty at Lisbon.

You may rest assured that I look with the greatest anxiety to the moment when the Portuguese monarchy, so long united with this country by the ties of alliance and the closest bonds of interest, may be restored to a state of peace, and may regain its former prosperity.

The hostilities which had disturbed the peace of Turkey have been terminated, and you may be assured that my attention will be carefully directed to any events which may affect the present state or the future independence of that empire.

An investigation, carefully prosecuted during the last session, has enabled you to renew the charter of the Bank of England, on terms which appear to be well calculated to sustain public credit, and to secure the usefulness of that important establishment.

The laborious inquiries carried on by committees of both Houses of Parliament for several successive sessions have also enabled you to bring the affairs of the East India Company to a satisfactory adjustment. I have the most confident expectation that the system of government thus established will prove to have been wisely framed for the improvement and happiness of the natives of India: whilst, by the opening of the China trade, a new field has been afforded for the activity and enterprise of British commerce.

The state of slavery in my colonial possessions has necessarily occupied a portion of your time and your attention commensurate with the magnitude, and the difficulty of the subject; whilst your deliberations have been guided by the paramount considerations of justice and humanity, the interests of the colonial proprietors have not been overlooked. I trust that the future proceedings of the Assemblies, and the conduct of all classes in my colonies, may be such as to give full effect to the benevolent intentions of the Legislature, and to satisfy the just expectations of my people.

I observe with satisfaction that the amendment of the law has continued to occupy your attention, and that several important measures have been adopted, by some of which the titles to property have been rendered more secure, and the conveyance of it more easy: while by others the proceedings in courts, both of law and equity, have been made more expeditious and less costly. The establishment of the Court of Privy Council is another improvement, which, while it materially assists suitors at home, will, I trust, afford substantial relief to those in my foreign possessions.

You may rest assured that there is no part of your labours which I regard with a deeper interest than that which tends, by well-considered amendments of the law, to make justice easily accessible to all of my subjects.

With this view I have caused a commission to be issued for digesting into one body the enactments of the criminal law, and for inquiring how far, and by what means, a similar process may be extended to the other branches of our jurisprudence. I have also directed commissions

to be issued for investigating the state of the municipal corporations throughout the United Kingdom.

The result of their inquiries will enable you to mature those means which may seem best fitted to place the internal government of corporate cities and towns upon a solid foundation, in respect of their finances, their judicature, and their police. In the mean time, two important acts have been passed for giving constitutions, upon sound principles, to the Royal and Parliamentary burghs of Scotland; and your attention will hereafter be called to the expediency of extending similar advantages to the unincorporated towns in England which have now acquired the right of returning members to Parliament.

It was with the greatest pain that I felt myself compelled to call upon you for additional powers to control and punish the disturbers of the public peace in Ireland.

This call was answered, as I confidently expected, by your loyalty and firmness.

I have not found it necessary, except in a very limited degree, to use the powers thus confided to me, and I have now the satisfaction of informing you that the spirit of insubordination and violence which had prevailed to so alarming an extent, has been in a great measure subdued.

I look forward with anxiety to the time when the painful necessity of continuing this measure of great but unavoidable severity may cease; and I have given my assent with unqualified satisfaction to the various salutary and remedial measures which, during the course of the present session, have been proposed to me for my acceptance.

The act which, in pursuance of my recommendation, you have passed with respect to the temporalities of that branch of the united church which is established in Ireland, and for the immediate and total abolition of vestry assessments, and the acts for the better regulation of juries, both as to their civil and criminal functions, afford the best proof that full reliance may be placed in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, for the introduction of such beneficial improvements as may insure the welfare of all classes of my subjects: thus effectually cementing that legislative union which, with your support, it is my determination to maintain inviolate.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

I thank you for the supplies which you have granted for the service of the year. The estimates proposed to you by my direction were considerably lower than those of former Sessions, and you have wisely applied the savings which have thus been effected to a diminution of the public burdens. In this course of judicious economy, combined with a due regard to the exigencies of the State, I am persuaded that you will persevere, and thus confirm the title which you have acquired to the general confidence, as the faithful guardians of the honour of the Crown and of the true interests of the people.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

In returning to your respective counties you will carry with you the gratifying reflection that your labours have been assiduously employed for the benefit of your fellow-subjects.

During the recess your attention will be equally directed to the same important object. And in this useful and honourable discharge both of your public and private duties, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I confidently rely for the encouragement and support of my people in that love of liberty and order, that spirit of industry and obedience to the laws, and that moral worth, which constitute the safety and happiness of nations.

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said—

My Lords and Gentlemen,

It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Thursday the 31st day of October next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Thursday, the 31st day of October next.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

August 19.—On the motion for the third reading of the Bank Charter Bill having been put, Mr. Cobbett opposed it, chiefly in consequence of that provision which went to make bank notes a legal tender.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer denied in strong terms the position that to make bank notes a legal tender would depreciate the currency. He maintained that the calamities of 1825 might have been avoided. The bank ought not to have increased its issues when it was ascertained that the exchanges were against us. The present Bill could not depreciate the currency. His Lordship defended the opinions of the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, respecting banks of deposit. He himself had gone through all the Acts of Parliament on the subject, assisted by the Solicitor-General, before he came to a conclusion, and his decided impression now was, that in this Bill there was no infringement whatever of any privilege which the bank had possessed before.—Much discussion followed, in the course of which Mr. Hume objected to the Bill on three grounds, as a bad bargain, a debaser of the currency, and a measure brought forward in too thin a house to afford anything like the sense of the country upon its merits.—Mr. G. Wood and Mr. Warburton also submitted propositions respecting

the establishment of branch banks, and the rejection of the legal tender clause—propositions that were negatived on divisions.

August 21.—The Tithes Arrears (Ireland) Bill, sanctioning the issue of 1,000,000*l.* by way of loan, to pay arrears of tithes, was resisted by Mr. Hume, who moved as an amendment, that the third reading be postponed for six months.—Mr. O'Connell supported the Bill, declaring that it reflected great credit on the Government, that it purchased peace in Ireland, and that it was right to make those pay for a Protestant Establishment in Ireland who wished to continue it as part of the State.—The Bill, however, was eventually read a third time and passed, after the House had *negatived*, in a division, a clause proposed by Mr. Hume, by way of *rider*, to the effect, “that if the sum to be granted and advanced under the provisions of the Act be not paid from the sources provided, and within the time specified, any balance remaining due to the public shall become chargeable *on the funds of the temporalities of the Church of Ireland*, and shall be placed at the disposal of the Commissioners under the Temporalities (Ireland) Bill; to be annually paid to the public, until the principal and interest have been satisfied.”

August 22.—On moving the third reading of the Chancery Offices Bill, the Solicitor-General made a statement of the reforms and reductions which the Lord Chancellor has, in spite of the obstacles that have been opposed to him, effected in his court. The saving effected was to be disposed of in the following manner:—9000*l.* to the suitors; they were to be relieved from fees to that amount; 2834*l.* were to be paid to the Suitors' Fund, and he congratulated the Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the fact, that 9736*l.* would be paid to the account of the consolidated fund. Now, it was to be remembered, that all these offices were in the gift of the Chancellor, and former Chancellors had given them to their relatives; that they had even been made the subject of marriage settlements. Two of the offices (the Clerk of the Patents and the Registrar of Affidavits) were held by the brother of the Lord Chancellor, and were to be abolished instantly. (Cheers.) The others were to be abolished as they fell in. The next branch of the Bill applied to the Masters, who, upon an average, received 3900*l.* from fees, &c.; they were now to be paid a fixed sum of 2500*l.* a-year each, and as there were ten of them, the saving would be 14,000*l.* per annum.

August 28.—Lord Palmerston, in answer to a series of questions from Mr. T. Attwood, made various replies on the subject of foreign affairs:—1. He was not aware, officially, of any treaty between the United States and Holland having been recently concluded. 2. When the Porte applied to this country in the autumn of last year for maritime assistance, the government was under the necessity of having fleets in the North and off the Tagus; therefore, without an application to Parliament, which was not then sitting, it was impossible to comply efficiently with the sultan's request, and to have a fleet in the Mediterranean that would have comported with the naval dignity of this country. The decision of the government was not in any way the result of threat on the part of Russia. 3. As to any application from the Pacha of Egypt, England being in alliance with the Porte, nothing of the kind could be received. 4. With respect to Lord Durham's mission, it was of a general character, and to supply the place of the previous ambassador, who had quitted on account of ill health. That mission was perfectly successful, and had given satisfaction to the government and to his Majesty. 5. Count Orloff had not been sent to this country on any mission—his mission was to the Hague—he came to England only as a distinguished traveller.

August 29.—Sir R. Inglis addressed the House, on bringing up the 41st report of the committee on public petitions. The hon. baronet took that opportunity of calling the attention of the House to the duration of its sittings during the present session, and those of preceding sessions of Parliament. It appeared from a statement, which had been prepared with great care, that the House, during the present session, had sat more than twice the number of days, and nearly three times the number of hours, that were occupied in the session of 1826; during which the House sat 64 days, or 457 hours. Even the great reform session of 1831 sat only 98 days or 918 hours; while in the present session the House had, up to yesterday, sat 142 days, or 1,270 hours. (Hear, hear.) The session of 1806, it appeared, had occupied 125 days, or 645 hours, giving an average proportion of 5 hours each day; the session of 1807, 86 days, or 434 hours, giving also an average proportion of 5 hours each day. In 1811, the Parliament sat 135 days, or 588 hours, which gave

an average of only 4 hours each day; and in 1814 the sittings occupied 127 days, or 476 hours, which was not 4 hours each day. It was a cruel mockery to compare factory labour with the labours of the House; for, from these statements, it would be seen that, during the whole session, the House had been occupied 9 hours a-day on the average; and for the much larger portion of the session, namely, since Easter, very considerably more than 12 hours a-day. The hon. baronet concluded by moving that the report be printed.—The Speaker, attended by all the members present, then proceeded to the House of Lords. After an absence of about half an hour, the Speaker returned, and, standing at the table, read to the House the speech which had been delivered from the throne.

THE COLONIES.

WEST INDIES.

THE intelligence from the West Indies continues to be more favourable than we had anticipated to the prospects of the successful operation of the plan for the abolition of slavery. In Barbadoes the legislature have unanimously resolved to adopt the resolution of the British parliament, claiming only to be heard as to the suggested scheme for the distribution of the twenty millions. In Demerara there appears to be a certainty of an unqualified approval of the plan on the part of the colonists. It is everywhere acknowledged that parliament, as towards the collective body of the colonists, has acted with fairness and liberality; the only difficulties which remain will be in the adjudication between the several colonies as claimants on the fund provided for them.

From Jamaica there are similar accounts. The only fault found is the long duration of the apprenticeship, twelve years. On this point the Antigua Herald observes, "We have conversed pretty generally on the subject, and can say, without hesitation, that masters, in this island at least, think that the freedom had better be early, simple, and unrestricted, and feel convinced that everything will soon find its level."

At a numerous meeting of planters, merchants, and other inhabitants of Berbice, held on the 27th July, an address was presented to the governor, Sir J. C. Smith, in which, after thanking him for having so promptly communicated to them the circular despatch of Mr. Stanley, accompanied by the resolutions of the House of Commons for the abolition of slavery, they state that they are convinced that the momentous changes about to take place in the colonial system are inevitable, that their property and very existence as a civilized society depend upon the successful issue of them, and that they will most cordially concur and co-operate by every means in their power with the governor in giving effect to all measures (in pursuance of the resolutions of the House of Commons) for the preservation of the public tranquillity, confidently relying on the justice of his Majesty's government, and of their fellow-subjects in the mother-country, should all their efforts to meet their wishes fail of success, to award them full and just compensation for all the losses they would in such event sustain.

The amount advanced out of the vote of last session of one million for the assistance of certain West India proprietors was—for Jamaica, 79,200*l.*; St. Vincent's, 38,400*l.* The commissioners have also granted loans on further applications, the securities for which are not yet completed—to Jamaica, twenty-three applications, amounting to 119,000*l.*; Barbadoes, fifty-two, amounting to 109,250*l.*; St. Vincent's, twenty-two, amounting to 76,700*l.*; St. Lucia, twenty-two, amounting to 20,000*l.*

Head-Money for Captured Negroes.—The head-money, or pecuniary gratuity awarded for captured slaves, during 1827, was 61,548*l.* 10*s.*; 1828, 29,273*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.*; 1829, 66,047*l.* 10*s.*; 1830, 74,239*l.* 18*s.* 1*d.*; 1831, 17,683*l.* 15*s.*; 1832, 20,242*l.* 10*s.*; and 5th of January to the 5th of July, 1833, 5,837*l.* 10*s.*; making a total of 274,973*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.*

The number of imperial gallons of Colonial spirits which paid the home-consumption duty in 1832 was 3,513,965, being a decrease, as compared with 1831, of 110,632 gallons. The total number of gallons charged with the home-consumption

duty for 1832 was 25,982,494, and the net amount of the duty 8,413,552*l.*, showing a decrease in consumption, as compared with 1832, of 775,832 gallons, and an increase of revenue amounting to 161,830*l.*, accounted for by the increased demand for foreign spirits.

CANADA.

The population of Upper Canada for the year ending June last was 296,544 persons, being an increase of 35,652 over the preceding year.

FOREIGN STATES.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Cabinet has put forth a long manifesto, in reply to the statements and arguments of Lord Palmerston, on the debate on Mr. C. Ferguson's motion. In this manifesto it is maintained, that as the Polish constitution of 1815 was not guaranteed by any power, that none has a right to insist on its being maintained. That constitution, it argues, was annihilated by the insurrection—the revolutionary Government acting in direct violation of the treaty of Vienna. Having thus deprived themselves of the protection that treaty afforded them, the Emperor contends that *he* was the only judge whether the charter of 1815 should be restored. In opposition to the advocates of the Poles, Nicholas, however, affirms, that the constitution now given to that people, by which they obtain a separate administration and a popular representative system, is in perfect accordance with the principles promulgated at Vienna. He also denies the right of any foreign power to interfere with his administration of the affairs of Poland—any more than with the conduct of Austria or Prussia, in the government of that portion of the ancient Polish territory, which is now under their jurisdiction.

PORTUGAL.

The struggle in Portugal still continues. Donna Maria has been “acknowledged” by the courts of London and Paris, and more recently by the King of Sweden; and has lately departed for Lisbon.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At the Royal Hospital, Dublin, Lieutenant-Colonel Arbuthnot, eldest son of the Rt. Hon. C. Arbuthnot, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Hussey Vivian, Bart. Commander of the Forces in Ireland.

At Killowen, Ireland, W. Hunter, Esq. of Londonderry, to Margaret, daughter of the late Archbishop of Dublin.

At Greaseley, Lieut.-Colonel Hancox, of Woodborough Hall, Notts, to Caroline, daughter of Launcelot Rolleston, Esq., of Watmall Hall, same county.

At Grendon, Sir J. Hanmer, Bart. M.P., to Georgiana, daughter of Sir C. Chetwynd, Bart.

At Iwerne Minster, Dorset, H. Corbet Singleton, Esq., of Aclare, Meath, to Jane, daughter of the late General and the Lady E. Loftus.

At Narborough, Norfolk, the Rev. J. J. Holroyd, rector of Abberton, Essex, son of the late Sir G. Holroyd, to Sophia, daughter of S. Tyssent, Esq. of Narborough Hall.

At St. James's, the Rev. H. Stevens, Vicar of Wilmington, to Mary, daughter of Colonel Bingham, R.A.

Died.—In Pentonville, Esther, wife of Professor Hurwitz of the London University.

In Plymouth, Mrs. Jenner, widow of the celebrated Dr. Jenner.

Mr. Thomas Williams, Editor of the “Cottage Bible.”

At Whitley, Essex, T. Walford, Esq. F.A.S. In Green-street, Grosvenor-square, Lady Ann Ludlow, first daughter of Peter, Earl Ludlow, aged 73.

In Barbadoes, M. Coulthurst, Esq., King's Advocate, and Judge Advocate General in that island.

In Park-street, Grosvenor-square, Mary, eldest daughter of Colonel Leith Hay, M.P.

M. Dupire, formerly member of the Council of Five Hundred, and lately Deputy-Mayor of Valenciennes.

In Duke-street, Westminster, J. Farquhar, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, many years M.P. for Aberdeen.

Dudley, fourth and eldest surviving son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Thomson, G.C.B., of Wembury House, in the county of Devon, aged 17.

In Fitzroy-square, Mary Dowager Viscountess Dillon.

Lately, at Strasbourg, aged 73, M. Simon Cohen of Estetz, grand Jewish Rabbi of the Upper Rhine.

At Argyle House, the Countess of Aberdeen.

At the Vicarage, Elizabeth, wife of the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Aston, Vicar of Tardebigg, Worcestershire.

At Cheltenham, the Hon. Catherine Newcomen, daughter of the late Viscountess Newcomen.

At Brithwood, Humphry Denholm, Esq., of Brithwood, aged 77.

At Portobello, N.B., Lieut.-Colonel Peat, late of the 25th regiment.

At the Hazles, Lancashire, aged 78 years, Sir Joseph Birch, Bart.

At Cheltenham, Major-General Blackwell, late governor of Tobago.

At Rolleston, Staffordshire, Penelope, daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart. M.P.

On board the steam-boat Quorra, in the river Niger, T. Briggs, Esq., M.D., senior medical officer of the African expedition under Lander.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

THE total number of votes now registered in the respective parishes for the City and Liberties of London, in respect of 10% houses, is 8,041.

St. James's Park.—The exterior of the new guard-house, facing the old Birdcage-walk, has been finished, and presents a very handsome building, in every particular suitable for the purposes for which it is intended. The whole of the new railing enclosing the handsome avenue leading from Pimlico-gate to Storey's-gate is nearly erected, and the great improvements at that side of St. James's Park do much credit to the taste by which it was directed. At the opposite side, the Green Park, as far as Hyde Park Corner, has a very naked and desolate appearance compared to the adjacent improvements, and will remain, it is said, in its present state, until the Palace is finished, when it will be ornamented with shrubs, which, from the irregularity of the ground, can be planted to great advantage; and, with serpentine gravel walks, this Park may be rendered a place of pleasant rural recreation for the public.

Upon arranging the suicides according to the months in which they occurred during the aggregate of years, Mr. Higgs found that, contrary to the generally-received opinion, November was actually the month of all the year in which the least number of suicides took place.

Thus June and July, each	53	106
January		48
March		46
February		41
December		39
April		38
May		37
October		35
September		34
August		33
November		32
		489

The temperate months comprising the least number, it would appear that extreme heat or cold may affect the constitution, and render persons predisposed to insanity more liable to sudden attacks of that disease.

The Medical Board has announced to the proper departments of Government the disappearance of the cholera from the metropolis since the occurrence of the late high winds. That disease, it is thought, will in future annually appear in a more or less severe degree with the autumnal disorder of a kindred nature, on which account it will henceforth be included in the published list of maladies. It will also be from this time named as *Cholera epidemica* in the bills of health, of which a new form with that addition is about to be circulated. We understand that the Medical Board will still maintain a mitigated attention to and superintendence of this afflictive disease, that no announcements or measures of precaution may be prevented, which circumstances may render necessary or desirable.

A Circular has been issued from the Horse Guards, abolishing, at the command of the King, the infliction of corporal punishment in the army, except for mutiny,

insubordination, or violence to their officers, drunkenness on duty, selling their accoutrements, or stealing from their comrades.

Suicides in Westminster.—The following statements of the number of suicides which have occurred in Westminster for each year from 1812 to 1831, inclusive, has been drawn up from official documents by Mr. Higgs, the Deputy Coroner, and presents some results of a novel and interesting character. The total number of suicides during that period is 489, and includes eight cases of *felo de se*—seven men and one woman. The number of men destroying themselves to women is nearly as three to one, as appears from the returns, there being 359 men to only 130 women. In very many cases Mr. Higgs observes the insanity which led to suicide was decidedly brought on by intoxication. The following is the return for each year:—

1812	24	1823	32
1813	26	1824	21
1814	23	1825	24
1815	30	1826	31
1816	26	1827	26
1817	17	1828	32
1818	18	1829	30
1819	26	1830	28
1820	19	1831	28
1821	20		
1822	18		
		Total	489

From the Parliamentary returns it appears that the population of Westminster, in 1811, was 160,801; in 1821, 181,444; and in 1831, 202,891.

Leicester-square.—This square has been recently greatly improved in the centre. The trees and shrubs which had been much neglected, and appeared like a wilderness, and almost entirely hid from the public view the equestrian statue of Geo. II., have been pruned, and the statue, which was also much neglected, has just been bronzed, and is now seen to great advantage. The walks enclosed by the iron railing have been gravelled and improved.

Compression of Water.—An apparatus is exhibiting in Adelaide-street, London, which, by hydrostatic pressure, compresses water to an extent equal to a fourteenth part of its volume. The force employed is equivalent to a pressure of 30,000 lbs. to the square inch, and is applicable to other liquids. In most of our works on natural philosophy, water is treated as incompressible and not elastic; by this apparatus the opposite of these two propositions is clearly shown.

John Traill, Esq., has been appointed to fill the vacancy at Union-hall, in the room of R. J. Chambers, Esq., now one of the magistrates of Marlborough-street.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Land Allotments.—The greater part of the land in the parish of Cholesbury, Bucks, has, we are informed, been purchased by a society established in the metropolis, for the purpose of allotting it in small portions to the labouring poor of that distressed district. The situation of the above parish is described as the most destitute that can be imagined, the whole of the land lying waste and uncultivated, the occupiers having abandoned it in consequence of the poor-rates absorbing the whole of the rent and profit; not a cow, a pig, or even a fowl is to be seen. The labourers are said to be entirely dependent on the poor-rates for support, the last being reported last year to have amounted to 32s. in the pound, at a rack-rent. No funds being to be raised on the spot, they were maintained by precarious rates in aid from adjoining parishes. These allotments will, it is expected, restore them to a state of comfort, and render them independent of parish relief.—*Monthly Miscellany of the Labourer's Friend Society.*

LANCASHIRE.

Locomotive Engines.—The daily performances of the engines on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway testify the perfection which has been there attained in the conveyance of light goods and passengers, the ordinary rate of travelling being from 20 to 30 miles an hour, but they seemed to be excelled by those in the neighbourhood of Glasgow in another very important application of the power of locomotive engines, namely, the transmission of heavy goods, in which so great speed is not of such importance as the diminishing the expense of conveyance by increasing the

quantity conveyed. The other day one of the engines on the Garnkirk and Glasgow Railway hauled a train of seventy loaded waggons from Gartgill colliery to the depôt at Glasgow, a distance of 8 miles, in one hour and five minutes. The gross weight of the waggons was $287\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and of the engine and tender 14 tons 7 cwt. making a total weight of 301 tons 17 cwt. A great proportion of the distance is quite level. The ordinary resistance on a level line is 9 pounds per ton, so that the engine must have been exerting a power of about 2718 pounds. The diameter of the cylinder is $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the length of stroke 22, and the pressure at 55 pounds per square inch. The train extended over a distance of upwards of 270 yards, and presented to view a grand and interesting spectacle, while it afforded a most wonderful exhibition of locomotive power to those who take an interest in the important national question of the improvement of our internal means of communication.

Lieutenants Denham and Robinson, deputed by the Board of Admiralty to make a survey of the river Mersey, have ascertained the existence of a new half-tide channel, at once affording invaluable and increased facility of navigation in the approach to Liverpool. The advantages of this discovery are these—that a maritime intercourse may be pursued at all hours, and that a channel to seaward is progressively forming, which affords at present twelve feet water at two hours' flood, and seventeen at half-tide; that a ship coming in with an easterly wind can stand up the Crosby channel, approaching from the northward, at as early a period of the tide as the Rock channel affords.

MIDDLESEX.

The Commissioners of the Metropolitan Roads have in agitation a plan by which the narrow and dangerous passage through Brentford, on the great Western Road, will be avoided, by turning it through the gardens at the back of the town. Want of the funds necessary to purchase the property is the only impediment to the immediate execution of this most desirable improvement.

SOMERSET.

Communication between the Bristol and British Channels.—It is contemplated to form a branch from the Bideford and Barnstaple rail-road to Newton-Tracey, and from Exeter to Crediton and Bow, by which the desirable opening from the Bristol Channel to the British Channel may be accomplished, avoiding the long circuitous voyage by the Land's End, and the transit from London by steam-vessels to Exeter, and thence by a rail-road to Barnstaple, will be performed in twenty-four hours. To effect this line, it is suggested that the head and main trunk of the project extend from Bideford to Winkleigh, 18 miles; of the extremities, one branch to Exeter, 15—to Oakhampton and Bridstowe, 16; of the upper parts, a branch to Barnstaple, 6; and any future collateral branches to Ilfracombe or Southmolton, &c. Bideford to Exeter will not exceed 38 miles; Barnstaple to Exeter (by a junction at Newton Tracey, 6 miles) will be 40.

From a Parliamentary paper, recently printed, of the amount of poor-rates levied in England and Wales, in 1832, it appears that in the county of Somerset the total sum levied was 224,482*l.*; payments thereout for other purposes than the relief of the poor, 29,088*l.*; sum expended for the relief of the poor, 191,687*l.* 11*s.*; total expended, 220,775*l.* 11*s.* Increase, 8 per cent. Select vestries, 71; assistant overseers, 116; number of persons employed in the repair of roads, 961; amount paid from the poor-rates for such labour in 1832, 3397*l.* 18*s.*; number of persons employed in other parish work, 428; amount paid from the poor-rates for such work during the year, 1605*l.* 4*s.*

SUSSEX.

Rail-Road.—The first division of the original project, devised some years ago, for establishing rail-roads through Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, is about to be carried into effect, by making the Brighton and Shoreham line in the first instance. This is the most direct route from London to Paris; and, by the prospectus of the proposed company, we see that a carriage may travel from London to Paris in eighteen hours, by the way of Dieppe, it being agreed by the French Government to continue the rail-road from Dieppe to Paris.

The Brighton Athenæum, built of cast-iron, and weighing between four or five hundred tons, fell down on the 29th of August. The crush was tremendous. This building was intended for an horticultural exhibition. The dome was larger than that of St. Peter's at Rome by eight thousand feet; the glazing of it would

have covered two acres. The planting has been commenced some time, and the choicest plants had been collected. The building promised to stand a monument of architectural beauty: its destruction was occasioned by its immense weight of iron at top, which, unsupported by the scaffolding, folded in. Previous to its fall, a crackling noise admonished the workmen of approaching danger, and happily no life was lost.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The shareholders of the Birmingham Bank, at their first annual meeting, divided a profit of 10 per cent., leaving, after this and all expenses, more than 5000*l.* to carry over.

YORKSHIRE.

In 1831 and 1832, the British and Foreign trade of the port of Hull, entered inwards, is thus stated:—1831, British ships, 974, 187, 361 tons; Foreign ships, 725, 73,547 tons; 1832, British ships, 762, 140,788 tons; Foreign ships, 454, 43,481 tons.

SCOTLAND.

The foundation stone of the bridge of seven arches, erecting across the river Clyde, between Glasgow and Lauriestown, has been laid, with masonic honours, by the Hon. James Ewing, LL.D., F.R.S., Lord Provost, in presence of the Magistrates, the Grand Lodge of Scotland, &c.

IRELAND.

The sums paid for stamp duty and advertisement duty by the following Irish newspapers, for the quarter ending the 5th of July, 1833, are thus stated:—

	Stamp Duty.	Adv. Duty.
Dublin Evening Mail	£656 5 0	£248 10 0
—— Evening Post	247 18 4	158 2 6
—— Evening Packet	484 17 11	162 7 6
Freeman's Journal	401 0 10	106 2 6
Morning Register	415 12 6	141 10 0
Saunders' News Letter	743 15 0	965 17 6
Stewart's Despatch	281 5 6	208 10 0
COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS.		
Belfast News Letter	226 0 10	114 12 6
—— Commercial Chronicle	224 11 7	131 17 6
Cork Southern Reporter	386 9 2	167 15 0
—— Constitution	262 10 0	164 10 0
Limerick Chronicle	288 15 0	73 7 6
—— Herald	138 10 10	34 17 6

The number of bushels of malt which were made and charged with duty in Ireland, from the 10th of October, 1832, to 5th of April, 1833, was 1,565,300 bushels; of this quantity 42,736 bushels have been exported and 435,254 used by distillers.

The total present annual expenditure of Ireland, including debt, army, pensions, and all disbursements payable out of the public revenue, is 2,910,808*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.*

The amount of registered tonnage of the Irish ports in 1832, was 108,128 tons.

The Marquis Wellesley has been appointed Viceroy of Ireland, in the room of the Marquis of Anglesey, who retires from ill health, and at the earnest recommendation of his physicians passes the winter in the South of Europe. The party journals in Ireland had anticipated the appointment, with various comments; but his Lordship's former administration (in 1822) of the same office is the standing commentary from which impartial people will be able to judge more correctly than from any speculations. The Marquis was Governor-General of India in 1795, and Ambassador to Spain in 1809. He is now 73 years of age.

Curious Cave.—The facts of the curious cave discovered between Cahir and Mitchelstown, in the county of Tipperary, in May last, are fully corroborated by recent explorers. The entrance is through an aperture not three feet wide, whence there is a descent of about twenty feet, and thence by a ladder to a further depth of fourteen feet. Passing through a narrow cliff, the spectator enters the Grand Hall, which is about one hundred feet across and twenty-one feet high, and of irregular form. This cave, like all the others, is of limestone, apparently supported by several crystallized pillars. There are several other caves of various sizes and dimensions; that called the Long Cave is two hundred yards in length and twenty

feet high; the roof, like Gothic arches, springing from several handsome pillars with broad bases, some of which are thirty feet in circumference, and above these the pillars are about ten feet high and one foot in diameter; they are all through white, shining, and transparent, like the crystal. In another cave is a stone table, covered with mimic drapery like a cloth, and surmounted by three lesser pillars like candlesticks. There are numerous handsome draperies of the same transparent substance through the several caves and passages; and at one place a petrification resembling a statue, the legs and drapery of which very closely approach to the labour of the chisel; the people of the neighbourhood call its Lot's Wife, because somewhat resembling a pillar of salt. Some of the caves are small, and entirely covered with the white transparent substance from the droppings from the roof, some of which form pillars and some very beautiful draperies and curtains, drawn up in the centre and flowing down at the sides most gracefully. When struck with a stone these crystallizations sound like bell-metal. At the end of one of the caves is a deep and clear stream of water. The several passages are very crooked and narrow; in many places the visiter is forced to crawl on his hands and feet, and sometimes quite flat on his face. Some of the floors are like crystallized snow, but for the most part they are strong and covered with yellow clay. In some places two or three pillars rise from one base, the effect of which is handsome. There are also several crystallizations like beehives. The floor of the Water Hall resembles a honeycomb, and is about nineteen feet in circumference at the base, forming a sort of irregular cone at the top; the pillars are solid at the bottom, but hollow in the centre. The material of the petrifications is crystallized stalactite of carbonate of lime, and polished both within and without by the attraction of the water. The Gothic Gallery is entered through a sort of crystal curtain suspended apparently on small Doric pillars, which, when touched with a cane, produced sounds like a number of bells of various sizes. This gallery is about twelve feet wide, and resembles the aisle or entrance to an ancient cathedral. The Upper or Garret Cave is about thirty feet square and twenty high, formed like the others, but surrounded with more fanciful drapery. The entrance to the Lower or Cellar Cave is difficult and dangerous; the visiter creeps through a long avenue on all-fours until at the edge of a precipice, when the sound of a rivulet arrests his progress about twenty feet distant; hitherto no person has had sufficient hardihood to explore this Stygian river—whence it flows or where it vanishes. There is another called the Sand Hall, and another Kingsborough Hall, so called after the noble lord of that name, eldest son of Earl Kingston, on whose property it is situated, and who discovered it by breaking through a narrow partition of spar which intercepted his passage. In this hall there are springs, wells, and cataracts in miniature, which run through tubular spars, and at a distance make a very agreeable murmuring noise. The visiter feels no effluvia nor inconvenience, the first caves being apparently well ventilated, and the air perfectly wholesome. The whole is called "Kingston Cave."

[The following are the thirty boroughs to which charters of incorporation are proposed to be given under the Lord Chancellor's Bill:—Birmingham, Blackburn, Bolton, Bradford, Brighton, Bury, Chatham, Cheltenham, Devonport, Dudley, Frome, Gateshead, Halifax, Huddersfield, Manchester, Merthyr Tydvil, Oldham, Rochdale, Salford, Sheffield, South Shields, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stroud, Sunderland, Tynemouth, Wakefield, Warrington, Whitby, Whitehaven, and Wolverhampton.]

[The Committee appointed to inquire into the state of agriculture have reported, as their opinion, that "the result of their careful observation is, that, during the last ten years especially, the tenants have become gradually more and more distressed, their live and dead stocks have been reduced lower and lower, their capital has been diminishing, and the land has been so rapidly deteriorating, that soils of inferior description have been taken out of cultivation altogether."]

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE METROPOLITAN THEATRES.

A Chronological History of their Origin and Progress.

THE only object of this sketch is to present the reader with a chronological arrangement of facts, (without entering into particular details,) so as to offer a succinct account of the origin, growth, and progress of theatrical representations in this metropolis.

For this purpose it might be sufficient to commence this sketch with the reign of Charles II., at which period were granted the patents under which the two winter theatres for a long time claimed the exclusive privilege of amusing the town with dramatic performances of every class,—from stately tragedy to broad farce,—from gorgeous spectacle to comic pantomime. But it will be as well to premise that, previously at least to the reign of the first Charles, it does not appear that the monarch had any notion that the theatres were within the legitimate sphere of his prerogative, or that he had any right to interfere with the regulation of dramatic more than with any other species of amusement to which the people were for the time addicted: nor indeed, looking to the nature of the regal prerogative in England, does it seem that such matters are by law under its influence; for stage-plays in England, like the comedies and tragedies of Greece, had their rise from religious festivities,—from the *mysteries* (rude dramatic representations of scriptural subjects) sprang the *moralities*, in which was wrought up something more of a mundane character. Of these, at least of the former of them, the monks and unbeneficed clergy were, for the most part, the actors and managers,—whether stimulated by the pure desire of thus giving popular notoriety to their doctrines, or by the less disinterested motive of rendering the amusement of the people subservient to their own gain, it would be useless to discuss: certain, however, it is, that the prerogative of the crown was never intended in any case to control such exhibitions.

In this rude and indigested state stood theatrical representations at the period of the Reformation in this country; about which time we perceive indications of the rise of a more legitimate species of drama, though still involved with much low buffoonery,—as the drama in all countries ever has been, both at its rise and decline. But as there is no evidence, and, indeed, from the nature of things, it seems impossible that, before this time, the kingly power was ever exercised in the regulation of theatrical affairs, so neither does it appear that, in its somewhat bettered state, they were as yet subjected to its influence. Henry VIII., who arrogated to himself no small share of temporal and spiritual authority, neither as hereditary monarch of the realm, nor as assignee of the papal power, ever exercised this subsequently discovered privilege. His daughter Elizabeth, who assuredly inherited a fair share of her

father's high notions of regal power, (witness her frequent declarations to her parliaments that "they ought not to deal, nor to judge, nor to meddle with her majesty's prerogative royal,") yet at a time when the English drama was too obviously at its most flourishing height to allow of a supposition that it could escape from its insignificance, neither did this Queen practise or assume any right of controlling the theatres. Nor is it alone from such negative premises that we are entitled to draw the conclusion that in law no such right ever did exist in the crown, for there are these positive facts—1st. That by far the greater portion (if not all) of the companies of players at this time formed each a portion of some nobleman's retinue, and they were, in fact, his hired servants, although their representations were chiefly for the public gratification and their own emolument. 2d. When, at length, it became the practice for bodies of players, together with minstrels, fencers, bear-wardens, &c. &c. to stroll about the country, giving out that they were the company of some nobleman, and, from their generally bad and dissolute character, it was considered advisable to put a stop to these proceedings,—this was effected, not by exercise of the royal prerogative, (which, if constitutional and recognized, would have been the simplest and shortest method,) but by an act of the legislature itself, (39 Eliz., cap. 4,) which enacted that all such persons should be punished as vagrants and vagabonds, with the exception of such players as could authenticate their pretensions, by the production of an authority to act, under the hand and seal of their alleged patrons.

But although this royal privilege appears either not to have existed or to have been so long wholly unused, there is no doubt that it was soon exercised in a most vigorous manner; and though the courts of law have since decided that this prerogative could not legally be enforced to the full extent to which it had been attempted, in the very teeth, too, of an existing statute, (that of Monopolies, 21 Jac. I. cap. 3,) yet still the legislature has, in some measure, by a recent statute, (25 Geo. II. cap. 36,) sanctioned this branch of the prerogative; and, therefore, though it may not have been idle to have so far discussed this matter, it clearly would be so to deny that, at the present day, at least within the limits of Westminster, the crown has a regulating jurisdiction over theatres.

To return to the immediate subject of this sketch, the chronology of the two so-called patent theatres:—

1638. (14 Car. I.)—It appears from the letters patent granted by King Charles II. to Sir William Davenant and Thomas Killigrew, bearing date the 15th of January, 1662, that his father, Charles I., "of glorious memory," on the 26th of March, in the fourteenth year of his reign, (1638,) had granted a *patent* to the said Sir William Davenant, (then simply gentleman,) his heirs, &c., a license to new build a theatre behind the Three Kings Ordinary, in Fleet-street, or elsewhere, "wherein plays, musical entertainments, scenes, or other the like presentments, might be presented." There was also a power to Sir William Davenant to collect and regulate a company for this purpose, and to receive money from the public.

Whether this was the first *patent* of the kind ever granted, or whether there is any other copy of it extant beyond this recital, I am not aware:*

* In 1603, (1 Jac. I.,) a license was granted under the privy seal to Shakspeare, Fletcher, and others, to act plays at the Globe, in Bankside, as well as in any other part of the realm, during the King's pleasure.

it might be difficult, perhaps, to conjecture what the object was of this grant, as there is no indication of any intention to erect a monopoly upon it, nor anything from which it can be gathered that the new theatre was to be exclusively under his Majesty's protection. The probability is, that this was merely a license to the King's company to act for the public amusement, and receive money for their own private emolument.

This fact, however, matters but little; for during the immediately succeeding years of the commonwealth, theatrical amusements were wholly discountenanced, and fell into disuse, and almost oblivion.

1659. (10 Car. II.)—On General Monk's march to London in this year, one Rhodes, a bookseller, at Charing Cross, and formerly wardrobe keeper to the King's company of comedians at the Blackfriars, obtained a grant from the ruling powers to set up a company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, which was an old play-house.

There were, in this year, three play-houses:—

1. The above-mentioned one of Rhodes's at the Cockpit.
2. The Red Bull, St. John Street.
3. One under William Bastus, in Salisbury Court.

1660. (11 Car. II.)—On the 15th November, Sir William Davenant's company commenced playing at the house in Salisbury Court; and played there till the 8th of April, 1662.

Killigrew's company played in Gibbon's Tennis Court, in Vere Street, during this year and till the 8th of April, 1663.

1662. (14 Car. II.)—In this year the patent, dated 15th January, was granted by Charles II. to Davenant and Killigrew. After reciting as above the former one, it further recites that, in the preceding May, (1661,) it was exemplified, and that this patent and exemplification were now both surrendered to be cancelled.

The second patent then proceeds to make a similar grant to Sir W. Davenant, of a license to erect a new theatre in any place in *London, Westminster, or the suburbs*, to be assigned and allotted out by the surveyor of the royal works, "wherein tragedies, comedies, plays, operas, musical scenes, and all other entertainments of the stage whatsoever may be shewn and presented;" and to gather together and regulate a company to act either "within the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields," or elsewhere; that this company shall be the servants of the King's brother, the Duke of York. Then, after some unimportant clauses with regard to the receipt of money and the regulation of the company, follows the important passage by which it has been contended a monopoly was created: it premises that divers companies have acted in London, Westminster, and the suburbs, "without any authority for that purpose," and proceeds thus:—

"We do hereby declare our dislike of the same, and will and grant that only the said company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up, by the said Sir William Davenant, his heirs and assigns, by virtue of these presents, and one other company erected and set up, or to be erected and set up, by Thomas Killigrew, Esq., his heirs or assigns, and none other, shall from henceforth act or represent comedies, tragedies, plays, or entertainments of the stage within our said cities of London and Westminster, or the suburbs thereof; which said company to be erected by the said Thomas Killigrew, his heirs or assigns, shall be subject to his and their government and authority, and shall be styled the company of us and of our royal consort."

Then follow regulations for the preservation of "amity and corre-

spondence betwixt the said companies, and that the one may not encroach upon the other by any indirect means," and for the acting of women's parts by the proper sex, and the patent concludes with the following clause :—

"That these our letters patent, or the enrolment thereof, shall be in all things good and effectual in the law, according to the true intent and meaning of the same, anything in these presents contained, or *any law, statute, act, ordinance, proclamation, provision or restriction, or any other matter, cause, or thing whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.*"

Under this patent Davenant opened his house in the Tennis Court, Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn, on the 8th of April.

On the 25th of April, in the same year, other letters patent were made out, precisely similar to those last set forth, except that the recital of the patent granted in Charles I.'s reign is omitted, and the grant to Killigrew precedes that to Davenant.

It would be difficult, perhaps, to ascertain the intention of this latter patent so soon after the former one,—for if that were inoperative from being illegal, this must have been equally so: if the first were valid, the second would have been a nullity. It is only necessary further to add, that the latter has no expressed reference whatever to the former.

1663. (15 Car. II.)—On the 8th of April, Killigrew opened the theatre which he had built in Drury Lane.

On the 28th of April an order was issued by the said Chamberlain commanding the King's company of players to submit to Killigrew's authority; which indicates an early disagreement between the new (patent) managers and their companies.

1668. (20 Car. II.)—Davenant died.

1671. (23 Car. II.)—A new house was opened in Dorset Gardens, Salisbury Square, under the management of Lady Davenant, (relict of Sir William,) but it did not answer.

1672. (24 Car. II.)—In January the house in Drury Lane was burnt.

1682. (34 Car. II.)—By order of the 4th of May, Killigrew's patent was united to Davenant's patent, "from thenceforth to be as one, and so for ever after continue."

It appears the two companies acted together both at Dorset Gardens, (the house belonging to Davenant's company,) and at Drury Lane.

There is some confusion as to the date of this transaction. That, here given is from an abstract of the report of the case of Charles Killigrew *versus* Charles Davenant, (the eldest son of Sir William,) which was heard before the Chancellor Somers, on Monday, the 7th of December, 1691.

In Cibber's "Apology," (p. 61,) the date is given 1684 (36 Car. II.); and the union of the two companies "into one, exclusive of all others," is said to have been effected "by the King's advice, which perhaps amounted to a command." And, in an answer to a petition presented to the Lord Chamberlain Dorset by Thomas Betterton and others, (a copy of which answer is in the Lord Chamberlain's Office,) the patentees allege that *both patents were united* by indenture bearing date the 4th of May, 1692, (4 William and Mary,) but this latter is obviously a clerical error for 1682.

The alleged cause for this union of the two patents was the various disturbances and revolts that had taken place among the actors; but it is not improbable that these revolts arose from the incapability of the patentees to pay their respective companies, owing to the scarcity of play-goers, there not being at the time sufficient to fill the two theatres.

1689. (1 William and Mary.)—Charles Davenant assigned his share in

the incorporated patent to Alexander Davenant; it seems that afterwards the *whole* patent became the property of the latter.

1690. (2 William and Mary.)—Twenty-fourth of March, Alexander Davenant *sold* the patent to Christopher Rich, a lawyer; who afterwards took Sir Thomas Skipwith as a partner.

1694. (6 William and Mary.)—Rich behaved tyrannically to the actors, and attempted to reduce their salaries. Congreve, Barry, Mrs. Bracegirdle, and others, entered into an association, with Betterton at their head, and petitioned the Earl of Dorset, then Lord Chamberlain, to relieve them from the tyranny of the monopolists. His Grace laid their complaints before his Majesty, who caused his counsel learned in the law to be consulted upon the subject; and they were of opinion that no patent for acting plays, &c., could tie up the hands of a succeeding prince from granting a similar privilege. While this affair was in progress, Queen Mary died, (28th December,) which caused a suspension of all public diversions.

1695. (7 Will. III.)—On 25th of March the Lord Chamberlain granted a license to Betterton and the others, under the style of “his Majesty’s sworn servants and comedians in ordinary;” who, having raised a new theatre in Tennis Court, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, by subscription, acted therein, under the name of Betterton’s company.

So that, at this period, there were two theatres open,—the one playing, it seems, alternately in Drury Lane and Dorset Gardens, under the one united patent; the other in Tennis Court, Lincoln’s Inn Fields, under a license*.

1704. (2 Anne.)—Betterton conveyed his license to Sir John Vanbrugh.

1705. (3 Anne.)—Vanbrugh having built an immense theatre in the Haymarket, (on the site of the present Italian Opera House), took Congreve into partnership; and having shut up the house in Tennis Court, they opened the new one under Betterton’s license.

1706. (4 Anne.)—This speculation having failed, on the 9th of April they sold the license and let the theatre to Mr. Owen M’Swiney, who undertook to pay them 5*l.* for every night’s performance, so that the gross sum should not exceed 700*l.* in the year.

1707. (5 Anne.)—Drury Lane was shut up by order of the Lord Chamberlain; and the patent company, (now called the Queen’s,) on the 30th of November, played at Dorset Gardens.

1708. (6 Anne.)—Tenth of January, the Queen’s company, from Dorset Gardens, joined M’Swiney’s company in the Haymarket; but they were afterwards all ordered by the Lord Chamberlain to return under Rich and Skipwith, the patentees†, as her Majesty’s *sole* company of comedians; the greater part of M’Swiney’s company seems to have joined them, as that gentleman soon afterwards appropriated his large theatre to the new speculation of the performance of Italian operas.

It appears that, at this period, the theatres were considered exclusively under the management of the Lord Chamberlain, as there is extant, in the office, a printed order of the 2d of March, in this year, by the Duke of Kent, the Chamberlain, that no person should be admitted behind the scenes &c. to interrupt the performances.

* Soon after Queen Anne’s accession Betterton presented a petition to her Majesty setting forth that the town would not maintain two play-houses; the somewhat inconsequential result of which was a license to rent another theatre “as a help or nursery to his forementioned theatre.” This document contains some curious facts relative to the state of the theatres at that period, which would not be inapplicable to those of the present time.

† I am doubtful to which theatre the Queen’s company returned: according to two statements I have seen, it was to Drury Lane, which had been previously shut up; but it would appear, from the order of suspension mentioned in next year, the removal was to a (new) theatre in Covent Garden.

1709. (7 Anne.)—30th of April, the Lord Chamberlain directed the patentees to pay the comedians, “pursuant to the articles made with them at the theatre in the Haymarket, and which were proved to be made good upon their removal to the theatre in Covent Garden.”

6th of June.—In consequence of the non-compliance with the above order, the Lord Chamberlain, by the Queen’s command, issued another order, whereby he “silenced them from further acting, and required them not to perform any plays or other theatrical entertainments until further order; and all her Majesty’s sworn comedians were thereby forbid to act any plays at the theatre in Covent Garden, or elsewhere, without his leave, as they should answer the contrary at their peril.”

It will be remembered that this was an order of suspension, and, unless removed, of prohibition to the united company,—the only one which, at that time, possessed any *patent*:—unless, therefore, the above orders were superseded, the patent was for ever gone. But it does not appear that these orders ever were superseded; and subsequent companies have borne the title of their Majesties’ servants from arrogance on their part, or courtesy in others.

In the same year, Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber entered into an arrangement with M’Swiney to conduct the theatre in the Haymarket alternately as an English play-house and an Italian opera-house. Many of the disbanded Queen’s company, by the Lord Chamberlain’s permission, joined this new concern.

On the 29th of November, William Collier obtained a promise of a *license* to act comedy and tragedy in Drury Lane, “in consideration of his having surrendered all his interest and claim to the patents granted to Mrs. Killigrew and Sir William Davenant.”

1710. (8th Anne.)—On the 22d of November, Collier, with the assistance of a mob, broke into the Drury Lane house, ejected Rich, and took possession.

1711. (9 Anne.)—Collier and M’Swiney exchanged theatres; but the former, finding the plan unsuccessful, returned to Drury Lane, where Wilks, Dogget, and Cibber entered into partnership with him, having left M’Swiney.

1712. (10 Anne.)—Dogget retired from, and Booth entered into, the partnership.

1713. (11 Anne.)—In January M’Swiney absconded.

1714. (1 Geo. I.)—Rich repaired the house in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, and it was opened under his son, John Rich. It does not appear that Rich had any license for this proceeding, nor that the suspension of the patent had been removed; he probably chose to consider the original patent as still valid.

At the Queen’s death the license to Collier accordingly expired.

In January, George I. granted a *patent* to Richard Steele for life and three years afterwards, who joined with Wilks, Cibber, and Booth, Collier retiring from the affair. This, therefore, was in fact a renewal of Queen Anne’s original license to Collier, granted upon the suspension of the patent.

It does not appear what was doing under the original Betterton *license* after the departure of M’Swiney, the lessee thereof.

There were now, therefore, two theatres open:—Drury Lane, under the patent to Steele; Lincoln’s Inn Fields, without a license.

1717. (4 Geo. I.)—The managers of Drury Lane having refused to obey the regulations of the Lord Chamberlain, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals were consulted as to whether they could be compelled to do so under the patent to Steele.

1719. (6 Geo. I.)—In January, Steele’s patent or license was revoked, and the company discharged.

1720. (7 Geo. I.)—Mr. Potter, a carpenter, having built a smaller theatre in the Haymarket, it was opened on the 25th of January, without a license.

So that now there was not any patent or license in existence, except M’Swiney’s (Betterton’s), which does not appear to have been acted on.

1729. (2 Geo. II.)—Mr. Odell opened a theatre in Goodman's Fields, without a license. Steele died.

1732. (5 Geo. II.)—Cibber, Wilks, and Booth obtained a new *license* for twenty-one years.

Giffard re-opened the theatre in Goodman's Fields.

Cibber and Booth sold their shares in the license at Drury Lane to Mr. Highmore, and Wilks his share to Giffard.

John Rich, with his company, removed to Covent Garden.

1733. (6 Geo. II.)—Theophilus Cibber (son of Colley) induced part of Highmore's company to desert, and played (without a license) in the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

1734. (7 Geo. II.)—Charles Fleetwood bought Highmore's share of the license, and afterwards part of Giffard's, so as to become possessed of five-sixths of the whole.

1735. (8 Geo. II.)—Fleetwood purchased the remainder of the license.

Giffard played at Lincoln's Inn Fields with the Goodman's Fields company.

1736. (9 Geo. II.)—Henry Fielding collected a company, and played (without license) at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

1737. (10 Geo. II.)—In this year there were five theatres open:—

1. Drury Lane, under Fleetwood (the assignee of the original *license* to Cibber and Co.) ;
2. Covent Garden, under John Rich (the alleged possessor of the original united *patent*) ;
3. The Italian Opera House (under the original license to Betterton) ;
4. Goodman's Fields, under Giffard ; and
5. The Little Theatre in the Haymarket, under Fielding ; (both without license.)

This year, also, in consequence of Fielding's pasquinades, or (as it is said) more probably in consequence of an arrangement between Sir Robert Walpole and Giffard, the Licensing Act (cap. 28) was passed ; by which, for the first time, the royal prerogative over theatres was recognized by the Legislature. At the same time, however, it was restricted in its operation to the limits of Westminster, beyond which no royal license was in future to be granted.

1741. (14 Geo. II.)—Giffard was still playing in Goodman's Fields.

1745. (18 Geo. II.)—Fleetwood's license was mortgaged to Green and Amber : they were afterwards joined by Lacey, who subsequently became sole manager.

1747. (20 Geo. II.)—Garrick became a partner with Lacey, and Fleetwood's license was renewed to them at Drury Lane.

1761. (2 Geo. III.)—John Rich died. His son-in-law, Beard, continued to play at Covent Garden under the alleged *patent*.

1766. (7 Geo. III.)—Samuel Foote obtained a *license* for life for dramatic representations from the 15th of May to the 15th of September.

1767. (8 Geo. III.)—Foote, having rebuilt the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, opened the same.

Beard sold his interest in the house, patent, &c. of Covent Garden, for 60,000*l.*, to Colman, Harris, Powell, and Rutherford, and the house opened under their management.

1774. (15 Geo. III.)—Lacey died. Garrick sole proprietor of Drury Lane.

1776. (17 Geo. III.)—Sheridan, Lindley, and Ford purchased Drury Lane from Garrick.

1777. (18 Geo. III.)—Colman purchased the Little Theatre from Foote, and opened it.

1783. (23 Geo. III.)—In January, a *patent* was granted to Sheridan, Lindley, and Ford at Drury Lane, for twenty-one years, to commence on the 2d September, 1795.

N.B.—This patent contains no clause giving an *exclusive* authority to act.

1787. (28 Geo. III.)—Mr. John Palmer opened the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose Square, without a license; but he was shortly obliged to close it.

1788. (28 Geo. III.)—Statute passed (cap. 30) to enable justices of the peace to license certain theatrical representations.

1789. (29 Geo. III.)—The Drury Lane Theatre being about to be taken down, the company played at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket.

The King's Theatre destroyed by fire.

The Drury Lane company removed to the Pantheon, in Oxford Street.

1790. (30 Geo. III.)—14th of June, the Little Theatre in the Haymarket opened under George Colman, jun.

1791. (31 Geo. III.)—The new Covent Garden Theatre opened.

About this time a new license for twenty-one years was granted to Sheridan and Lindley.

1792. (32 Geo. III.)—The Pantheon destroyed by fire.

1793. (33 Geo. III.)—The Drury Lane company played at the Little Theatre.

1794. (34 Geo. III.)—The new Drury Lane Theatre opened.

1803. (43 Geo. III.)—Mr. Kemble came into the management of Covent Garden.

1805. (45 Geo. III.)—The Little Theatre opened under Colman, Winston, and Morris.

1807. (47 Geo. III.)—Mr. Scott obtained the license for the Sans Pareil (now the Adelphi).

Mr. Astley obtained the license for the Olympic Theatre, or Pavilion.

1808. (48 Geo. III.)—In August, Mr. Arnold submitted his plan for the establishment of an English opera to Lord Dartmouth, then Lord Chamberlain.

On the 20th of September Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire, and the company removed to the King's Theatre.

1809. (49 Geo. III.)—On the 25th of February Drury Lane Theatre was destroyed by fire.

On the 26th of the same month a license was granted to Mr. Arnold for "musical dramatic entertainments and ballets of action," at the Lyceum, "for one year."

N.B.—This license was unlimited as to the number of performances within the year.

Soon after this Mr. Arnold entered into partnership with Col. Greville.

An arrangement was completed in September between Col. Greville and Messrs. Sheridan and Arnold, that the Drury Lane company should play for eight months in the year at the Lyceum; till the new theatre should be built.

In the same month a license was granted to T. B. Mash, Esq., in trust for Arnold, Greville, and Sheridan, to perform at the Lyceum, for eight months, any theatrical performance.

Under this license, the Drury Lane company played at the Lyceum.

1810. (50 Geo. III.)—On the 25th of February, Mr. Arnold's license was renewed, to perform "English operas, ballets of action, and musical entertainments" for one year.

N.B.—A similar license was granted to Mr. Arnold for the five successive years—that is, till 1815 inclusive.

In September the license was renewed for the Drury Lane company, in the same terms as the preceding one of last year.

In this year a petition was presented to the Privy Council for the establishment of a new theatre under a charter of incorporation. The petition was not granted.

1811. (51 Geo. III.)—In September a similar license was renewed for the

Drury Lane company ; but Col. Greville's name was omitted, that gentleman, owing to some differences between him and Mr. Arnold, having retired from the concern.

1812. (52 Geo. III.)—On the 13th of May Mr. Arnold received a letter from Mr. John Calvert (then secretary to the Lord Chamberlain), informing him that the renewal of his license “ must be considered uncertain.”

N. B. — The license, nevertheless, *was* renewed for three years afterwards.

The new theatre, Drury Lane, opened, under the management of Mr. Arnold.

During the last three years Mr. Arnold had played, under his own yearly license, for only four months, owing to the arrangement with the Drury Lane company.

During the three succeeding years, Mr. Arnold kept his house open only for the same limited period, in order to bestow his undivided attention to the establishment whose management he had thus undertaken.

1815. (55 Geo. III.)—In September, Mr. Arnold, having retired from the management of Drury Lane, publicly announced his intention to erect a new theatre, and to open the same early in the ensuing summer ; and, accordingly, the old theatre was taken down.

The “ patentees ” of the winter theatres petitioned the Prince Regent against the renewal of Mr. Arnold's license.

1816. (56 Geo. III.)—On March the 16th, Mr. Arnold received an official notice from the Marquis of Hertford, then Lord Chamberlain, virtually prohibiting him from opening his new theatre (which he had avowed his intention of doing upon the 15th of April) *under his then unexpired license*, which would not terminate till the 13th of June.

On the 22d of May a license was granted to Mr. Arnold “ to have performed at the Lyceum English operas,” &c. (as theretofore), “ from the 5th day of June next to the 5th day of October following,” (a period of four months instead of the whole year.)

A similar license was continued yearly till 1823 (4 Geo. IV.), when it was varied, so as to exclude “ *any species of entertainment whatever*, without application being first made to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, specifying the nature of such entertainment, and a license being granted for the same ;” and this same license was granted up to the period of the destruction of the English Opera House by fire.

1830. (10 Geo. IV.)—On the morning of the 16th of February the Lyceum, or English Opera House, was destroyed by fire.

The English Opera company played at the Adelphi Theatre.

1831. (1 Will. IV.)—Petition presented to the King by Mr. Arnold, (also a similar one, by Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket,) for an extension of license. Counter petitions by the proprietors of Covent Garden and Drury Lane against such extension. The rights and claims of all parties fully discussed by his Majesty's commands before the Lord Chancellor, assisted by the Vice Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir James Park.

Licenses of the English Opera and Haymarket extended to six months.

1833. Same Licenses further extended to eight months.

“ *Union of the Houses.* ”—Drury Lane and Covent Garden opening both under one lessee, and with one company.

T. J. A.

MY TRAVELLING ACQUAINTANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIGH-WAYS AND BY-WAYS."

No. II.—THE PHILOSOPHER OF THE ODENWALD.

ALL that is impressive in the natural aspect of forest scenery, or in the associations which fancy mixes with it, is combined in the mountainous and wood-covered district called the Odenwald. Those who care for derivations may here find wherewithal to puzzle themselves. The most likely is that connected with the god Odin, in whose honour this forest was probably named; and its wild grandeur suits well with the remote sublimity of this origin.

The Odenwald forms a district of from thirty to forty miles extent in every direction. It is bounded on the westward by the main chain of hills called the Bergstrasse chain; on the east and south by the rivers Mein and Neckar; on the north by the plains of Hesse. It is intersected by several lateral ridges, as well as by many small rivers, in all its parts; and in most it is wooded beyond what may be imagined by those who have seen only insulated forests, however celebrated. Nothing can be more picturesque than the scattered villages and ruined castles; or more pastoral than the occasional valleys and patches of hill side, which have been snatched from the primitive luxuriance of forest savageness. But as far as the eye can reach from many points of view, the whole tract of country is covered with masses of trees, in all their profuse varieties of green, embodying the beautiful of nature with the mysterious of romance.

The forests which abound in the small states of Germany are carefully preserved, not from love of their natural charms, or reverence for their romantic attributions, but because they are chiefly domain lands, and a source of considerable profit to each individual prince. Those which, in a great measure, cover the Odenwald are unusually grand, and it is impossible to conceive anything more solemn than their depths of interminable verdure. Among the fine diversities of scenery which abound on every path, not the least striking are the masses of red almond-stone, and the huge blocks of granite which lie singly in the fields, or rise in abrupt and rugged battlements from the valleys through which the little rivers foam along. But every evidence of minor beauty is lost in admiration of the main feature of the scene.

After tracing the windings of the Neckar for three leagues up the exquisite valley to which it gives its name, from Heidelberg to Hirschorn, I struck off to the left, following the course of one of those small streams which flow into the river. A broad road, in a highly-cultivated vale, with market-carts and market-people, were not the objects I sought in visiting the Odenwald: so I was not long in abandoning the chaussée for one of the hanging woods which shadowed the rivulet on the right hand; and I quickly found myself on the summit of the lateral chain of hills which separated the vale I left behind from a whole territory of forest.

It was the very meridian of summer and of the day. The heavens were brilliantly blue, except where the rolling masses of clouds sailed

on, as though self-impelled, for no breeze was felt by which their course might be directed;—no living thing caught my sight;—no sound struck on my ear. It was the very intensity of solitude;—not that proclaimed by the paradoxical sport of genius to exist only in

“The haunt and hum of men—”

but that which the great poet denied to be such, while none more than he could have been sensible to the deep reality.

Yes, this *is* solitude—when feeling and thought are still,—when passion sleeps, and selfishness is in its shroud,—when the agitations of life are as a disremembered dream, and the social world exists no more for the rapt mind,—when all the turmoil of our nature seems extinct, and we stand single, silent, and unmoved, as though a monument of man’s likeness were placed amidst nature’s desolation.

Would that I might oftener enjoy those moments, when humanity is sublimed into forgetfulness, and the mind blends like an atom with creation’s vastness, without the torturing anxieties which beset its peopled ways! But such occasions rarely present themselves; and even when they do, some self-engendered thought, or some external excitement, soon comes to break the elemental stillness into which we seem dissolved.

While I stood, and gazed, and sunk into such a trance as this, my eye was caught by an object moving, but not advancing, at a short distance below me, but rendered indistinct by the intervening branches of birch-wood. My first hope was that some stag or wild boar was moving in its lair; and, starting from my reverie, I felt a sportsman’s throb of pleasure, all unworthy of the solemn fellowship I had been mixing in. I cocked my gun, cautiously roused my dog, who slept at my foot, and, with a warning token to him, slowly crept downwards, holding in my breath, and steadily fixing my eye on the point towards which I moved. In momentary expectation of the animal’s bounding away, I was prepared to discharge one of my barrels at least on the first spring; and, with the weapon raised to my shoulder, I dropt on one knee. The rustling of the leaves on which I came down roused what had nearly been my prey; but, ere I could pull the trigger, I was saved from a whole life of regret, by the loud utterance of the following words:—“Mercy! mercy! spare my life: do not shoot me. Oh, spare me, and you shall have everything I possess in the world. For the love of heaven, don’t shoot me!”

And simultaneously with this burst of entreaty, which I give literally, for it was spoken in plain English, and well-bred accent, the figure of a man revealed itself to me, rushing frantically a few paces towards me, and then falling flat and facewards on the ground.

I could not restrain a loud laugh. The sight of fear without danger is irresistibly ludicrous to the looker on, nor does it excite much sympathy even when it has a cause.

“Oh, the cold-blooded monster!” exclaimed my self-condemned victim to *himself*, as he thought; and he then broke forth into an incoherent continuance of his supplication, in imperfect German, which his returning presence of mind told him was more likely than his mother-tongue to be intelligible to a freebooter of the Odenwald. I confess that I was cruel enough to enjoy his suspense. But perhaps the strangeness

of his manner and appearance may excuse me a little. He was middle-aged, bald, and barefooted. He wore a coarse short coat of green camlet, with innumerable pockets, and a pair of rough and loose-hanging trousers; an umbrella and spade were slung at his back; a fishing-rod dangled before; a straw basket was hanging at one side; a leathern belt with hatchet, hammer, pincers, and chisels girded his waist; and a broad-brimmed straw hat of the commonest kind, together with a well-packed, large, hairy knapsack, lay beside him.

"Who and what art thou, then?" asked I, gruffly, in such German as it required a more than ordinary dose of alarm to prevent his at once detecting for little better than English.

"I am a foreigner," replied he, without venturing to look up; "a born Briton, but a hearty lover of the German character. A man of science,—a poor man of science, very poor, I assure you;—a mineralogist, geologist, and natural philosopher."

"What dost thou here?" growled I, smothering an uprising laugh.

"I am searching for snakes and scorpions, specimens of basalt, and a vein of schistus. So you see, my worthy Sir*, what an innocent and harmless person I am,—and poor withal, beyond anything you can imagine;—but if you will only spare my life, all I possess on earth shall be yours. Pray be merciful to me!" continued he, venturing to throw an upward look, encouraged perhaps by the irrepressible fit of giggling, which burst through every impediment offered by my hands and handkerchief.

"Snakes and scorpions, basalt and schistus," exclaimed I, at length, with a regular English horse-laugh, which does one good in proportion to its rarity: "and what, my good Sir, can induce you to follow such preposterous pursuits, at the risk of being shot for a stag, or worried for a wild boar?"

While I spoke, the philosopher sprang upon his feet, and in the extravagance of extasy at his certainty of safety, he rushed forward to embrace me; but failing in the attempt, he laughed, jumped, and played such antics of delight as never were witnessed in wood or wold since the night when the witches in "Faust" danced their mad round of revelry.

"Bless my soul! How pleasant it is to be more frightened than hurt," exclaimed he at length. "Really I took you for a robber. I beg your pardon,—but it was very suspicious to see you stealing down on me, with your gun levelled at my head. How very odd it is! Well, one really meets Englishmen in such out-of-the-way places, and doing such odd things! Upon my life it's quite funny."

And to prove that he felt as he spoke, he laughed still heartier than at first, rubbed his hands together, and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Lord bless me!" he said again; "I really shall die;—it's a capital joke. I must put it in my journal: it is really the strangest adventure I ever met with. Sir, I am extremely happy in the pleasure of making your acquaintance,—your name, if you please?"

With these words, he pulled a green-covered portfolio from an inside pocket, and taking a pen from an inkhorn which was pendant from a button-hole of his coat, he prepared to enter my name in his diary.

* His expression was *Hochwohlgeborner Herrn*, literally "highly well-born gentleman."

"Oh, never mind my name," said I, "that would altogether spoil the adventure. It is much more mysterious to leave a blank."

"True, true; upon my life you are right: the thing is quite delightful as it stands; pray do me the favour not to let your name slip out in our conversation. This adventure will tell admirably in my geological, mineralogical, and philosophical tour;—it will enliven it amazingly. How very lucky it was you did not shoot me! How odd to be taken for a boar! Ha, ha, ha!"

Not very odd neither, thought I, for I began to perceive clearly that he was one of the species. But I, nevertheless, thought him well suited for my purposes; and I resolved to cherish him, as long as he was so.

"You seem at home in these wild districts," said I.

"Why, yes, indeed; I may say I am at home,—that is to say, as far as previous study makes one acquainted with a place one was never in before."

"This, then, is your first visit to the Odenwald?"

"Exactly,—though not exactly neither, for I have many a time seen it in fancy; do you understand? And I flatter myself I know it much better than many who have lived in it all their lives."

"You have, no doubt, acquired your knowledge by maps and guide-books?"

"Not at all! These are very vulgar methods, I assure you."

"From the inhabitants, eh?"

"By no means: the peasants are wonderfully ignorant of geology,—the only true method by which one may know a country. But I am particularly acquainted with the primitive formations of all the mountains of the Berg-strasse, (the Roman *strata montana*,) as well as of those lateral ranges which run in parallel lines with them. Therefore, no one, I may say, can know the country better."

"Then pray tell me the distance to Erbach, for I am bound for that place."

"That I really do not know. I do not profess any common acquaintanceship with towns or villages; but if you can tell me its bearings with the *Felsen-meer**, or the *Riesensäule*†, or the isolated granite block called the Giant's Altar,—the chief things worth knowing in the Odenwald,—I shall very soon be able to trace the way by examining a little the various strata of these hills, which will infallibly guide us."

"That I think would be rather a tedious proceeding, and not necessary now, as I happen to know that Erbach lies to the north of the Neckar, and the position of the sun is as sure a guide as the layers of earth or stone which you propose digging for. So pray put up your spade," with which he had begun to poke into the ground.

"Whatever you please: I shall be very happy to accommodate myself to your plans, and glad to be your companion for the day."

"Why, as to that," said I, somewhat alarmed at his proposal, "I have no exact plans; and as our pursuits are rather dissimilar, I think we had better not enter into so close an alliance: but I shall be glad if we may walk together for an hour or two."

"That's precisely what I should like," replied my complaisant acquaintance; and bundling up his various instruments, and buckling on

* The Sea of Rocks.

† The Giants' Column.

his knapsack, we struck through a path in the direction on which I was bound.

"There are, no doubt, some fine traditions regarding these forests?" asked I.

"Traditions? Yes, I dare say there are," answered he. "It is certain that the Odenwald was dedicated to, and called after, Odin, who was, you know, the Mercury of the northern mythology, as Thor was its Hercules, Frigga its Venus, and so on. This Odin was, in fact, a very extraordinary person, a half-and-half kind of Adonis and Mercury combined. Frigga was very much enamoured of him,—excessively so,—and he was killed by a wild boar; but then he was also the god of eloquence, and of pickpockets, too, for aught I know,—but it is not quite sure that the ancient Germans wore pockets;—and he presided over departed souls on their arrival at Valhalla, just as Mercury did in the *lætis sedibus* of Elysium. Tacitus puts the thing quite out of doubt, in fact. He tells us how the Germans had consecrated their forests to their gods, and christened them,—that is, not exactly *christened* them, inasmuch as Christianity was somewhat a later institution, but *called* them by their names,—‘*lucos ac nemora consecrant, deorumque nominibus appellant,*’ but you remember the passage, no doubt. Then, as to Mercury, *alias* Odin, he (Tacitus) proves that he (Mercury) was the chief object of their worship,—‘*deorum maxime Mercurium colunt,*’ says he, that’s Tacitus. So I suppose that your doubts are all removed? If not, I can easily——”

"Bless you, Sir, I have no doubts," said I, stopping his pedantic prattle.

"Exactly! Just as the ‘knife-grinder’ had no *story*,—that’s very good indeed,—a very apt quotation; and that puts me in mind of the great column called the *Riesensäule*, which some think a remnant of the Temple of Odin; but I confess it strikes me to be a work of the Romans. You are aware that this district formed a part of their *agri decumati*?"

"I had not quite made up my mind; but when I spoke of traditions just now, I did not mean to go back to the guess-work theories of antiquarians. I alluded to some of those local beliefs, which break through the background of history as the sun bursts yonder through the denseness of this forest, throws light upon its heavy masses, and brings out its fine details into relief,—something, in short, which tells of the real people who inhabited, and not the imagined deities who presided over, these woods."

"Oh, aye, yes; now I comprehend you. You allude to the *Lindenschmidt*, or Wild Jager,—the Spectre Huntsman, that is to say,—or the Ghost Knight of Rodenstein, perhaps, who rides out with his chivalry to announce a European war? But I must candidly tell you that I myself don’t believe a word of those things. I don’t indeed. I am quite certain that these notions are as false as those of the inhabitants of the Andes, who see aerial battles in a thunder-storm, and that the modern *Lindenschmidt* is but the *Lind drechen* of old times, as mentioned in the poem of ‘*Niebelungen*,’ which must be familiar to you. And to convince you of the truth of my reasoning, you have only to recollect that the roaring of the wind is singularly solemn and sonorous in these vast forests, and that——”

"Oh, pray don’t give yourself the trouble; I am quite satisfied," said I, half-sick of my philosopher, who mistook my ideas of the thrilling

traditions of the olden time, for frippery fancies about Thor and Odin, or foolish freaks of peasant superstition; and actually set about *reasoning* for the one and against the other.

"Pray may I ask why you go barefoot?" said I, somewhat abruptly I confess.

"Oh, certainly," replied he. "For two reasons: firstly, it is the only way to traverse a mountain district; and secondly, it's quite impossible to procure in this country the proper sort of grease for one's shoes. I carry mine in this basket; but when you visit the upper ridges of the Rhiggi, you will find thereabouts the only real mixture that's worth a kreutzer,—perfect waterproof cement,—in fact, I have the receipt in my portfolio, if you wish for it;—but, alas! the materials are not to be had here."

"Don't give yourself the trouble; I never grease my shoes," said I, as he prepared to search; and to turn from the ignoble subject, I asked him if he was very fond of fishing?

"Detest it; utterly detest it!" was his reply. "But I angle sometimes, to try the effects of particular kinds of hooks, and the virtue of various flies."

"The effects of particular kinds of hooks?"

"Yes; it is necessary at times to know how long a fish may linger under particular wounds of the *tracheæ*, or gills; besides which——"

"Do you ever shoot?"

"Never: it's so cruel. I hate cruelty to animals."

"The devil you do! Yet you kill fish to see how long they may linger?"

"Oh, that's quite a different thing; that's in the way of science. I have attended Majendie's practical lectures, for instance, and seen him carve a living lap-dog without the least emotion of nerve; but I could not, for the life of me, shoot a partridge, not I."

I reflected a while as he ran on in this strain; and I came to the conclusion that I was, after all, better satisfied to follow the natural instinct which makes man, in all ages and climes, savage or civilized, a sportsman, than to pursue even the necessary cruelties of *science*, much less those which are too often wanton and too commonly useless.

"God bless me; what's that? ah, ha! I've caught it," cried my philosopher, darting the point of his umbrella (which he had held over him like Robinson Crusoe in the sun) into the grass by the path side. "Some curious animal, I'll warrant it; perhaps a scorpion!"

But, on taking it up, it was but a poor little mole, the magnetism of whose unlucky star had attracted it unconsciously above earth, and marked it for a prey to enlightenment and science.

"What a pretty creature it is! How velvety its skin,—what sweet little paws;—dear me, I'm afraid I have broken its spine!"

And so, indeed, he had. There was no outward wound, but the blood gushed from the poor animal's mouth; it gave sounds of pain, and writhed on his palm as he examined it minutely.

"For God's sake, throw it down, and kill it," said I; "put it out of pain. I'll shoot it."

"Oh, not for the world!" exclaimed he. "I can't bear the sight of blood, except in a dissection. I wonder how long it could live yet? Yes,

its spine must be broken! What an injured and persecuted race of animals this poor mole belongs to! What a shame it is that it should be so treated and so misunderstood! Did we rightly read its uses, we should preserve, instead of killing it; should keep it in a cage of honour instead of setting traps for it. In stirring up the soil, the mole makes it more light and porous. In passing through the earth, it only obeys that conservative instinct which keeps it in hostility with a radical enemy that ravages the vested rights and profits of the farmer. The mole eats no plant; anatomical inspection proves it to be non-frugivorous. Examine its dental construction, and you will see at once that it is a carnivorous animal. Open its stomach, and you will find no symptom of vegetable nourishment, but merely the undigested remnants of the reptile it devours,—the hard skin and larvæ of the insect called (rather vulgarly, by the by) the maybug, an insect which, like itself, lives in the dark bowels of the earth for a while, voraciously devouring the seeds under ground, and subsequently, in its metamorphosis, robbing the trees of their verdure, and ruining the fruit in its germ.”

“Do let me finish it,” said I, impatiently.

“No, no! I’ll take it to the river yonder and drown it; that will be a much easier death. Poor little thing! Yes, yes; it’s the spine that’s broken; poor little thing! How smooth. What sweetly pretty paws!”

He thus murmured till he reached the river, when he flung the mole in, and stood for at least twenty minutes on the brink; looking for fish. I thought, or perhaps moralizing, as I was myself, stretched on the long grass, *sub tegmine fagi*, for I was on the verge of a magnificent beech forest. He at last came towards me, his watch, (a beautiful Breguet,) which he had till then kept hidden in a secret pocket, in his hand.

“It lived exactly eighteen minutes and twelve seconds,” said he, as he approached.

“What?” exclaimed I, starting up, for he took me by surprise. I had quite forgotten him and his hapless victim for at least half that time.

“Why, the mole,” answered he.

“What! In the water?”

“Yes, to be sure. I am now convinced that it is truly of the pig species: it persisted to swim against the stream till the last; it’s a very curious illustration of the received theory. I must put it in my journal;—pray wait a bit.”

“Come along, come along,” said I, impatiently. “You will have time enough for that: I must push on.”

“Certainly, to be sure; you are very right: but it was a curious adventure, wasn’t it?”

“Very,” said I, and I strode on, hating the humbug sensitiveness that shrunk from the manly pursuits of the field, but could gloat on dying agonies—for *science*’ sake!

“Bless my soul! but you walk very fast,” exclaimed at length the panting philosopher, out of breath, and both face and scalp glowing deep crimson.

“Am I going *too* fast for you? Because, if so——” we can part here, I would have added; but he cut me short.

“Not at all, not at all: I am particularly fond of walking fast. But

the fact is, I have a good number of things about me. I like to make myself comfortable in travelling."

"Comfortable indeed! I wonder you don't hire a man to carry your baggage and tools."

"Bless me! that would cost me at least twenty-four kreutzers a-day."

"About eightpence English?"

"Very nearly; labour is excessively dear in this part of the country; and these forest-guides never take less than labourer's hire."

"Indeed!" exclaimed I, staring at the gold chain which was fastened to his *Breguet*,—a fifty-guinea repeater, at least.

"I make it a point to carry my own things. I'm an old traveller, I assure you. I'm never taken in."

"You have a variety of implements?"

"Everything, I fancy, which a geologist, mineralogist, or natural philosopher should have for his personal convenience."

"Convenience!" thought I.

"But I don't load myself as travellers generally do. For instance, I have no pocket compass; the different strata tell me my course, as I before observed. Nor any thermometer. I have another method for finding out what weather is coming."

"What is that, pray?"

"Why this;—wait a little,—just a moment."

I saw the poor devil wanted a respite from the "slapping pace" we had been going at, and I stopped while he unbuckled his spade, and fell to work digging in various places, till at last he came to an anthill.

"Ay, now I have it," said he, unmercifully turning up myriads of the unfortunate insects, and destroying the labour of months: "this is it. This is the way to know the weather. If the ants build at the top, it is sure to be fine, and *vice versa*;—that's the unerring way, I assure you, known to all proficients in natural philosophy. I am surprised you were not aware of it."

"If I had, I should not have practised it."

"Bless my soul! why not?"

But I gave him no reason. After several attempts at conversation, which I did not encourage, he asked me suddenly,

"Do you carry a pocket glass?"

"No," replied I; "not always: sometimes on ascending a hill."

"Why that's the very place you want it least," said he, laughing.

"Flies are much more common in the low grounds, particularly in these thick-wooded passes."

While I pondered as to what possible relation flies could have to a pocket telescope, my companion held on a rigmorole train of reasoning, which I did not understand, walking all the while in a very odd sort of sidelong motion, with his face upturned, and his eyes, as I thought, remarkably wide open. I really began to have some misgivings as to his sanity, and sidled away from him as much as the narrow path allowed: when, all of a sudden, he struck himself a most violent slap in the face with his left hand, fumbling in his waistcoat pocket with the right, stopping short, and exclaiming in manifest glee,

"Heureka! Heureka! I have it, I have it!"

“For Heaven’s sake, what ails you?” asked I, staring at him, but keeping at a reasonable distance.

“Ails me? nothing, but that I have a gigantic gnat or mosquito in my eye. I have it fast: it sha’n’t escape me.”

I here stepped close up to him, offering to take the fly out of his eye; but he repulsed me with one hand, holding the lid closed with the other, and evidently suffering under a severe smarting, for the scalding tears were bursting out between his fingers. He at last succeeded in opening a small tortoise-shell-cased looking-glass with his right hand, and fixing himself in a firm attitude with legs astride, elbows raised, and mouth wide open, he proceeded cautiously to emancipate the unfortunate fly which he had caught so cunningly. He after some time succeeded in picking out the little atom, which had been drowned in tears, and then, wiping his bloodshot eye, and putting his mirror carefully up again, he exclaimed, in a tone of most ludicrous triumph,

“Well, Sir; do you now see the advantage of a pocket-glass? You observe how independent it makes a man? I never travel without it, particularly in low and marshy grounds, where, as you most probably understand, these annoying insects are more particularly on the wing. I am very subject to catching them in my eyes.”

“You seem to have the knack,” said I; and I now thoroughly made up my mind that this fly-catching, mole-killing, fish-torturing philosopher was an ass of the first quality. Everything that passed for the rest of the day gave me still more abundant proofs; and the niggardliness he displayed in all the little transactions of eating and drinking till we reached Erbach, (for I could not shake him off,) made me set him down for a very shabby fellow into the bargain. One instance may suffice:—We had to cross a rivulet at a place where the late rains had swollen it so much as to require the aid of a little ferry-boat, which lay there for the convenience of the country people. The boy who pushed it backwards and forwards demanded two kreutzers (about three farthings) each for the passage. The philosopher got into a violent rage; swore it was an imposition; that one kreutzer was more than enough; that he did not value the money, not he, (the common cant of ‘penny wise, pound foolish’ economists,) but that he would sooner wade the river than submit. This he accordingly attempted; but, to my great enjoyment, and the extravagant delight of young Charon who put me across, he stumbled in the middle, fell flat on his face, and came out drenched, dismal, and discomfited, with the loss of several of his precious specimens, his fishing-rod broken, and the contents of his knapsack soaked through and through. One public good resulted from this mishap; the journal of mineralogical, geological, and philosophical research was utterly blotted out. “The reading world,” as the phrase goes, thus escaped an awful addition to the taxes on time; and a second advantage will flow from the adventure, if those who may see this record of it at the same time profit by the moral it contains.

The night at length set in, and we were safely lodged in the inn at Erbach, just in front of the old castle, whose curiosities I had a long-indulged intention of exploring. The little town looked well, as we approached it, enveloped in a warm haze, which threw a veil of concealment on half the beauties of the neighbouring woods and valleys,

heightening the rest, and just allowed the castle-turrets to appear, shadowed with the mystery of mist and imagination.

After a magnificent supper, consisting of a basin of boiled bread and milk, a salad, and a huge pancake,—the common bill of fare of a German evening repast in a rural district, the philosopher and myself retired. I told him of my intention to part company there; begged him to proceed on his journey on the morrow; wished him good night; and heartily hoped I had lost sight of him for ever.

Not so! for scarcely had I sunk into a profound sleep, the delicious effect of air and exercise on him whose breast is not overloaded with that “perilous stuff” which Macbeth speaks of, when my bed-room door was suddenly burst open, and my wide-staring eyes beheld the figure of the philosopher, ungarnished, except in the scant drapery of a blue check shirt, a red cap on his head, and a pipe in his hand.

“For God’s sake, get up! Jump, jump!” exclaimed he. “A most beautiful sight! Look, look! There rises Scorpio over the chimneys, in conjunction with the Virgin! Look, look!”

Starting out of bed at the first invitation, I turned my gaze in the direction he pointed to; bewildered, for a moment, by commingling associations of snakes, scorpions, and tom cats, and a thousand incongruous fancies connected with house-roofs and conjunctions too numerous for momentary disentanglement. In my half-waking confusion I never dreamt of Scorpio and Virgo; and it was only when I fixed my eyes on the brilliant mystery first named, shining high above the lofty ridge of the castle walls, that I knew my philosopher added a smattering of astronomy to his *alogies* and *ologies*; and I almost cursed my stars for dooming me to endure the infliction of this persecuting caricature of science, both by day and night. I, however, quickly turned him out of my room, betook myself to bed again, and quite forgot him and his absurdities, till a chance informant lately told me that he was the possessor of at least 3000*l.* a-year; and that his air of poverty and meanness was assumed to remove suspicion of his personal wealth,—not worth,—he invariably carrying a large sum about him. I then determined that he was fair game for “a sketch,”—in his double capacity of noodle and niggard.

THE FEMALE CONVICT-SHIP.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE tide is in, the breeze is fair,
 The vessel under weigh;
 The gallant prow glides swiftly on,
 And throws aside the spray;
 The tranquil ocean, mirror-like,
 Reflects the deep blue skies;
 And, pointing to the destin'd course,
 The straighten'd pennon flies.
 Oh! none of those heart-cradled prayers
 That never reach the lip,
 No benedictions wait upon
 That fast-receding ship:
 No tearful eyes are strain'd to watch
 Its progress from the land;
 And there are none to wave the scarf,
 And none to kiss the hand.
 Yet women throng that vessel's deck—
 The haggard, and the fair,
 The young in guilt, and the depraved,
 Are intermingled there!
 The girl, who from her mother's arms
 Was early lured away;
 The harden'd hag, whose trade hath been
 To lead the pure astray!
 A young and sickly mother kneels
 Apart from all the rest;
 And with a song of home she lulls
 The babe upon her breast.
 She falters,—for her tears *must* flow,—
 She cannot end the verse;
 And nought is heard among the crowd
 But laughter, shout, or curse!
 'Tis sunset. Hark! the signal gun;—
 All from the deck are sent—
 The young, the old, the best, the worst,
 In one dark dungeon pent!
 Their wailings, and their horrid mirth,
 Alike are hush'd in sleep:
 And now the female convict-ship
 In silence ploughs the deep.
 But long the lurid tempest-cloud
 Hath brooded o'er the waves;
 And suddenly the winds are roused,
 And leave their secret caves;
 And up aloft the ship is borne,
 And down again as fast;
 And every mighty billow seems
 More dreadful than the last.

Oh! who that loves the pleasure-barque,
By summer breezes fann'd,
Shall dare to paint the ocean-storm,
Terrifically grand?
When helplessly the vessel drifts,
Each torn sail closely furl'd;
When not a man of all the crew
Knows whither she is hurl'd!
And who shall tell the agony
Of those confined beneath,
Who in the darkness dread to die—
How unprepared for death!
Who, loathing, to each other cling
When every hope hath ceased,
And beat against their prison door,
And shriek to be released!
Three times the ship hath struck. Again!
She never more will float.
Oh! wait not for the rising tide;
Be steady—man the boat.
And see, assembled on the shore,
The merciful, the brave;—
Quick, set the female convicts free,
There still is time to save!
It is in vain! what demon blinds
The captain and the crew?
The rapid rising of the tide
With mad delight they view.
They hope the coming waves will waft
The convict ship away!
The foaming monster hurries on,
Impatient for his prey!
And He is come! the rushing flood
In thunder sweeps the deck;
The groaning timbers fly apart,
The vessel is a wreck!
One moment from the female crowd
There comes a fearful cry;
The next, they're hurl'd into the deep,
To struggle, and to die!
Their corpses strew a foreign shore,
Left by the ebbing tide;
And sixty in a ghastly row
Lie number'd, side by side!
The lifeless mother's bleeding form
Comes floating from the wreck;
And lifeless is the babe she bound
So fondly round her neck!
'Tis morn;—the anxious eye can trace
No vessel on the deep;
But gather'd timber on the shore
Lies in a gloomy heap:
In winter time those brands will blaze
Our tranquil homes to warm,
Though torn from that poor convict ship
That perish'd in the storm!

INHABITANTS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY MISS MITFORD.

No. II.—PETER JENKINS, THE POULTERER.

As I prophesied, so it fell out: Mr. Stephen Lane became parish-officer of Sunham. I did not, however, foresee that the matter would be so easily and so speedily settled; neither did he. Mr. Jacob Jones, the ex-ruler of that respectable hamlet, was a cleverer person than we took him for; and, instead of staying to be beaten, sagely preferred to “evacuate Flanders,” and leave the enemy in undisputed possession of the field of battle. He did not even make his appearance at the vestry, nor did any of his partizans. Stephen had it all his own way; was appointed overseer, and found himself, to his great astonishment, carrying all his points, sweeping away, cutting down, turning out, retrenching, and reforming so as never reformer did before;—for in the good town of B——, although eventually triumphant, and pretty generally successful in most of his operations, he had been accustomed to play the part, not of a minister who originates, but of a leader of opposition who demolishes measures; in short, he had been a sort of check, a balance-wheel in the borough machinery, and never dreamt of being turned into a main spring; so that, when called upon to propose his own plans, his success disconcerted him not a little. It was so unexpected, and he himself so unprepared for a catastrophe which took from him his own dear fault-finding ground, and placed him in the situation of a reviewer who should be required to write a better book than the one under dissection, in the place of cutting it up.

Our good butcher was fairly posed, and, what was worse, his adversary knew it. Mr. Jacob Jones felt his advantage, returned with all his forces (consisting of three individuals, like “a three-tailed bashaw”) to the field which he had abandoned, and commenced a series of skirmishing guerrilla warfare, affairs of posts, as it were, which went near to make his ponderous, and hitherto victorious enemy, in spite of the weight of his artillery and the number and discipline of his troops, withdraw in his turn from the position which he found it so painful and so difficult to maintain. Mr. Jacob Jones was a great man at a quibble. He could not knock down like Stephen Lane, but he had a real talent for that sort of pulling to pieces which, to judge from the manner in which all children, before they are taught better, exercise their little mischievous fingers upon flowers, would seem to be instinctive in human nature. Never did a spoilt urchin of three years old demolish a carnation more completely than Mr. Jacob Jones picked to bits Mr. Lane’s several propositions. On the broad question, the principle of the thing proposed, our good ex-butcher was pretty sure to be victorious; but in the detail, the clauses of the different measures, Mr. Jacob Jones, who had a wonderful turn for perplexing and puzzling whatever question he took in hand, a real genius for confusion, generally contrived (for the gentleman was a “word-catcher who lived on syllables”) by expunging half a sentence in one place, and smuggling in two or three words in another, by alterations that were anything but amendments, and amendments

that upset all that had gone before, to produce such a mass of contradictions and nonsense, that the most intricate piece of special pleading that ever went before the Lord Chancellor, or the most addle-headed bill that ever passed through a Committee of the whole House, would have been common sense and plain English in the comparison. The man had eminent qualities for a debater, too, especially a debater of that order,—incorrigible pertness, intolerable pertinacity, and a noble contempt of right and wrong. Even in that matter which is most completely open to proof, a question of figures, he was wholly inaccessible to conviction; show him the fact fifty times over, and still he returned to the charge,—still was his shrill squeaking treble heard above and between the deep sonorous bass of Stephen,—still did his small narrow person whisk and flitter around the “huge rotundity” of that ponderous and excellent parish-officer, buzzing and stinging like some active hornet or slim dragon fly about the head of one of his own oxen. There was no putting down Jacob Jones.

Our good butcher fretted and fumed, and lifted his hat from his head, and smoothed down his shining hair, and wiped his honest face, and stormed, and thundered, and vowed vengeance against Jacob Jones, and finally threatened not only to secede with his whole party from the vestry, but to return to the Butter-market at B——, and leave the management of Sunham, workhouse, poor-rates, highways, and all, to his nimble competitor. One of his most trusty adherents indeed, a certain wealthy yeoman of the name of Alsop, well acquainted with his character, suggested that a very little flattery on the part of Mr. Lane, or even a few well-directed bribes, would not fail to dulcify and even to silence the worthy in question; but Stephen had never flattered anybody in his life; it is very doubtful if he knew how; and held bribery of any sort in a real honest abhorrence, very unusual for one who had so much to do with contested elections;—and to bribe and flatter Jacob Jones! Jacob, whom the honest butcher came nearer to hating than ever he had to hating anybody! His very soul revolted against it. So he appointed Farmer Alsop, who understood the management of “the chap,” as he was wont to call his small opponent, deputy overseer, and betook himself to his private concerns in the conduct of his own grazing farm, in overseeing the great shop in the Butter-market, in attending his old clubs, and mingling with his old associates in B——; and, above all, in sitting in his sunny summer-house during the sultry evenings of July and August, enveloped in the fumes of his own pipe and clouds of dust from the high-road,—which was his manner of enjoying the pleasures of the country.

Towards autumn, a new and a different interest presented itself to the mind of Stephen Lane in the shape of the troubles of one of his most intimate friends and most faithful and loyal adherents in the borough of B——.

Peter Jenkins, the poulterer, his next door neighbour in the Butter-market, formed exactly that sort of contrast in mind and body to the gigantic and energetic butcher which we so often find amongst persons strongly attached to each other. Each was equally good and kind, and honest and true, but strength was the distinguishing characteristic of the one man, and weakness of the other. Peter, much younger than his friend and neighbour, was pale and fair, and slender and delicate, with

very light hair, very light eyes, a shy timid manner, a small voice, and a general helplessness of aspect. "Poor fellow!" was the internal exclamation, the unspoken thought of everybody that conversed with him; there was something so pitiful in his look and accent; and yet Peter was one of the richest men in B——, having inherited the hoards of three or four miserly uncles, and succeeded to the well-customed poultry-shop in the Butter-market, a high narrow tenement, literally stuffed with geese, ducks, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, and game of all sorts, which lined the doors and windows, and dangled from the ceiling, and lay ranged upon the counter in every possible state, dead or alive, plucked or unplucked, crowding the dark, old-fashioned shop, and forming the strongest possible contrast to the wide ample repository next door, spacious as a market, where Stephen's calves, and sheep, and oxen, in their several forms of veal, and beef, and mutton, hung in whole carcasses from the walls, or adorned in separate joints the open windows, or filled huge trays, or lay scattered on mighty blocks, or swung in enormous scales, strong enough to have weighed Stephen Lane himself in the balance. Even that stupendous flesh bazaar did not give greater or truer assurance of affluence than the high, narrow, crowded menagerie of dead fowl next door.

Yet still was Peter justly called "Poor fellow!" In the first place, because he was, for a man, far over-gentle, much too like the inhabitants of his own feathery den,—was not only "pigeon-livered" and lacked gall, but was actually chicken-hearted;—in the next, because he was, so to say, chicken-pecked, and, although a stranger to the comforts of matrimony, was comfortably under petticoat government, being completely domineered over by a maiden sister.

Miss Judith Jenkins was a single woman of an uncertain age, lean, skinny, red-haired, exceedingly prim and upright, slow and formal in her manner, and, to all but Peter, remarkably smooth-spoken. To him her accent was invariably sharp, and sour, and peevish, and contradictory. She lectured him when at home, and rated him for going abroad. The very way in which she called him, though the poor man flew to obey her summons, the method after which she pronounced the innocent dissyllable "Peter," was a sort of taking to task. Having been his elder sister, (although nothing now was less palatable to her than any allusion to her right of primogeniture,) and his mother having died whilst he was an infant, she had been accustomed to exercise over him, from the time that he was in leading strings, all the privileges of a nurse and gouvernante, and still called him to account for his savings and spendings, his comings and goings, much as she used to do when he was an urchin in short coats. Poor Peter never dreamt of rebellion; he listened and he endured; and every year as it passed over their heads seemed to increase her power and his submission. The uncivil world, always too apt to attribute any faults of temper in an old maid to the mere fact of her old maidism, (whereas there really are some single women who are not more ill humoured than their married neighbours,) used to attribute this acidity towards poor Peter, of which, under all her guarded upper manner, they caught occasional glimpses, to her maiden condition. I, for my part, believe in the converse reason. I hold that, which seemed to them the effect of her single state, to have been, in reality, its main cause. And anybody who had happened to observe the change in

Miss Judith Jenkins' face, at no time over-beautiful, when, from the silent, modest, curtsying, shopwoman-like civility with which she had been receiving an order for a fine turkey poult, a sort of "butter won't melt in her mouth" expression was turned at once into a "cheese won't choke her" look and voice as she delivered the order to her unlucky brother, could be much astonished that any of the race of bachelors should shrink from the danger of encountering such a look in his own person. Add to this, that the damsel had no worldly goods and chattels, except what she might have saved in Peter's house, and, to do her justice, she was, I believe, a strictly honest woman; that the red-hair was accompanied by red eye-brows and eye-lashes, and eyes that, especially when talking to Peter, almost seemed red too; that her face was usually freckled; and that, from her exceeding meagreness, her very fairness (if mere whiteness may be called such) told against her by giving the look of bones starting through the skin; and it will be admitted that there was no immediate chance of the unfortunate poulterer's getting rid, by the pleasant and safe means called matrimony, of an encumbrance under which he groaned and bent, like Sinbad the Sailor when bestridden by that he-tormentor the Old Man of the Sea.

Thus circumstanced, Peter's only refuge and consolation was in the friendship and protection of his powerful neighbour, before whose strength and firmness of manner and character (to say nothing of his bodily prowess, which, although it can never be exerted against them, does yet insensibly influence all women) the prim maiden quailed again. With Stephen to back him, Peter dared attend public meetings and private clubs; and when sorely put to it by Judith's lectures, would slip through the back way into Mrs. Lane's parlour, basking in the repose of her gentleness, or excited by her good husband's merriment, until all the evils of his home were fairly forgotten. Of course, the kind butcher and his sweet wife loved the kind and harmless creature whom they, and they alone, had the power of raising into comfort and happiness; and he repaid their affection by the most true and faithful devotion to Stephen in all affairs, whether election contests or squabbles of the corporation or the vestry. Never had leader of a party a more devoted adherent; and abating his one fault of weakness, a fault which brought its own punishment, he was a partizan who would have done honour to any cause,—honest, open, true, and generous,—and one who would have been thoroughly hospitable, if his sister would but have let him.

As it was, he was a good fellow when she was out of the way, and had, like the renowned Jerry Sneak, his own moments of half-afraid enjoyment, on club-nights, and at Christmas parties; when, like the illustrious pinmaker, he sang his song and told his story with the best of them, and laughed, and rubbed his hands, and cracked his joke, and would have been quite happy, but for the clinging thought of his reception at home, where sat his awful sister, for she would sit up for him,

"Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

However, Stephen generally saw him in, and broke the first fury of the tempest, and sometimes laughed it off altogether. With Stephen to

back him he was not so much afraid. He even, when unusually elevated with punch, his favourite liquor, would declare that he did not mind her at all; what harm could a woman's scolding do? And though his courage would ooze out somewhat as he approached his own door, and ascended the three steep steps, and listened to her sharp, angry tread in the passage, (for her very footsteps were to Peter's practised ear the precursors of the coming lecture,) yet, on the whole, whilst shielded by his champion and protector, the jolly butcher, he got on pretty well, and was perhaps as happy as a man linked to a domineering woman can well expect to be.

Mr. Lane's removal was a terrible stroke to Peter. The distance, it was true, was only half a mile; but the every-day friend, the next-door neighbour, was gone; and the poor poulterer fretted and pined, and gave up his club and his parish-meetings, grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler, and seemed dwindling away into nothing. He avoided his old friend during his frequent visits to the Butter-market, and even refused Mrs. Lane's kind and pressing invitations to come and see them at Sunham. His sister's absence or presence had ceased to make any difference in him; his spirits were altogether gone, and his very heart seemed breaking.

Affairs were in this posture, when, one fine afternoon in the beginning of October, Stephen was returning across Sunham Common from a walk that he had been taking over some of his pastures, which lay at a little distance from his house. He was quite unaccompanied, unless, indeed, his pet dog, Smoker, might be termed his companion—an animal of high blood and great sagacity, but so disguised by his insupportable fatness, that I myself, who have generally a tolerable eye when a greyhound is in question, took him for some new-fangled quadruped from foreign parts,—some monstrous mastiff from the Anthropophagi, or Brobdignagian pointer. Smoker and his master were marching leisurely up Sunham Common, under the shade of a noble avenue of oaks, terminating at one end by a spacious open grove of the same majestic tree; the sun at one side of them, just sinking beneath the horizon, not making his usual “golden set,” but presenting to the eye a ball of ruddy light; whilst the vapoury clouds on the east were suffused with a soft and delicate blush, like the reflection of roses on an alabaster vase;—the bolls of the trees stood out in an almost brassy brightness, and large portions of the foliage of the lower branches were bathed, as it were, in gold; whilst the upper boughs retained the rich russet brown of the season;—the green turf beneath was pleasant to the eye and to the tread, fragrant with thyme and aromatic herbs, and dotted here and there with the many-coloured fungi of autumn;—the rooks were returning to their old abode in the oak-tops; children of all ages were gathering acorns underneath; and the light smoke was curling from the picturesque cottages, with their islets of gardens, which, intermingled with straggling horses, cows; and sheep, and intersected by irregular pools of water, dotted the surface of the village green.

It was a scene in which a poet or a painter would have delighted. Our good friend Stephen was neither. He paced along, supporting himself on a tall, stout hoe, called a paddle, which, since he had turned farmer, he had assumed instead of his usual walking-stick, for the pur-

pose of eradicating docks and thistles ;—now beheading a weed—now giving a jerk amongst a drift of fallen leaves, and sending them dancing on the calm autumnal air ;—now catching on the end of his paddle an acorn, as it fell from the tree, and sending it back amongst the branches like a shuttlecock ;—now giving a rough, but hearty caress to his faithful attendant Smoker, as the affectionate creature poked his long nose into his hand ;—now whistling the beginning of one tune, now humming the end of another ; whilst a train of thoughts—pleasant and unpleasant, merry and sad—went whirling along his brain. Who can describe or remember the visions of half an hour—the recollections of half a mile ? First Stephen began gravely to calculate the profits of those upland pastures called and known by the name of the Sunham crofts ; the number of tons of hay contained in the ricks, the value of the grazing, and the deductions to be made for labour, manure, tithe, and poor-rate,—the land-tax, thought Stephen to himself, being redeemed ;—then poor little Dinah Keep crossed his path, and dropped her modest curtesy, and brought to mind her bedridden father, and his night-mare, Jacob Jones, who had refused to make this poor cripple the proper allowance ; and Stephen cursed Jacob in his heart, and resolved to send Dinah a bit of mutton that very evening ;—then Smoker went beating about in a patch of furze by the side of the avenue, and Stephen diverged from his path to help him, in hopes of a hare ;—then, when that hope was fairly gone, and Stephen and Smoker had resumed their usual grave and steady pace, a sow, browsing among the acorns, with her young family, caught his notice and Smoker's, who had like to have had an affair with her in defence of one of the little pigs, whilst his master stopped to guess her weight. “ Full fourteen score,” thought Stephen, “ as she stands ; what would it be if fatted ?—twenty, at least. A wonderful fine animal ! I should like one of the breed.” Then he recollected how fond Peter Jenkins used to be of roast pig ;—then he wondered what was the matter with poor Peter ;—and just at that point of his cogitations he heard a faint voice cry “ Stephen !” and turning round to ascertain to whom the voice belonged, found himself in front of Peter himself, looking more shadowy than ever in the deepening twilight.

Greetings, kind and hearty, passed between the sometime neighbours, and Smoker was by no means behindhand in expressing his pleasure at the sight of an old friend. They sat down on a bank of turf, and moss, and thyme, formed by a water-channel, which had been cut to drain the avenue in winter ; and the poor poulterer poured his griefs into the sympathising ear of his indignant friend.

“ And now she's worse than ever,” quoth Peter ; “ I think soon that she'll want the key of the till. She won't let me go to the club, or the vestry, or the mayor's dinner : and now the Tories have got hold of her, and if there should happen to be an election, she won't let me vote.”

“ Marry, and get rid of her, man !—that's my advice,” shouted Stephen. “ Dang it ! if I'd be managed by any woman that ever was born ! Marry, and turn her out of doors !” vociferated Stephen Lane, striking his paddle into the bank with such vehemence, that that useful implement broke in the effort to pull it out again. “ Marry, I say !” shouted Stephen.

“How can I?” rejoined the meek man of chickens; “she won’t let me.”

“Won’t let him?” ejaculated the ex-butcher, with something like contempt. “Won’t let him! Afore I’d let any woman dare to hinder me—Howsoever, men are not all alike. Some are as vicious as a herd of wild bulls, and some as quiet as a flock of sheep. Every man to his nature. Is there any lass whom you could fancy, Peter, provided a body could manage this virago of a sister of yours? Does any pretty damsel run in your head?”

“Why, I can’t but say,” replied Peter, (and, doubtless, if there had been light enough to see him, Peter, whilst saying it, blushed like a young girl,) “I can’t but confess,” said the man of the dove-cot, “that there is a little maiden—Did you ever see Lucy Clements?”

“What!” rejoined the hero of the cleaver, “Lucy Clements! Did I ever see her! Lucy Clements—the dear little girl that, when her father first broke, and then died broken-hearted, refused to go, and live in ease and plenty in Sir John’s family here, (and I always respected my lady for making her the offer,) as nursery governess, because she would not leave her sick grandmother, and who has stayed with her ever since, waiting on the poor old woman, and rearing poultry—”

“She’s the best fatterer of turkeys in the country,” interrupted Peter.

“Rearing poultry,” proceeded Stephen, “and looking after the garden by day, and sitting up half the night at needlework! Lucy Clements—the prettiest girl within ten miles, and the best! Lucy Clements—whom my mistress (and she’s no bad judge of a young woman) loves as if she was her own daughter. Lucy Clements!—dang it, man! you shall have her. But does Lucy like you?”

“I don’t think she dislikes me,” answered Peter modestly. “We’ve had a deal of talk when I have been cheapening her poultry,—buying, I should say; for, God knows, even if I had not liked her as I do, I never could have had the heart to bate her down. And I’m a great favourite with her good grandmother; and you know what a pleasure it would be to take care of her, poor old lady, as long as she lives, and how comfortably we could all live together in the Butter-market.—Only Judith—”

“Hang Judith!—you shall have the girl, man!” again ejaculated Stephen, thumping the broken paddle against the ground—“You shall have her, I say!”

“But think of Judith! And then, since Jacob Jones has got hold of her—”

“Jacob Jones!” exclaimed Stephen, in breathless astonishment.

“Yes. Did not I tell you that she was converted to the Tories? Jacob Jones has got hold of her; and he and she both say that I’m in a consumption, and want me to quarrel with you, and to make my will, and leave all to her, and make him executor; and then I do believe they would worry me out of my life, and marry before I was cold in my coffin, and dance over my grave,” sighed poor Peter.

“Jacob Jones!” muttered Stephen to himself, in soliloquy; “Jacob Jones!” And then, after ten minutes hard musing, during which he pulled off his hat, and wiped his face, and smoothed down his shining hair, and broke the remains of his huge paddle to pieces, as if it had

been a willow twig, he rubbed his hands with a mighty chuckle, and cried, with the voice of a Stentor, "Dang it, I have it!"

"Hark'ye, man!" continued he, addressing Peter, who had sat pensively on one side of his friend, whilst Smoker reposed on the other—"Hark'ye, man! you shall quarrel with me, and you shall make your will. Send Lawyer Davis to me to-night; for we must see that it shall be only a will, and not a conveyance or a deed of gift; and you shall also take to your bed. Send Thomson, the apothecary, along with Davis: they're good fellows, both; and will rejoice in humbugging Miss Judith. And then you shall insist on Jacob's marrying Judith, and shall give her five hundred pounds down,—that's a fair fortune, as times go; I don't want to cheat the woman;—besides, it's worth anything to be quit of her;—and then they shall marry. Marriages are made in heaven, as my mistress says; and if that couple don't torment each other's heart out, my name's not Stephen. And when they are fairly gone off on their bridal excursion,—to Windsor, maybe; aye, Mistress Judith used to want to see the Castle—off with them to Windsor from the church door;—and then for another will, and another wedding—hey, Peter!—and a handsome marriage-settlement upon little Lucy. We'll get her and her grandmother to my house to-morrow, and my wife will see to the finery. Off with you, man! Don't stand there, between laughing and crying; but get home, and set about it. And mind you don't forget to send Thomson and Lawyer Davis to me this very evening."

And home went Stephen, chuckling; and, as he said, it was done,—aye, within a fortnight from that very day; and the two couples were severally as happy and as unhappy as their several qualities could make them—Mr. and Mrs. Jones finding so much employment in plaguing each other, that the good poulterer and his pretty wife, and Stephen, and the hamlet of Sunham, were rid of them altogether!

ODE TO MR. WILKINS.

Cedite, Romani *structores*, cedite Graii!

GREAT ruler of the rule!

Measureless man of measure!

Science's dearest living treasure!

Wholesale match-maker between bricks and mortar,

And founder of—albeit unclassified—a school,

Where principles yet unacknowledged taught are!

Sticker of stucco, Mentor of cement!

Lord of the ladder that has Fame at the end on't!

Hero of *upward* bent,

Whose genius still is shown in the *ascendant*!

Hark'ye, my architect! Oh, list

To English praise—not *plaster of Paris*—hist!

Whilst I essay,
 After *my* way,
 To "build the lofty rhyme," the tribute rear,
 Till it may reach thine elevated ear!

Let men of vain pretence
 Declare that thou, my Wilkins,
 A mal-constructor art, and one that ill kens
 That first and best foundation, common sense;
 That thy *too solid* head wants *excavation*;

And that indeed
 Thou still dost need,
 All *builder* as thou art, *edification*!
 Insensate cavillers! Is *that* wit puny

That can
 So archly span
 The meaning of "*faber suæ fortunæ*"?
 Tush! let the dogs deride thy dogmas all,
 And swear thou hast dealt hard with *Priscian*,
 And speak ill of thy thoughts, and call
 "Wilkins on Taste" an *imposition*—

Let them!
 'Twill fret them.
 Give them but grins—
 For, well thou knowest, "let him laugh, that *wins*!"

Nay,
 Should they persist to say
 That angry Gwilt
 Half smothered thee in literary *quilt**,
 And vainly thou didst then
 Try to retaliate with a *counter-pen*—
 Psha! pish! their sallies
 Are but malice.

Let not such efforts discompose thy state:
 Envy, my Wilkins, *must* attend the great!
 Sneerers, perchance, may hint that thy chief glories
 Rest but on *stories*;
 And would-be rivals may nickname thee, too,
 A jobbing *undertaker*, who
 Would bury from our view
 St. Martin's porch.

Thine answer is—to leave *them* in the lurch!
 What dost thou care?
 Boldly thou buildest where none others dare!
 In thy peculiar mind we see
 Scruples subside to a mere sediment;
 And out of what would be
 To any man but thee
 An *obstacle*, thou mak'st, instead, a *pediment*!
 Thy skill, illustrious man, we venerate,
 Which can success from meaner things create,
 Bright at a job, and, by *contracting*, great!
 Yea, and when thou dost dream
 On thine own latest, greatest scheme,

* The "Literary Gazette," although strictly a *sheet*, is here termed by poetic license a *quilt*.

How doubly sweet to recollect that "gallery,"
 In chinking chime
 Doth rhyme
 With "salary!"
 Egregious Wilkins! surely long shall stand
 That future fabric of thy cunning hand;
 For how can we refuse
 To deem that *stable* which is built upon a *Mews*?
 If any doubt it,
 Let them ask *thee* about it,
 Let them ask *thee*;
 And thou at once wilt candidly assure 'em
 That 'twill *outlast the future's self*, and be
 A "Monumentum paulo-post-futurum!"
 Important Wilkins! thou shalt make poor *Wren*
 As little in his fame
 As name;
 And when
 Thou comest forth in pompous power; lo!
 Let *Jones*, discomfited, cry "*In I go!*"
 And as for Vanbrugh,
 Pooh!
 Thy genius its distilled contempt shall spirt on
 All modern claims that would thy lustre sully;
 Shall make Nash, Soane, and Co. seem artizans of folly,
 And Burton
 Melancholy!

 To speak *thy* merits, thou canst call
 The groaning echoes of St. George's Hospital:
 And is there not the splendid London U-
 niversity, to make thee deathless, too?
 Then march thou on, exempt from doubt or fears,
 Despite the envious crowd's irreverent jeers:
 Go, Wilkins, go, and, 'mid the nation's raillery,
 Erect thy front, and raise the "National Gallery!"
 Some may declare the act "constructive treason,"
 A scaffold-sacrifice of sense and reason:
 Others in coarser fashion may revile it,
 And worst of *hodiernal* humbugs style it:
 But thou shalt sneer at all such foes: the sorest 's
 A fool to brave thy power—and the mildest
 Will melt to acquiescence, when thou buildest!
 Or, at the very worst,
 If the town-storm *should* burst,
 Thou hast a refuge in the "Woods and Forests!"

D.

THE FINANCIAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN*.

PART FIRST.

THE historic scroll of nations is pregnant with this remarkable truth—*Political revolutions have their origin in oppressive or unequal taxation!* To illustrate the axiom by example would be supererogatory; every page of *past* events is a lesson, and the feelings of the *present* are a warning to *future* generations. It is singular, however, notwithstanding the obvious, and, indeed, indispensable utility of financial science, how little it is understood, or has been attended to, in England; particularly among a commercial people, naturally eager for gain, attached to liberty, and peculiarly tenacious of the rights of private property. The apathy of bygone years is now being superseded by an earnest desire to examine minutely this highly important branch of our social system, on the right administration of which the happiness or misery of a nation is so intimately dependent; consequently it is necessary that the public mind should be possessed of a *clear*, and, as far as possible, *brief* elucidation of *facts*, in order that a sound judgment may be formed on a subject interesting in the strongest manner to the weal of every individual in a free state.

Within the brief space necessarily allotted to an article in a periodical, it would be impossible to demonstrate at one view the complicated nature of the British financial system. Happily, however, the subject is properly divisible into several distinct branches, each of which, although forming a separate topic for consideration, becomes in the aggregate a sectional whole.

In soliciting public attention to the following series, the writer would beg it to be understood that *no political principles* are mixed up with his financial statements; he is disposed to believe that whether Whig, Tory, or Radical be in the ascendant, an anxiety for the benefit of their common country is the predominant motive for action, and the slightest knowledge of human nature would impel to the belief that the rich can never derive the full benefit and enjoyment of wealth, so long as the mass of human beings, who are the main stay of that wealth, are sinking and perishing from want. To expose, therefore, the evils of the existing system of finance, and to propound for consideration a better, because a juster system, is a benefit to the *rich* as well as to the *poor*, the immediate advantages being greater (while the permanent fruits are equal) to the former than to the latter; and as regards the governing and the governed, it must be equally obvious that, in the present pounds, shillings, and pence age, no party can long hope to hold the reins of authority but by the adoption and execution of sound financial principles.

Financial science may be divided into two great heads—TAXATION and EXPENDITURE;—the *first* being the money, or money's worth, paid by every individual in the state, *according to the amount of his property, for the protection afforded him by Government*; and the *second*, the

* Author of "Taxation of the British Empire," &c. &c.

outlay of that money by the Executive in providing for personal security and private rights. The preliminary questions, then, on the first great head for consideration are—the amount of taxation, whence derived, and by whom paid. Reserving details and fractional divisions of sums paid into the Exchequer for subsequent pages, the following table will be sufficiently explicit for this prefatory part of the subject.

Taxation of the United Kingdom in 1832; whence derived, and incidence thereof.

ARTICLES TAXED.	Amount Levied.	Proportion paid by each Class.		
		Rich.	Middle.	Poor.
		2,500,000	8,000,000	14,000,000
	£.	£.	£.	£.
Malt and Hops	5,000,000	1,000,000	2,000,000	2,000,000
Sugar and Sweets	5,000,000	1,000,000	3,000,000	1,000,000
Gin and Whiskey	5,300,000	300,000	2,000,000	3,000,000
Tea	3,300,000	500,000	1,800,000	1,000,000
Tobacco	3,100,000	100,000	1,000,000	2,000,000
Rum	1,600,000	200,000	800,000	600,000
Brandy and Geneva	1,900,000	700,000	1,000,000	200,000
Soap	1,100,000	100,000	500,000	500,000
Wine	1,500,000	950,000	500,000	50,000
House Tax	1,300,000	300,000	800,000	200,000
Window Ditto	1,200,000	200,000	800,000	200,000
Land Ditto	1,100,000	100,000	600,000	400,000
Post Office Ditto	2,200,000	800,000	1,350,000	50,000
Probate and Legacy Ditto	2,100,000	1,000,000	1,100,000	None.
Licences and Certificates	1,100,000	200,000	600,000	300,000
Fire and Marine Insurances	1,000,000	400,000	600,000	None.
Law Stamps and Deeds	1,500,000	500,000	1,000,000	Ditto.
Timber	1,300,000	300,000	800,000	200,000
Glass and Paper	1,200,000	200,000	900,000	100,000
Servants, Dogs, Carriages, &c.	1,200,000	1,000,000	200,000	None.
Coffee and Cocoa	600,000	100,000	300,000	200,000
Bills of Exchange and Receipts	750,000	200,000	500,000	50,000
Auctions and Bricks	600,000	100,000	300,000	200,000
Stage Coaches and Post Horses	650,000	200,000	400,000	50,000
Currants and other Fruits	600,000	200,000	350,000	50,000
Newspapers and Advertisements	700,000	200,000	400,000	100,000
Spices, Pepper, &c.	150,000	50,000	80,000	20,000
Corn and Seeds	650,000	50,000	400,000	200,000
Butter, Cheese, and Tallow	300,000	50,000	200,000	50,000
Silks and Gloves	200,000	100,000	100,000	None.
Cotton and Wool	700,000	100,000	400,000	200,000
Oils and Gums	100,000	30,000	60,000	10,000
Crown Lands	400,000	100,000	250,000	50,000
Bankers' Notes and Comp.	100,000	30,000	60,000	10,000
Starch and Painted Paper	100,000	50,000	50,000	None.
Vinegar and Turpentine	100,000	20,000	60,000	20,000
Coals exported, and per centage	100,000	30,000	70,000	None.
Indigo, Furs, and Manufac.	100,000	40,000	50,000	10,000
Drugs and Dye Stuffs	100,000	30,000	60,000	10,000
Total Amount of Taxation and Incidence }	£. 50,000,000	11,530,000	25,440,000	13,030,000

The first column of the foregoing table enumerates, collectively, the articles taxed; the second shows the aggregate amount of money levied in 1832; and the third proportions the distribution of the same over the leading divisions of society*.

The principal feature in this abstract is, that the greater part of 50,000,000*l.* a-year is levied on the articles or necessities consumed by the people: hence it is obvious that the taxes are raised from the necessities or comforts of the population, and not according to their means, but to their wants. Thus, the first sound principle of finance is departed from, which ordains that “nothing can be more just in theory, or more equitable in practice, than that every man should be taxed according to the amount of his property, and for the protection afforded him by Government.”—(*Lord Althorp's Speech in Parliament, 30th April, 1833.*)

The main principle proven, it follows that the system of finance now in use is unjust and oppressive, by reason of partial assessment; that it is destructive to commerce, and most specially adapted for the propagation of vice, will be subsequently shown. Previous, however, to entering on an examination of each item of the tax-list, it will be requisite to say a few words on the *incidence* of taxation, which some well-meaning persons have endeavoured to make a mystery of.

Taxation, in its mode of payment, has been divided into *direct* and *indirect*,—the first meaning when paid, without any intervening party, into the hands of the Government collector, as in the instance of the house and window taxes; the second when paid on a commodity purchased of a trader, who, having paid the government tax on the importation or manufacture of the commodity, mixes up the tax with the price of the article sold, and charges it, with interest thereon, to the buyer,—for example, *sugar* and *soap*. Now, as efforts are being made to persuade the public that *indirect* is preferable to *direct* taxation, because the *amount of money levied is CONCEALED from the payer*†, let us inquire what advantage can the public derive from being kept in the dark as to the amount of cash abstracted from their pockets, except on the maxim of our divine bard,—

“He that is robbed, not knowing what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robbed at all.”

But the public are no longer in a state of blissful ignorance as to the objects taxed. A tradesman is called on by the taxman of his district for the quarter's house and window tax: he pays it, and receives a receipt, and then proceeds to settle his quarter's bill for groceries, &c.; and for every pound of tea he has used he pays 2*s.* 6*d.* tax; for every pound of sugar, 2½*d.*; for every pound of coffee, 9*d.* or 6*d.*; and so on through the whole list of his family necessities. Now, he knows full

* The rich are overrated in numbers and incidence. It must not, however, be supposed that the taxed articles which their servants consume should be placed to their account in the scale of incidence: those taxed articles are the produce of the servants' wages, which they would consume, if artizans, in as much, probably in a greater, proportion than they do as servants. The tax, for instance, paid by a maid-servant, of 2*s.* on her pound of tea, and 2½*d.* on her pound of sugar, is not paid by her master; it is paid out of her wages of labour.

† Vide Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1833.

well that it is the same thing to him whether he pay the taxman at his door, or the grocer over the counter: in both cases the money is taken from him by the State or Government, with this addition,—that the grocer having previously paid the taxes on the sugar, tea, &c. to the wholesale agent or broker, and the broker to the merchant, and the merchant to the Government, each, in turn, require interest for the money and time thus expended, all of which falls on the tradesman who buys the groceries, in addition to the tax levied by the State: so that, in reality, the consumer of the goods pays more in *indirect* taxation than in *direct*, without even the comfort of knowing that the difference does not go to swell the coffers of the Exchequer. On the whole, therefore, it will be seen that it matters little to the tradesman whether the taxman comes to his door and demands his money, or whether the grocer demands it from him when buying his sugar, or the publican on his pot of beer, or the chandler on his soap, or the newsman on his newspaper; and as no wise government can desire *concealment*, and, indeed, cannot in the present age practise it, direct or open taxation is far, very far, preferable to an indirect or hidden mode of extracting money from the pockets of the people, which none but pickpockets can honestly or conscientiously advocate.

So far with regard to the payer of the tax; as respects the receiver thereof, the argument for *direct* taxation is equally conclusive. It is an admitted axiom in finance that “every tax ought to be so contrived as both to take out and keep out of the pockets of the people as little as possible over and above what it brings to the public treasury*.” This is not the case with indirect taxation. Take, for instance, the article malt liquor, and observe the various modes in which it is assessed before it reaches the consumer.

- 1st. The land on which the barley and hops are grown is taxed.
- 2nd. The quarter of barley is taxed 20s. 8d. per quarter; and although a quarter of barley might be converted into a quarter of malt, free of expense, owing to the swelling which the grain undergoes in the process, yet the Excise regulations are so onerous, pernicious, and inquisitorial, that a quarter of barley at 20s., with 20s. 8d. tax, is nearly 60s. cost before fit for the brewer. A nearly similar remark is applicable to hops.
- 3d, 4th, and 5th. When the porter is brewed, the house in which it is prepared is taxed, as is also the house in which it is sold; but before it can be offered for sale another tax is levied on the seller, in the shape of a license. All these sums are paid by the mechanic who drinks the porter; but no more than half the tax paid goes into the coffers of the state, the remainder is an indemnity to the barley-grower, the maltster, the house-lord, the hop-merchant, and the publican, for the trouble incurred and for the outlay of money, for which they exact, of course, interest. Thus indirect taxation is as disadvantageous to the receiver as to the payer.

Little remains to be explained on the subject of the *incidence* of taxation, the foregoing detail of the porter-drinker explains the ultimate payer, viz. the consumer. It matters nothing whether it be the consumer of a pot of ale, or a pound of sugar, or the tenant of a house, or the feeder on bullocks, sheep or grain, reared on land taxed, or the wearer of taxed goods, or the traveller in a taxed stage, or hackney-

* Adam Smith.

coach, omnibus, or cabriolet,—in each and all these cases the *incidence* of the tax is on the *consumer* or user of the article—no matter how casuists may endeavour to persuade us to the contrary; and of the whole amount of 50,000,000*l.* direct and indirect taxes, not more than 5,000,000*l.* are openly and manfully demanded of the people, while 45,000,000*l.* are secretly paid through circuitous routes into the Exchequer and its functionaries, and upwards of 45,000,000*l.* are extracted from the consumers as indemnifications for money expended, and irksomeness and interference in private and speculative mercantile pursuits. Thus the whole taxation, by the present system, is upwards of 100,000,000*l.* annually!

Enormous as is the sum of money levied in taxes, it is trifling in comparison to the evils attendant on the present system. It will be shown that a perfect barometric influence is observable on taxed commodities, or, in other words, as taxation rises, consumption decreases, and *vice versâ*: it is true, an absurd sophism (now almost exploded) has been put forth, that taxes are like the superabundant moisture of the earth, raised by the sun (state) to descend again in healthy dew and invigorating showers; but, what would a banker, or merchant, say to a housebreaker, who, when detected carrying off his bags of money, would exclaim—"Don't be alarmed, my good sir, you will be no loser ultimately; the money will return to you in the form of different commodities, and in the way of business, and its diffusion will be a benefit to you." It is more than doubtful whether such reasoning would satisfy the merchant. He would be apt to think that the purloiner of his cash had forgot the difference between the personal pronouns *meum* and *tuum*. There is, however, another sophistry scarcely less flimsy than the preceding, namely, that a government with large civil and military establishments is a benefit to commerce and to the nation at large. Now, should we not be inclined to think a shopkeeper worthy of Bedlam who every morning distributed money among his neighbours in order that they might purchase his goods during the day and thus extend his trade!

It may be taken as an axiom in financial science, that *taxation diminishes consumption and checks commerce in proportion to the amount levied*. If the tax first levied be light, and the people prosperous and fond of the article, the check primarily given is transient; but if, as was Mr. Vansittart's plan, the tax be further increased, consumption is sure to decrease, and every access of taxation drives down in an accelerated ratio the use of the article subjected to fiscal rapacity.

To this cause, as will be subsequently seen, we mainly owe the present declining state of England; and Mr. Poulett Thomson, in his published corrected speech on taxation, (26th March, 1830,) indisputably proves that to the same cause was owing the decline of Holland, France, Spain, &c. The right hon. gentleman, in illustration of his argument, cited the case of Holland, which, during last century, was situated like England, emerged from heavy and expensive wars, and burthened with an enormous debt: from the foremost place among the nations and commerce of the world, its industry and trade gradually but steadily declined, and by all writers (says Mr. Thomson) who discussed the subject, the decline was accurately traced to one cause—*oppressive taxation*! A commission was appointed in the reign of William IV.

(1751) to investigate this important subject, and the following is an extract from the Report cited by Mr. Poulett Thomson:—

“The oppressive taxes which have, under various denominations, been imposed on trade must be placed at the head of all the causes that have co-operated to the prejudice and discouragement of our commerce and manufactures; and it may justly be said that it can only be attributed to that, that the trade of this country has been diverted out of its channel, and transferred to our neighbours, and must daily be still more and more alienated unless the progress thereof be stopped by some quick and effectual remedy.”

Truly, indeed, may Mr. Thomson say that “WE MUST SINK IN THE SCALE OF NATIONS,” if we pursue our present fiscal course; and that, if we refuse to remove or reduce the burthens of taxation, we force the capital, the skill, the ingenuity, which we have raised with so much care, to seek another field where they can put forth their powers unmolested and unimpeded, for the history of the world reads us a lesson not to be disdained.

It may be as well, before entering on an examination of the separate items of taxation in our terrific list, to show the progress of our burthens from the time of the Norman conquest to the present period:—

Taxation of England from the Reign of William I. to William III.

Reigns.	Taxation.	Reigns.	Taxation.	Reigns.	Taxation.
	£.		£.		£.
William I. . .	400,000	Edward III. . .	154,139	Edward VI. . .	400,000
William II. . .	350,000	Richard II. . .	130,000	Mary	450,000
Henry I. . . .	300,000	Henry IV. . . .	100,000	Elizabeth . . .	500,000
Stephen	250,000	Henry V. . . .	76,643	James I. . . .	600,000
Henry II. . . .	200,000	Henry VI. . . .	64,976	Charles I. . . .	895,819
Richard I. . . .	150,000	Edward IV. . . .	100,000	Commonwealth	1,517,247
John	100,000	Edward V. . . .		Charles II. . .	1,800,000
Henry III. . . .	80,000	Richard III. . .		James II. . . .	2,000,000
Edward I. . . .	150,000	Henry VII. . . .	400,000	William III. .	3,895,205
Edward II. . . .	100,000	Henry VIII. . .	800,000	Anne	5,691,803

It will be seen from the foregoing list how moderately the people of England were taxed for several centuries; and it is worthy of observation that the money thus raised was on property, not on consumption of the necessaries of life: at first the mode of raising money was by *escuage*, which was levied on land held by knight-service, and by *tallage* in cities and boroughs. When money was wanted for wars, those who did not attend in person paid a subsidy, or *aid*, which was assessed by the justices itinerant. By Magna Charta, as renewed by Edward I., the king had a fifteenth of all goods, (*quindecim partem omnium bonorum*), and taxers and collectors were appointed by commission under the Great Seal for fixing the assessment on districts. In the reign of Charles I. the greatest subsidy ever yet levied was given in consequence of the petition of rights, and amounted to 4s. in the pound on land, 2s. 8d. in the pound on goods,—making three-fifteenths on the land, (or one-fifth of the rent,) and two-fifteenths on goods; stock on land was exempt. With the Commonwealth, however, arose what Dr. Johnson justly termed our “hateful excise;” and no means were left untried

to exact money from the country, as will be seen by the following abstract of sums raised in England from November 3d, 1640, to November 5th, 1659, a period of 19 years:—

	£.
Six subsidies, 50,000 <i>l.</i> each	300,000
Poll money and assessments to disband troops	800,000
Voluntary contributions to support the good cause against the Malignants	300,000
Ditto for the relief of Irish Protestants	180,000
Land-tax and appointments for the army	32,172,321
Excise for sixteen years	8,000,000
Tonnage and poundage	7,600,000
Duty on coals	850,000
Ditto on currants	51,000
Postage of letters	304,000
Weekly meal for six years	608,400
Court of wards and feudal prerogatives	1,400,000
Wine licences	312,000
Vintners' delinquency	4,000
Offices sequestered for the public service	850,000
Sequestration of the lands of bishops, deans, and inferior clergy for four years	3,528,632
Tenths of all the clergy, and other exactions	1,600,000
Sale of church-lands	10,035,663
Fee-farm rents for twelve years	2,963,176
Other rents belonging to the crown and principality of Wales	376,000
Sale of crown lands and principality of Wales	1,200,000
Ditto of forest lands, &c. belonging to the king	656,000
Sequestrations of estates of private individuals and compositions therewith	4,564,986
Composition with Irish delinquents	1,000,000
Sale of estates of English ditto	2,245,000
Ditto of Irish lands	1,322,500
Ransom of captives	102,000
New River Water Company	8,000
Total	£83,333,678

Besides raising these immense sums Cromwell left debts to be paid by his successor amounting to 2,474,290*l.*

We now approach the reign of William III., when our financial system underwent a great change. At the period of the revolution in 1688, the taxes then subsisting and their annual produce were—

	£
1st,—A subsidy on tonnage and poundage	500,000
2d,—Temporary and hereditary excise	666,383
3d,—Hearth money, or 2 <i>s.</i> on every fire-place	200,000
4th,—Post office	65,000
5th,—Tax on wines and vinegars, temporary, for repairing the navy	172,900
6th,—Ditto on sugar and tobacco, ditto for ditto	65,000
7th,—Ditto on French brandies, &c. ditto for ditto	93,700
8th,—Ditto of 10 <i>s.</i> a ton on wines, appropriated to the Mint	298,873
Total	2,061,856*

* There was also a local duty of 1*s.* 6*d.* a chaldron on coals, for the purpose of finishing St. Paul's.

With this revenue James II. supported a standing army of 30,000 well-equipped troops, and an excellent fleet, consisting of nine first rates, eleven second ditto, thirty-nine third ditto, fourteen fourth ditto, two fifth, six sixth, three bombs, twenty-six fire ditto, six buoys, eight hulls, three ketches, twenty-eight smacks, and fourteen yachts, the whole numbering 173 sail, carrying 42,003 sailors, and 6930 guns, furnished with every maritime store, of which the dockyards and arsenals contained the greatest abundance. His civil list also was large, and the total expense to the nation of king, government, army, and navy was but 1,699,363*l.*, leaving an annual surplus of upwards of a quarter of a million for emergencies, while the people remained unburthened by any national debt.*

On the accession of William III., the condition of this slightly-taxed country was soon altered: every scheme which fiscal ingenuity had tried in Holland for the raising of money was practised in England;—taxes were laid on land (at the rate of 3*s.* in the pound), on houses, on windows, on malt, on hops, on glass, on paper, soap, leather, candles, starch, bills and receipts, hackney-coaches, sweets and mead, salt, hawkers and pedlars, &c. &c. &c.; the branches of taxation previously existing were doubled, trebled, and quadrupled within a few years;—to two branches of excise, *eight* more were added,—to eight custom duties, *eleven* were added,—and to two branches of inland revenue, *six* more added; the excise duties were pawned for three years for 500,000*l.* (thus was commenced the national debt;) and, in fine, almost every tax which has bowed down this nation to the earth was first levied by William III. and his succes-

* *Taxes, National Debt, Parochial Assessments, Price of Wheat, &c. in Great Britain.*

YEARS.	Taxes raised in Great Britain.	National Debt.	Parochial Assess- ments in England and Wales.	Average of Wheat per Statute Quarter.	Commitments for Crimes in England and Wales.	Ratio of Value for every £100 Labour.	Mexican Coinage in Spanish Dollars.
	£.	£.	£.				
1618	2,000,000	<i>None !!!</i>	22/4	} No data.	. .	6,710,587
1710	5,320,000	50,000,000	600,000	49/4		. .	7,874,322
1720	5,620,000	54,272,000	800,000	32/10		. .	9,745,878
1730	5,545,000	47,705,100	600,000	32/5		. .	9,906,038
1740	6,000,000	44,072,024	48/10		. .	13,701,324
1750	8,525,540	72,178,898	840,000	28/10		. .	12,441,048
1760	7,025,000	88,341,268	32/5		. .	14,587,310
1770	9,014,285	126,963,267	1,520,000	43/6		. .	17,514,263
1780	10,265,405	142,113,264	1,900,000	35/8		. .	18,863,688
1790	16,815,895	228,231,228	2,000,000	41/4		162	24,593,431
1795	18,506,045	300,000,000	2,300,000	72/11		162	24,004,589
1800	34,069,457	451,699,919	3,000,000	110/5		164	18,685,674
1805	50,555,190	549,137,068	4,267,963	87/1	4,605	143	27,165,888
1810	67,825,595	631,284,000	5,800,000	103/3	5,146	120	19,046,188
1815	71,153,142	848,394,804	6,939,000	63/8	7,818	95	6,941,263
1820	55,063,693	843,391,875	8,411,893	65/10	13,701	82	10,406,154
1825	52,919,280	800,000,000	8,966,156	66/6	14,437	62	6,036,873
1830	50,414,928	800,000,000	8,279,218	64/3	18,107	49	5,000,000

sor; so that at the expiration of the first twelve years of the revolution the amount of public revenue, taxes, and loans, exacted by King William was 65,987,566*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.* sterling; and by the close of Queen Anne's reign, making in the whole twenty-six years, upwards of 150,000,000*l.* had been raised in taxes, besides the national debt left for posterity to liquidate! The mode in which our taxation has since progressed will be best seen by the preceding table, which demonstrates that in the course of the last century we had our taxes increased from 2,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.*, and our debt from 0 to 800,000,000*l.* sterling! The necessary result of such conduct is seen in the augmentation of England's poor-rates from 500,000*l.* to 8,000,000*l.*; and in raising the price of wheat from 22*s.* to 64*s.* per quarter. So long as war lasted, and we had a monopoly of the trade of Europe, the effect of our enormous and unjust taxation was felt but in a slight degree; moreover, 17,000,000*l.* a-year was raised on property; and the Exchequer loans may also be considered in the light of a property contribution. With the war those property loans and property taxes ceased, and the whole burthens of the state were thrown on the industry of the country and the consumption of the people. A little foresight might have foreseen the inevitable consequences of such policy among a population subsisting, for the greater part, from hand to mouth, on the profits of bodily labour; while that very population were becoming every day more keenly sensible of their physical wants, by reason of increased mental knowledge. The melancholy effects of the system have been most apparent in England, as will be seen by the taxes levied on England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland separately, according to a recent return, thus:—

	Area in Sq. Miles.	Population.	Taxation.	Per head.
England	50,520	13,486,675	£40,310,280	60 <i>s.</i>
Wales	7,409	803,000	428,763	10 <i>s.</i>
Scotland	29,605	2,365,930	5,216,946	43 <i>s.</i>
Ireland	28,750	7,839,469	4,592,357	12 <i>s.</i>
Total No. 116,274		No. 24,495,074	£50,548,346	

Hence it will be observed, that on an area of 116,274 square miles, with a population of 24,495,074, and a taxation of 50,548,346*l.*, England, with half the area, and scarcely a moiety of the inhabitants, pays four-fifths of the government taxes, independent of 8,000,000*l.* poor-rates, 5,000,000*l.* a-year tithes, &c. &c.!

In the table herewith annexed, Ireland is excluded from the taxation, and Scotland from the parochial assessments. The ratio of the value of labour is from the Greenwich Hospital returns; and the commitments for crime, it may be observed, are merely the assize commitments, which are rapidly increasing.

The reader is requested to ponder well on the foregoing astounding facts until next month, when the consequences to the British empire, attendant on the present baneful system of finance, will be amply developed for his investigation.

MY TWO AUNTS.

PHILOSOPHERS tell us that we know nothing but from its opposite ;— then I certainly knew my two aunts very perfectly, for greater opposites were never made since the formation of light and darkness ; but they were both good creatures,—so are light and darkness both good things in their place. My two aunts, however, were not so appropriately to be compared to light and darkness as to crumb and crust—the crumb and crust of a new loaf ; the crumb of which is marvellously soft, and crust of which is exceeding crisp, dry, and snappish. The one was my father's sister, and the other was my mother's ; and very curiously it happened that they were both named Bridget. To distinguish between them, we young folks used to call the quiet and easy one Aunt Bridget, and the bustling, worrying one Aunt Fidget. You never in the whole course of your life saw such a quiet, easy, comfortable creature as Aunt Bridget—she was not immensely large, but prodigiously fat. Her weight did not exceed twenty stone, or two-and-twenty at the utmost—hot weather made some little difference ; but she might be called prodigiously fat, because she was all fat ; I don't think there was an ounce of lean in her whole composition. She was so imperturbably good-natured, that I really do not believe that she ever was in a passion in the whole course of her life. I have no doubt that she had her troubles ; we all have troubles more or less, but Aunt Bridget did not like to trouble herself to complain. The greatest trouble that she endured was the alternation of day and night—it was a trouble to her to go up stairs to bed, and it was a trouble to her to come down stairs to breakfast ; but, when she was once in bed, she could sleep ten hours without dreaming, and when she was once up and seated in her comfortable arm-chair, by the fire-side, with her knitting apparatus in order, and a nice, fat, flat, comfortable quarto volume on a small table at her side, the leaves of which volume she could turn over with her knitting needle, she was happy for the day—the grief of getting up was forgotten, and the trouble of going to bed was not anticipated. Knowing her aversion to moving, I was once saucy enough to recommend her to make two days into one, that she might not have the trouble of going up and down stairs so often. Anybody but Aunt Bridget would have boxed my ears for my impertinence, and would, in so doing, have served me rightly ; but she, good creature, took it all in good part, and said, “ Yes, my dear, it would save trouble, but I am afraid it would not be good for my health ; I should not have exercise enough.” Aunt Bridget loved quiet, and she lived in the quietest place in the world. There is not a spot in the deserts of Arabia, or in the Frozen Ocean, to be for a moment compared for quietness with Hans Place—

“ The very houses seem asleep ; ”

and when the bawlers of milk, mackerel, dabs, and flounders enter the placid precincts of that place, they scream with a subdued violence, like the hautboy played with a piece of cotton in the bell. You might almost fancy that oval of building to be some mysterious egg on which the genius of silence had sat brooding ever since the creation of the world, or even before Chaos had combed its head and washed its face, There

is in that place a silence that may be heard, a delicious stillness which the ear drinks in as greedily as the late Mr. Dando used to gulp oysters. It is said that when the inhabitants are all asleep, they can hear one another snore. Here dwelt my Aunt Bridget,—kindest of the kind, and quietest of the quiet. But goodnature is terribly imposed upon in this wicked world of ours; and so it was with Aunt Bridget. Her poulterer, I am sure, used to charge her at least ten per cent. more than any of the rest of his customers, because she never found fault. She was particularly fond of ducks;—very likely from a sympathy with their quiet style of locomotion; but she disliked haggling about the price, and she abhorred the trouble of choosing them, so she left it to the man's conscience to send what he pleased, and to charge what he pleased. I declare that I have seen upon her table such withered, wizened, toad-like villains of half-starved ducks, that they looked as if they had died of the hooping-cough. And if ever I happened to say anything approaching to reproach of the poulterer, Aunt would always make the same reply—"I don't like to be always finding fault." It was the same with her wine as it was with her poultry—she used to fancy that she had port and sherry, but she never had anything better than Pontac and Cape Madeira. There was one luxury of female life which my Aunt never enjoyed—she never had the pleasure of scolding the maids. She once made the attempt, but it did not succeed. She had a splendid set of Sunday crockery, done in blue and gold, and by the carelessness of one of her maids the whole service was smashed at one fell swoop. "Now that is too bad," said my aunt; "I really will tell her of it." So I was in hopes of seeing Aunt Bridget in a passion, which would have been as rare a sight as an American aloe in blossom. She rang the bell with most heroic vigour and with an expression of almost a determination to say something very severe to Betty, when she should make her appearance. Indeed if the bell-pull had been Betty, she might have heard half the first sentence of a terrible scolding; but before Betty could answer the summons of the bell, my aunt was as cool as a turbot at a tavern dinner. "Betty," said she, "are they are all broke?"—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty.—"How came you to break them?" said my aunt.—"They slipped off the tray, ma'am," replied Betty.—"Well, then, be more careful another time," said my aunt.—"Yes, ma'am," said Betty. Next morning another set was ordered. This was not the first, second, or third time that my aunt's crockery had come to an untimely end. My aunt's maids had a rare place in her service. They had high life below stairs in perfection; people used to wonder that she did not see how she was imposed upon; bless her old heart! she never liked to see what she did not like to see, and so long as she could be quiet she was happy. She was a living emblem of the Pacific Ocean.

But my Aunt Fidget was quite another thing: She only resembled my Aunt Bridget in one particular, that is, she had not an ounce of lean about her, but then she had no fat neither—she was all skin and bone; I cannot say for a certainty, but I really believe that she had no marrow in her bones; she was as light as a feather, as dry as a stick, and, had it not been for her pattens, she must have been blown away in windy weather. As for quiet, she knew not the meaning of the word; she was flying about from morning till night, like a faggot in fits, and finding fault with everybody and everything. Her tongue and her toes

had no sinecures. Had she weighed as many pounds as my Aunt Bridget weighed stones, she would have worn out half-a-dozen pair of shoes in a week. I don't believe that Aunt Bridget ever saw the inside of her kitchen, or that she knew exactly where it was ; but Aunt Fidget was in all parts of the house at once—she saw everything, heard everything, remembered everything, and scolded about everything. She was not to be imposed upon, either by servants or tradespeople. She kept a sharp look-out upon them all—she knew when and where to go to market. Keen was her eye for the turn of the scale, and she took pretty good care that the butcher should not dab his mutton-chops too hastily in the scale-making momentum tell for weight. I cannot think what she wanted with meat, for she looked as if she ate nothing but raspings, and drank nothing but vinegar. Her love of justice in the matter of purchasing was so great, that when her fishmonger sent her home a pennyworth of sprats, she sent one back to be changed because it had but one eye. She had such a strict inventory of all her goods and chattels, that if any one plundered her of a pin, she was sure to find it out. She would miss a pea out of a peck, and she once kept her establishment up half the night to hunt about for a bit of cheese that was missing,—it was at last found in the mouse-trap. “You extravagant minx,” said she to the maid, “here is cheese enough to bait three mouse-traps ;” and she nearly had her fingers snapt off in her haste to rescue the cheese from its prison. I used not to dine with my Aunt Fidget so often as with my Aunt Bridget, for my Aunt Fidget worried my very life out with the history of every article that was brought to table. She made me undergo the narration of all that she had said, and all that the butcher or the poulterer had said concerning the purchase of the provision ; and she used always to tell me what was the price of mutton when her mother was a girl—twopence a pound for the common pieces, and twopence-halfpenny for the prime pieces. Moreover, she always entertained me with an account of all her troubles, and with the sins and iniquities of her abominable servants, whom she generally changed once a month. Indeed, had I been inclined to indulge her with more of my company, I could not always manage to find her residence, for she was moving about from place to place, so that it was like playing a game at hunt-the-slipper to endeavour to find her. She once actually threatened to leave London altogether, if she could not find some more agreeable residence than hitherto it had been her lot to meet with. But there was one evil in my Aunt Fidget's behaviour which disturbed me more than anything else ; she was always expecting that I should join her in abusing my placid Aunt Bridget. Aunt Bridget's style of housekeeping was not, perhaps, quite the pink of perfection, but it was not for me to find fault with it ; and if she did sit still all day, she never found fault with those who did not ; she never said anything evil of any of her neighbours. Aunt Fidget might be flying about all day like a witch upon a broomstick ; but Aunt Bridget made no remarks on it ; she let her fly. The very sight of Aunt Fidget was enough to put one out of breath—she whisked about from place to place at such a rapid rate, always talking at the rate of nineteen to the dozen. We boys used to say of her that she never sat long enough in a chair to warm the cover. But she is gone—*requiescat in pace* ; and that is more than ever she did in her lifetime.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.—NO. III.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

THE LAST SUMMER BONNET.—A NOVEMBER PASTORAL.

Tis the last summer bonnet,

The worse for the wear;

The feathers upon it

Are dimm'd by sea air:

Gay places it went to,

But lingers at last,

A faded memento

Of sunny days past.

The prejudice still is

For poets to moan,

When roses and lilies

Are going and gone:

But Fashion *her* sonnet

Would rather compose

On summer's last bonnet,

Than summer's last rose!

Though dreary November

Has darken'd the sky,

You still must remember

That day in July,

When, after much roaming,

To Carson's we went

For something becoming

To take into Kent.

You, long undecided

What bonnet to choose,

At length chose, as I did,

The sweetest of blues:

Yours now serves to show, dear,

How fairest things fade;

And *I* long ago, dear,

Gave mine to my maid.

Oh, pause for a minute,

Ere *yours* is resign'd;

Philosophy in it

A moral may find:

To past scenes I'm hurried,—

That relic revives

The beaux that we worried

Half out of their lives.

'Twas worn at all places

Of public resort;

At Hogs Norton races,

So famous for sport;

That day, when the Captain

Would after us jog,

And thought us entrapt in

His basket of prog!

He gave *me* a sandwich,

And not being check'd,

He offered a hand—which

I chose to reject!

And then *you* were teased with

The gentleman's heart,

Because you seem'd pleased with

His gooseberry tart!

'Twas worn at the ladies'

Toxophilite fête,

(That sharp-shooting trade is

A thing that I hate;

Their market they mar, who

Attempt, for a prize,

To shoot with an arrow,

Instead of their eyes.)

And don't that excursion

By water forget;

Sure, summer diversion

Was never so wet!

To sit there and shiver,

And hear the wind blow,

The rain, and the river,

Above, and below!

But hang the last bonnet—

What is it to us,

That we should muse on it,

And moralise thus?

A truce to reflecting;

To Carson's we'll go,

Intent on selecting

A winter chapeau.

Then let Betty take it,

For Betty likes blue;

And Betty can make it

Look better than new:

In taste Betty's fellow

Was never yet seen;

She'll line it with yellow,

And trim it with green!

THE RUINED LAIRD.*

THE day fixed for the sale of Aberfoyle at length dawned. Mrs. Græme had been gradually sinking under the blow which the loss of her young sons had inflicted. More feeble, more stupified than ever, she passed the greater part of her time in bed, weeping alike from weariness and grief. As little Jeanie stole down stairs that morning to her usual humble household tasks, her father's voice called her; it was unusually early for any one but herself to be stirring, and she turned, startled, to the door of the room whence the voice proceeded. Græme of Aberfoyle called again, harshly and passionately; and the little girl hurriedly pushed back the half-open door, and stood waiting his further commands.

"Is yere mother up?" demanded he.

A negative was pronounced in a low, timid voice.

"Does she mind what day this is, my lass?"

One of the strange and unaccountable inflections which Jeanie had latterly observed in her father's voice, caused her suddenly to lift the long black eyelashes which shadowed her meek eyes, (eyes whose colour or expression few could tell, so constantly were they fixed on the ground,) and look in that father's face. A chill passed over her heart as she did so. Græme of Aberfoyle sat by a little oak table on which stood a flask of whiskey and a tumbler; his elbow leaned on the table, and his hand was thrust through his thick grizzled hair. Jeanie remembered that so he had sat the night before, and it struck her that her father had not been to bed at all.

"I am afraid, Sir—" she began, but she was interrupted.

"What are ye afraid of? What—what? But girls and women are aye shrinking and fearing what's to come. I dare say now yere mother's afraid; but I'm not. I've just watched quietly for the day, and it's come at last, and I am not afraid to face it. Næe doubt ye're afraid; but Douglas and merry Malcolm, ye'd no have seen dread in *their* eyes this day. Weel, weel, it's all right that Heaven sends; and they're gone first who should have stayed last; and may be, when we're far away, the sound of their voices 'ill no ring round me from the hill, nor glimpses of their winsome, gleeful faces shoot across my path;—puir laddies, puir laddies! I'll stand the day better without them."

"Father! dear father!" said the weeping girl, "I'm not afraid of bearing my share of anything my mother and you must bear. I was only afraid you had not been in bed last night, or rested any way."

"Rested!" the tone in which the word was spoken thrilled through Jeanie's heart; and as her father turned his flushed countenance and bloodshot eyes full upon her, she shrank instinctively from the glare of intoxication visible in his gaze.

"Do you want my mother, Sir?" inquired she, after a pause.

"'Deed, then, ye've said it; it was for that I called ye, and no' to hear that ye were afraid of anything. Go to yere mother; bid her make haste, and dress brawly: she's fond of a gay shawl and grand clothing; let her take this opportunity, for I'm thinking it 'ill be long before she sees as much guid company again as 'ill be gathered here to-day."

Jeanie paused one moment longer; her father's manner was so strange and unnatural, and the desire to comfort and quiet him so strong, that she did what, uninvited, she had never done before,—she stole up to his chair, and, with a beating heart, she kissed his fevered cheek;—as she did so, it seemed to her that her lips were pressed on heated iron; and she shrank away, doubting whether her unreturned caress were even felt by the object of her affection. At length he suddenly turned, and, in a harsh, grating tone, exclaimed—

“ See, now; what are ye waiting for? Are ye afraid to move from the room? The house is ours, lassie;—the house is ours yet;—a day must go by before ye'll meet strangers in bonny Aberfoyle. Go!” and he struck the oaken table with passionate vehemence, as he pronounced the last word.

Silently, sorrowfully, the little girl withdrew to impress on her indolent and miserable mother the necessity of being, according to Aberfoyle's favourite expression, “ up and doing;” and silently and sorrowfully, after wrapping Mrs. Græme in the amazing quantity of shawls her chilly habits rendered indispensable, and seeing her comfortably laid on the sofa in the sitting-room, she again sought her father in the vain hope of persuading him to take some breakfast. He had fallen into a heavy sleep, and the hand that Jeanie took hung in all the nervelessness of intoxication over the arm of his easy chair. Content to be allowed to watch him, she sat down on a little stool opposite; nor did she stir during the next two hours, except when the mid-day sun sent its beams full on the broad forehead and handsome, haggard features of the sleeping man. She rose and gently let down the window curtain, after which she resumed her position: and a beautiful picture might have been made from that scene;—the prostrated strength of Aberfoyle's muscular figure as he lay in the stupor of drunken rest,—and the wild watchfulness of Jeanie's dark grey eyes,—her parted lips,—her graceful childish figure, as she sat, ready to start, like the deer from its bed of fern, or the bird from its lonely spray, at the first sound which should reach her ear.

A strange and loud voice in the hall below broke Aberfoyle's slumber; he opened his eyes and looked anxiously round him; the flush was gone from his cheek, and a deadly and sallow paleness had succeeded.

“ Jeanie,” said he, as his glance fell on his child, “ there'll be some one come whose voice——”

The door was flung open before the sentence could be completed, and the barefooted Highland servant-girl announced Mr. M'Rob, Sir Douglas Græme's factor. A few words explained his visit; Sir Douglas had at length decided that Aberfoyle should not pass into the hands of strangers. The purchase-money was ready—was paid—papers were signed—and Græme had no longer a foot of ground he could call his own—was no longer Græme of Aberfoyle!

“ There'll be no *sale*, father,” said Jeanie. But she was unheard. That evening Jeanie wandered out alone to gaze upon the scenes of her infancy, from which she was to depart, never again to return. There was not a spot on the purple heather, nor a clump of mingled fir and larch, nor a glimpse of Ben Cruach's blue stream, that was not dear and familiar to her eyes. Here she had watched her brothers from a distance, when they decided that she was not strong or active enough to

follow them farther;—there she had sat reading in the sunshine or singing the wild and beautiful ballads of her country, till roused by the report of her father's gun, or the sudden presence of one of his dogs; and at one particular place, where the stream ran narrow as a silver thread between its banks, she remembered (and the memory of that one act of kindness was stronger than all beside) that Douglas and Malcolm had looked back and pitied her as she sat wistfully gazing after them, and had returned to carry her through the water. As she thought of that happy day, the handsome face and form of young Douglas, and the blue sparkling eyes of “Merry Malcolm,” rose before her; she paused, overcome with the images she herself had conjured up; and, sitting down on the banks of the stream, she hid her head in her hands, and, rocked herself backwards and forwards, repeating passionately from time to time, “Oh, brothers! brothers!” There was little eloquence in that one word, but it went to the heart of one who overheard the exclamation, telling of much loneliness and suffering—of affections choked back to wither—and a dreariness of heart unnatural in a child.

“Jeanie!” said a gentle voice; and a gentle arm wound itself round the slender waist of the sorrowing little girl. “Jeanie, could you love *me*?”

Jeanie looked up, and beheld the countenance of unutterable sweetness that had bewitched her uncle Douglas—the countenance of the bright Italian. Tears swam in those large black eyes, and her soft lips just touched the child's forehead as she asked the question. Whatever might have been her faults or her vices, whatever might have been the part she had taken in the mysterious quarrel between Sir Douglas and his nephew on her account, still she was a mother, a young and happy mother, and her heart melted to the desolate child, who, with two parents living, yet led such an *orphan* life. “Could you love *me*?” repeated she; and Jeanie, unused to tenderness, replied weeping in the affirmative. On the heather bank, by Ben Cruach's water, Antonia Douglas sat down, and poured forth, in broken English, rapid sentences of consolation and endearment, till Jeanie's surprise fairly mastered her sorrow. No one before had ever seemed to care whether she smiled or sighed—no one had ever noticed her existence—it seemed to her as if she had fallen asleep, and that the spirit of her dreams wore that angelic face so anxiously bending over her; but when Antonia explained that she was the lady of the castle, and asked her whether she would not accompany her thither, Jeanie's countenance changed to a look of sorrowful indignation.

“My uncle Douglas has nigh broken my father's heart,” replied she, “and I have no wish to look upon him.” Antonia paused.

“But he may wish to look on *you*—and perhaps—no, not *perhaps*—but certainly, your going will do your father good. Sir Douglas is angry now, but he will only be sorry when he sees your little pale melancholy face.”

Jeanie was easily persuaded. She took the proffered hand of the lovely Italian, and wound with her through the trackless heather towards the grey turrets of Græme Castle. Before introducing her into the presence of Sir Douglas, Antonia took her into her own dressing-room, carefully smoothed the long brown hair which hung in disordered waves on her shoulders, and, after a moment's thought, bound them with a tartan riband—the clan tartan, so disapproved of by the Creole widow.

Lady Douglas gently opened the door of the room where the master of the castle was seated, detailing many a feat of strength or tale of wonder to his idolized boy. His countenance, as he looked up, wore a perplexed and even displeased expression; and there were few who did not dread Sir Douglas's displeasure; but Antonia knew her power. There she stood with her bright bewitching smile and petitioning eyes fixed full on her husband's face, waiting to be questioned respecting the pale, sad child by her side, whose mournful features and coarse dark blue dress contrasted alike with the magnificence of the castle and the animated beauty of its mistress. The question, however, was anticipated. The moment Jeanie cast her eyes on Antonia's child, the strong and remarkable resemblance to her lost brother smote on her heart, and, with a gasping sob, she exclaimed "Douglas!"

"Father," said the heir of Castle Græme, "who is that sorrowful little girl with such long hair; and why does she call me Douglas when I do not know her?"

"I do not call *you*," replied the weeping child. "I call Douglas,—*our* Douglas,—who never will hear or answer me again! Oh, brothers! brothers!"

"I will be your brother—I will be your other Douglas," exclaimed the young Græme, all the warmth of childhood, and perhaps of his mother's disposition, kindling in his eyes; and as he spoke, he started from his seat by his father's side, and came to kiss away the tears which flowed fast from Jeanie's eyes. Antonia advanced to Sir Douglas; her dropping curls of glossy black touched his bald fine forehead, and her breath was warm on his cheek, before even *she* ventured to murmur a petition in behalf of Aberfoy's daughter. Sir Douglas seemed wroth, and a long and animated discussion ensued; in which, as far as the children could understand, the Italian urged the gift of Aberfoy to his disgraced nephew, as an act of generosity worthy her husband's heart. Her last words, low, tremulous, and spoken with a foreign accent, but distinct as a bell in the evening air, were heard and understood by both.

"You might pity him now—and help him now. Think, if it had been *our* boy who slept in that water, not to wake; he has only this one left; he is *so* changed; it shall be an atonement to Heaven for all those angry words;—*do*, dear Sir Douglas—dear friend, *do*!"

There was something inexpressibly melting in those slow, clear Italian tones, and her mode of expression. Sir Douglas called the little girl to him, and gazed attentively at her.

"Ye're not like yere mother," said he, "and ye may thank Heaven for it, though she was bonny enough when she cam here first. Ye're like your father; and though there's one thing I never can forgive—no, not even if *he* were dead and gone instead of the puir laddies I remember so merry here—yet something I will do for Antonia's sake, ay! and for auld lang syne. Here's a tocher for ye, and whan ye marry far away, ye'll think of yere granduncle, though ye never saw him but once."

Jeanie took the proffered paper from Sir Douglas Græme's hand, and murmured her meek thanks, though she scarcely comprehended more of his words than that they were spoken with emotion, and that he never would forgive her father.

When Græme of Aberfoy saw his uncle's gift to Jeanie, (which was a dower of a thousand pounds,) he was tempted to tear the paper to atoms;

but he calmed himself; he had little right to deprive his child of any portion of Fortune's favours, who, by his own imprudence, had made her all but a beggar; only, as he returned the deed to her possession, he could not resist a bitter ejaculation against Sir Douglas, and something he murmured of "profligate" and "wily," coupled with Antonia's name, though even *that* he subsequently softened with—"Weel, weel, she meant it kindly to me, and kindly to the lassie; false and bad though she be, the temptress, with her dazzling eyes and her singing voice, I mind her laugh and the touch of her hand as if it were yesterday!" And a softened expression stole over his brow, as, with a heavy sigh, he looked out towards the castle, whose outline was darkening and fading on the evening sky.

The night of that memorable interview was one of distress and confusion. Mrs. Græme was seized with violent spasms, and the doctor, who had been sent for thirty miles, and arrived about the middle of the next day, pronounced her in great and immediate danger. Sorrow and alarm had done their work. She who had seemed to feel so little was dying of grief and vexation, and the last tie that remained to Aberfoyle, with the exception of his neglected daughter, was to be severed from him. For some days she appeared to rally, and it was during this season of temporary hope that Mr. Græme received the following note from his sickly sister Nanny.

"Dear Brother,—I have received news of all your misfortunes, and have prayed heartily that your burden may be made easy to bear, by the Almighty and All-merciful. I say nothing of what is past, (for what could I say that would carry consolation with it?) but let me speak for the future, dear Malcolm. When I was a sickly, crippled object, and you were full of youth and hope, you curtailed your comforts, and gave up your amusements, to contribute to mine; *now*, your day is overcast and darkened, and *I* am better and happier, and (thanks to the care you took to secure my annuity) living at my ease. There is but one thing wanting, my dear brother: I am *alone*. If you, and your beautiful wife, and dear little girl, would come and share with me the quiet little home which, for fifteen years, I have occupied at Bath, I should feel happier than I have ever done since I last saw your face. We might all make one family; and I would do what I could to show how cheerfully one may live, though exiled from Aberfoyle.

"Your sister, NANNY."

When this letter was read to Mrs. Græme, a sickly smile passed over her countenance as she heard the compliment to her own beauty, which was paid by the poor creature who, for fifteen years, had never seen the Creole widow, nor dreamed, little altered as she herself was, of the ravages time and circumstances had made in the loveliness of Malcolm Græme's bride.

"Let us set out immediately, Aberfoyle," murmured she; and she raised herself from the pillow with something like hope brightening her eye. Alas! the settled departure was delayed to give time for her funeral; and her naturally kind-hearted husband forgot alike her faults and her follies, as he gazed on the grave which shrouded her for ever from his sight.

"Jeanie," said he as they sat alone in the twilight that first lonely evening; "Jeanie, my lassie, I have nothing left in this world but *you*."

And Jeanie felt, in this first notice of *her*, that her father's spirit and heart were alike broken.

Years passed away; and Græme of Aberfoy, his crooked and sickly sister, and little Jeanie, continued to live together, and make, as Nanny expressed it, "a common purse." To the two latter, their existence seemed a very happy one; and if poor Nanny idolized the gentle and beautiful child of her brother's house, Jeanie did not love her aunt the less. Her mother's face had never seemed so fair to her as the commonplace features of her father's sister; for never had they beamed with so much strong and true affection when gazing on her own. But with Aberfoy the sunshine of life was over. Pining for the blue hills and torrent-streams of his own beloved land,—cramped for want of the wholesome exercise which his accustomed sports had obliged him to take,—sick at heart and relaxed in limb,—the once sturdy Græme dawdled from place to place, believing (and perhaps with some truth) that the air he breathed, so different from the bracing winds that whistled down Ben Cruach, was gradually enfeebling his frame and infecting his lungs. His great, almost his only pleasure, was to hear his daughter and sister sing together, or alternately, the oldest of the Scotch ballads. To these he could have listened for hours, closing his eyes, and dreaming himself back again where he had spent his youth. Nor was it only to her father's ear that the voice of Jeanie Græme sounded sweet. From the few tea-tables to which her aunt had introduced her, by way of society, Jeanie's beauty and Jeanie's singing had been echoed to wider circles: she began to be a little star at Bath—valued, perhaps, the more that it was so seldom she was permitted to shine. Aberfoy could never be persuaded to mingle in the set which habit had rendered agreeable, and almost necessary, to his sister Nanny; and he was continually taking umbrage at something which had been said to his daughter, in which his watchful pride discovered contempt or cold curiosity; or, in a fit of hypochondriac selfishness, insisting on her remaining to cheer him through the long melancholy evenings at home. At such times the unchanging sweetness of his child would strike him, and he would bestow a few words of gloomy tenderness which more than repaid her for the sacrifice of her own wishes. Many of the young men admired and flattered Aberfoy's daughter, and, at length, the usual fate of woman became hers,—*she loved!*

It was in the midst of one of her favourite songs that she suddenly encountered the gaze of those shadowy eyes whose glances henceforward were to make the darkness or sunshine of her life. Without being conscious of it, a vague hope of seeing him again gave a new interest to the evenings she spent from home; and every evening that she did so spend, she was sure to meet that earnest gaze the moment her light hand ran over the prelude to her song. Jeanie felt as if a spell had been cast over her. Those piercing blue eyes, with their long black lashes, haunted her sleep, and she started and wondered to find herself alone;—they rose before her when her lips parted to breathe her evening prayer, and the sin of such wandering thoughts made her clasp her hands more strongly, and speak the words more hurriedly, that she might by those means recover her self-possession. Every chord she struck, when her father bid her sing to *him*, brought the young stranger's form before her; and even when gazing on that father's face, and thinking of the

days of her childhood, a shadow would seem to rise and bring, not the bright stream by Ben Cruach's side, nor the familiar scenes of those stormy days, but the little drawing-room in Bath, and the handsome brow and earnest look of the unknown object of her thoughts. Jeanie was timid and reserved, as might naturally be expected from one whose life had begun in so much loneliness: it never entered her mind that, by asking any one of her aunt Nanny's acquaintance, she might learn, at least, the name of this young gentleman who was so fond either of music or of herself; but she continued secretly and silently to wonder and muse, till one evening, as she drew on her gloves and prepared to leave her seat at the piano, the young stranger approached, and, in a courteous, but familiar tone, requested her to sing "*Allan Water*" to gratify *him*. Startled at finding herself thus suddenly addressed, and sad at the memory of her once favourite "*Allan Water*," which now did but remind her of her brother's fate, Jeanie looked up in his face without replying. The young man smiled and sighed.

"You recollect many things, Jeanie; but I am not one of them. You look now as you looked the day my mother brought you from Aberfoyle to the Castle,—so sad,—so startled. Cousins should not need an introduction to one another;—look up and smile!"

"Douglas—Douglas Græme!" faintly articulated Aberfoyle's bewildered daughter.

"The same. I have come to Bath on purpose to see you. I learned from old Allan the keeper where your father went after—but we will not talk of that now. I have been in Italy, among my mother's relations, for the last two years, hearing much music, but none so sweet to me as one of those dear old ballads; and seeing much beauty, but none like that my boyhood remembered, and my heart recognized. And now, may I come and see you? or does your father still bear in mind those unhappy differences——"

"It was not my father," interrupted Jeanie, suddenly roused from the stupor into which this meeting had thrown her, by her cousin's allusion to the family quarrel between Sir Douglas and his nephew—"I am sure,—that is, I think,"—added she, blushing at her own vehemence, "that he will be glad to receive you."

"Well," said young Douglas, "I will depend on your hope; and who knows but, before I leave Bath, I may make all friends here and in Scotland? I am a very spoiled child," added he, again smiling, "and I will make my father bribe me to come back to him."

Jeanie's wish might have been "father to the thought" that Douglas Græme would be a welcome visiter in her home; but her prophecy certainly was not verified. With gloomy sullenness Aberfoyle gazed on the cheerful, handsome lad, who stood in his own sons' place, and rebuffed all attempts to please him. Sometimes, too, a word or a tone that reminded him of his boys, or the mention of people and places in that spot he had once called his own, wrung from him bitter ejaculations, ill calculated to conciliate either Sir Douglas or young Græme. At length, when the latter found that his presence made Aberfoyle always gloomy, generally bitter, and sometimes actually savage, he ceased to come, save at rare intervals, to the house; and trusted to meeting Jeanie at little parties, or in her rambles with Aunt Nanny, who was delighted to encourage the friendship and affection between the two cousins.

One evening, one summer's evening, the cousins sat together on a rustic bench in a garden. (Where Aunt Nanny was, I know not, but it is certain she was not with *them*.) They talked of old days, for it was seldom, very seldom, they trusted themselves to speak of the future; and Jeanie had been eloquently describing the loneliness of her unloved childhood, and the misery of those early years, when suddenly Douglas Græme snatched her to his heart, and while he covered brow, cheek, and lips with kisses, he exclaimed, "But you shall never be lonely any more, Jeanie; never, *never*!" They were interrupted, or perhaps he might have said more, (though he certainly did not seem to intend it;) but little as he had said, and vague as that little was, timid and meek as Jeanie was justly accounted, and unaccustomed as she was to lover's language, it is certain that she thus construed the sentence which had been spoken by her cousin, as for the fiftieth time she hid her face in her hands and blushed over the memory of his kisses. "He loves me—he will marry me—I am never to be lonely again!" It was, then, a proposal,—a very conceited one certainly, since it breathed no doubt of the lady's acceptance,—but still a proposal; and Jeanie scarcely closed her eyes that night, watching till the blue dawn should usher in the day which, she doubted not, would bring Douglas to ask her father's consent.

The blue dawn came—the sun rose—the broad burst of full and glorious day—the glowing noon—the sweet and quiet evening—the dim twilight and the starry sky—and hope and fear were over for that day; but what were Jeanie's feelings when the next, and the next, and the next passed away without a visit from Douglas Græme—when her father informed her that her spirits were so much lower than before she had taken to going out so often, that he requested she would spend her evenings at home, and Aunt Nanny took to her bed with a bad attack of rheumatism? No loneliness that Jeanie had ever suffered was to compare with this, for none had ever been so anxious. The fall of a leaf against the window made her heart beat and her cheek flush; the sudden clapping of a door caused her to start and tremble; and all this time she had to read to poor Aunt Nanny, who was not in love, a number of dry, dull books; and sing to her father all Douglas Græme's favourite songs. Jeanie thought herself thoroughly wretched in this state of suspense; but as there is no state of human suffering which does not admit of increase, she found there was a wretchedness yet more unendurable. Aunt Nanny had been a week in bed, and was recovering fast from her illness, when Græme's well-known knock caused his cousin to let fall the cup in which she was about to administer the usual medicine, and turn so marble pale, that when the servant maid announced that Mr. Græme was in the parlour, she ejaculated besides, "But oh! dear me, Miss, you look like death!"

Jeanie, who never doubted but that Douglas came to propose, inquired anxiously whether her father had sent for her? No, the servant had merely given the usual intimation when any visitors arrived. Jeanie hesitated: she would not go down; she would wait till her father called her: she had not long to wait; and she descended the stairs breathing like a newly-caught bird, and scarcely daring to lift her eyes as she entered the room. But what was her surprise when she perceived that her father and cousin were talking together as usual; that Douglas

greeted her in all respects as he had ever done; and that the only perceptible difference in the manner of the latter was a sadness, for which he accounted by saying, that his father was ill, and his mother anxious about him! That he should so entirely have forgotten a scene, of which the memory alone brought the colour to Jeanie's pale clear cheek, seemed to her inexplicable; and when, at last, a solution did offer itself, it was one so miserable that it had been better unexplained. Remembering, as she did, the excesses into which her father had plunged when first ruin stared him in the face, and familiarized with the effects of intoxication by so frequently witnessing them, she decided that her beloved Douglas must have been drunk when he made that treasured speech of consolation. The conviction struck a cold chill to her heart, and gave a sense of injury to her manner, which it was evident Douglas felt. His sadness deepened, and, as he rose to go, he wrung his cousin's hand, and murmured, "Think the best you can of me, Jeanie." Even this was something: he *was* conscious that he had displeased her; that he owed her an apology; he did dread the loss of her good opinion; but oh! it was a bitter thing to be made suddenly aware how ardently she had hoped he loved her, by the extinction of that hope itself. She grew thin and sorrowful; and the light step that had bounded to meet Douglas Græme in former days, crept stealthily and slowly to the little parlour, alike desolate in her eyes whether she was to see him or not. She had little comfort in the eager kindness with which poor Aunt Nanny sought amusement for her, and less in the sullen displeasure of her father, who, more disappointed than perhaps he chose to avow at the decline of a preference so apparent as young Græme's for his cousin, took continual opportunities for sarcastic and bitter speeches against him; and Jeanie wept. When was there ever a woman so angry with her lover as to bear that another should blame him?

Still hope, which never forsakes the young, whispered to Aberfoy's daughter, that if Douglas remained at Bath, (to which place he had avowedly come only to see *her*,) if he still lingered when he himself told her his father was ill, and his mother anxious for his return, he must have a motive; and what could that motive be but love for her? He still continued to visit her, to watch her, to listen to her songs, to speak affectionately of all that belonged to her. Poor Jeanie was puzzled; and she started as if shot, when one day, as she withdrew at length her wistful gaze from the door through which Douglas had disappeared, her father observed, bitterly, "Ay, he's fond enough, but he'll no marry the daughter of a ruined Laird."

A new light was, however, soon thrown on the subject. It was rumoured that Douglas was not alone in Bath; that he had been seen at various times with a strange lady, who was uninvited to the Bath coteries—unknown to its inhabitants; and, indeed, one old spinster affirmed, that they inhabited the same house, and that, happening one evening to look out of *her* window, (an accident which occurred every sunset,) she perceived the maid of Mr. Græme's lodgings drawing the curtains of *theirs*, and that the casual glimpse thus afforded her gave to view a lady playing on a guitar, which was suspended round her neck by a cherry-coloured riband, and Mr. Douglas Græme stretched full-length on the sofa, apparently listening to her performance! Poor Jeanie! not only he did not love her, and had deceived her by his pro-

testations, but he was bad, weak, vicious—a theme for the scoff of idle tongues. In vain did Aunt Nanny drag her here and there in search of her lost cheerfulness; in vain did Douglas, when he *did* come, exert himself to entertain her; the ruined Laird's daughter felt convinced, that no one but Aunt Nanny ever had loved her, and no one ever would. How she longed, yet dreaded, to see the happy, the blessed creature, who had obtained the affections and shared the home of her cousin! How many scenes did she imagine of pleasant converse and tender attachment; how many rambles in the calm twilight; how many welcomes on his return to her after a short absence—perhaps—*perhaps* after an hour spent with the ruined Laird's daughter! Every form that was unfamiliar to her eyes seemed as if it should present the features of the unknown; every evening that closed in on their little family circle reminded her of the spinster's story of what she saw when she had happened to look out of her window. At length an opportunity was afforded of inspecting these superior charms. Jeanie was taken to the Bath theatre by the despairing Aunt Nanny, to laugh at one of the best of comic actors; and no sooner had she taken her seat than a *chuchoterie* among her party caused her to look round, guided by the direction of their disapproving eyes, and there, within two of her, sat the faithless Douglas, and a lady whose white and beautiful arm leaned on the front of the box, but whose features were concealed by a hat and long *pleureuse*, the back of which hat was all that the most anxious could see of her head. The figure was much draped; she seemed to have inherited a passion for shawls as great as that entertained by Mrs. Græme of Aberfoyle, and to have more need of them, for every now and then a short and hollow cough made Douglas turn with a countenance full of anxiety and affection, and fold her shawls more carefully round her. Jeanie remained with her eyes fixed, fascinated, and her heart beating till it pained her to feel it. At last Douglas's glance met her's, and she smiled bitterly. Mr. Græme averted his glances instantly from her, and bent forwards as if to speak to his companion. Jeanie saw no more; the lights danced; the theatre rocked; the actors seemed to reel on the unsteady stage; and Aunt Nanny's shoulder received the drooped head of her insensible niece.

By Aunt Nanny's account afterwards, the stranger had shown sorrow and sympathy at her illness; had given her own bottle of salts, and appeared content that Mr. Græme himself should carry her out.

“Douglas!”—exclaimed the poor girl eagerly—“did he care? Did he come to me then? Ah! I knew he was acting when he pretended not to see me! And was she very beautiful?” added she more sadly, as her head sank again on the sofa-pillow.

“’Deed then,” said Aunt Nanny indignantly, “I thought little about *her*, and you lying pale and dead in my arms! but I’m thinking she was just a painted, brazen creature, and if I could have got another scent-bottle, ye should not have had her’s to smell to.”

Other reports, however, differed from Aunt Nanny's; the stranger was pronounced handsome, exceedingly handsome; and the boldness in her conduct, in thus making her appearance publicly among them, was by no means visible in her face; which, moreover, was not painted, but, on the contrary, as pale as Jeanie's own.

Douglas called, as was natural, the next day, to ask how his cousin

felt. There was a discussion whether he should be admitted, for Aberfof's savage anger, when he heard vaguely the cause of his child's illness, threatened a violence to young Græme which would probably end in a lasting quarrel perhaps, and Jeanie shuddered as she thought of it. Perhaps her father might even strike Douglas! He had struck *her* when he was angry—not lately—not for years—but then not for years had she seen him so angry as now. At last she bethought her of asking Aberfof herself whether she should see her cousin.

"Why d'ye ask *me*?" said her father fiercely; "does he not come in and out like a tame dog, when he pleases, and stay as long as he pleases, as if we were all in Aberfof, and *he* the master? Why d'ye ask *me* to-day more than any other?"

"Oh! father," murmured Jeanie, as she wound her arms round his neck, "do not be angry; I am ill, and faint, and unhappy, and cannot bear it; I will see him or not, as you think best; it is different to-day, now that I know the worst; only do not be harsh with *him*, father, if he comes."

Ill judged was this conscious appeal. Aberfof's eyes flashed fire, and he ground his teeth as he turned to answer.

"Ha!" exclaimed he at length, "you feel it; you feel that your father ought to strike the coward profligate to the earth, for creeping into his home to steal away yere heart, and give ye only tears in return! But I'll bear it now—I'll bear it, lassie," repeated he, as the terrified girl sank at his feet;—"see him, and ha' done with him—see him, and let it be *for the last time*."

And so saying, and flinging off his daughter, rather than assisting her to rise, he left the apartment.

"Douglas," said Jeanie, after the due inquiries had been made about her health and spirits, "my father says this must be the last time I shall see you, and——"

"I hope your father will find himself mistaken," said her cousin gaily, as he attempted to take her hand. "I mean to see you very—very often, if you will let me."

"No, Douglas—no," murmured Aberfof's daughter, while she struggled with her tears; "I think it is best as it is. I may have been vain and foolish; but now—now that I *know* you do not love me——"

"Not love you, Jeanie!"

Jeanie's reproachful glance was her only answer, and Douglas coloured as he met it, and said, in a low voice,—

"We may love more than one, and love them differently."

No need was there now to struggle with tears. Jeanie's woman's heart burnt within her at the libertine speech and libertine smile. She rose, and drew her slight but graceful figure to its full height.

"I think not, Douglas Græme, and I am sorry the words should ever have been spoken by you to me. Farewell! and when you meet another as young and as lonely as I am, remember our parting now."

She held out her hand, and her cousin took it; he did not attempt a reply, and the door closed on him before Jeanie could believe that so they had parted, *for the last time*.

It added no new pang to what she already felt, when busy tongues told her of his departure from Bath in company with the beautiful stranger. He was already gone, from *her*, for ever! But a chill and a

shudder *did* pass through her heart, when, some weeks afterwards, she saw a letter put into her father's hands, the direction of which was in his well-known writing. The letter was sealed with black; it had a broad black edge; it contained the intelligence of the death of Sir Douglas Græme, and the succession of his son;—of the bequest of Aberfoyle to Jeanie's father, in token of forgiveness; and something else it contained—a folded sheet, addressed, not to the master of the regained Aberfoyle, but to the bewildered, trembling girl, who, pressed to his bosom, wept the first tears of joy she had ever shed.

Oh! how beautiful Jeanie Græme looked, her meek eyes sparkling, her pale cheek flushing, over the contents of that letter! It ran as follows:—

“ Dear and lovely Jeanie,

“ It grieved me to leave all unexplained and wretched the day I parted from you. I came with the intention of announcing my departure for Scotland, but the sentence passed upon me, under the mystery and misrepresentation of which I was the object, rendered any other reason for leaving you unnecessary. Dearest, if your failing eyes could have distinguished objects that evening at the theatre, you would have recognized, in the face that bent anxiously over you, the altered features of her who brought you to us the day I first beheld your gentle countenance—the dark eyes of *my mother*! Since that day I have had no dream of love that was not clothed in your image, nor ever shall, Jeanie, though I were to live a long life, and never, never see you more. My poor father had been amused by my childish predilection; had wondered at the tenacity of the impression made on a boy's mind by your beauty, nor dreamed that it grew with my growth and strengthened with my years. After my return from the continent, I came to Bath to realize the visions I had formed. I saw you, Jeanie; you were even more perfect in your quiet and contented womanhood than when, pale and mournful, you looked on me and breathed your lost brothers' name at Castle Græme. After that happy hour in the garden (forgive me for having *seemed* to forget it) I wrote to my father for his consent to marry you. My mother herself brought his reply; and I confess, though I expected disinclination to the marriage, I never dreamed of the passionate violence with which he forbade it, and commanded me to return instantly to Scotland. Jeanie, my father had idolized me; he was an old, a very old man. My mother impressed upon me that I might have his life to answer for, if by any act of open disobedience I braved his grief and anger. I was colder to you; you felt it; and it seemed as if serpents were gnawing at my heart: still I could not leave the spot where you were; my mother's entreaties and reproaches were alike vain; I *could* not quit Bath. She resolved not to quit it without me, and at length she tempted me by a promise of interceding with my father: (you are aware of her power over him.) She only stipulated that I should return without any further declaration to you. I wished her to see you; and knowing that poor Aunt Nanny was to take you to the theatre, (for your very steps were watched by him you believed unfaithful,) I persuaded her to go: forgive me that evening's pain! The next morning a letter arrived informing her that my father was ill: we travelled night and day; and his first exclamation on seeing me, was, ‘Good lad—good lad—I knew ye wouldn't break yere father's heart by marrying wi’

Aberfoyle's daughter. Promise me — promise me—for I believe I'm going.' Jeanie, he was my father, my *dying* father—I promised him that unless he consented I would never ask you to become mine; but I added, that no temptation should ever induce me to marry another, and the stock of the Græmes would be a leafless and a blighted tree. Whether it was the approach of death, or the pleading of my mother, I know not; but he softened latterly; his first step was to will Aberfoyle to your father, and then he spoke *your* name. 'I'd like to see her, Douglas,' (these were almost his last words;) 'but no matter, ye'll bring her here after I'm gone.' Jeanie, I would have given half my life to have seen him bless you; but it cannot be; God's will be done! Write to me and tell me whether your father will come to Aberfoyle immediately, and if I can make any arrangements for him there; or whether I shall come to Bath, and bring you both up to the Castle. Bid him think kindly of me, and kindly too of my mother, for indeed she has a strong regard for him, and for yourself, and her cough alarms me. Sometimes a dread comes over me that I am too happy, and that we shall not make one family long; but I will not sadden you, sweet Jeanie. Love *me*—love *her*—and say to your father that the saddest looks she ever gave were those she cast from the hill to the deserted house at Aberfoyle; and the saddest tones her sweet voice ever breathed, were those in which she spoke his name.

"Yours for ever, truly and lovingly,

"DOUGLAS GRÆME."

Jeanie read the letter aloud to her father, and many were the ejaculations of thankfulness which burst from his lips; and many a kiss did he bestow on the fair forehead of his patient child: but as she read to the close, he ceased to speak; and when Jeanie pronounced the last words, and looked up in his face, she saw that a deep-red flush had come over it, and he turned from her to the window with a long and heavy sigh.

C. E. N.

THE MOST UNFORTUNATE OF WOMEN.

[WE have just received the following letter with its inclosure. The insertion of them (as may be inferred from the date of the elegant epistle) puts us to very considerable inconvenience; nevertheless, we comply with the fair writer's request; for—to say nothing of her appeal to our gallantry—a cousin in the Middlesex Militia, and an uncle in the Surrey Yeomanry, are fearful odds against one poor editor. At the same time, with the greatest deference, we beg to assure Miss Niobe Sadgrove that the information upon which she has proceeded is incorrect. We are credibly informed that Captain Chamier's "most unfortunate person in the world" is not a lady; consequently it is not intended either to purloin Miss Niobe's true memoirs, or to impose upon the public by any fictitious account of her.

With respect to Miss Niobe herself, although we will admit her to be a very unhappy lady, we cannot consider her as being pre-eminently unfortunate, or, indeed, unfortunate at all; except—and we say so with awful recollection of the uncle and the cousin—except in a propensity to exhibit more frequently than it may be prudent "a proper spirit;" and

in the possession of a temper which, however “feminine” and “gentle” it may be, seems not exactly calculated to promote her own happiness. To these two causes—always making our respectful bow to her uncle and her cousin—we humbly think her “misfortunes” may be chiefly attributed.

Considering the difference of the style of her letter from that of her memoir, we are not certain that Miss Sadgrove intended the former document for publication. The first is written in a free, easy, familiar, natural manner. The memoir (somewhat in the fashion of the good old Minerva-Library novel) is a specimen of *very fine writing indeed*. However, rather than fall short of the lady’s request, we insert both; and, hoping she may make out her case to the public to her own satisfaction, we leave her to speak for herself.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

London, 30th October, 1833.

Sir,—I am aware that a publication whose objects are to instruct, to inform, and to amuse, ought not to be selected as an arena for the settlement of private disputes, nor as a medium for personal complaint and reclamation. But, Sir, there are exceptions to these excellent rules; and it is with the sanction of such an exception as appears to me to apply to my particular case, that (without the slightest hesitation or the smallest ceremony, yet still with the reserve and moderation becoming a lady) I request, nay, *insist on*, the right of addressing the public through your pages.

I am informed—and *you*, Sir, from your connexion with a *certain* Mr. C—lb—rn—(for, with a sentiment of delicacy which, I trust, will never abandon me, I refrain from naming him distinctly)—*you*, Sir, must know that my information is correct;—I am informed, I say, that some Captain Chamier or other is preparing for publication, *Memoirs of the most Unfortunate of Women*. Now, Sir, it happens that *I* am the most unfortunate of women; it is *I* who claim “the proud pre-eminence of woe;” so that one of two things is positive: either the Captain intends to publish my memoirs, which he has no right to do—and, to express myself as gently as I can, *he shan’t*; or, *not* being memoirs of me, his book will be that which a sense of decorum prevents my characterizing as it deserves; but which, in the mildest language I can select, I shall qualify as a most impudent imposition, and a gross and shameful fraud, upon the public. This then, Mr. Editor, is the ground on which I demand the use of your pages. That you will not refuse it, your well-known attention to the fair sex assures me. To say more upon the subject would be unnecessary: to hold out anything which could be misconstrued into a threat, unfeminine: yet pray, pray reflect that I have a cousin who is a Captain in the Middlesex Militia, and an uncle high in rank in the Surrey Yeomanry.

Without further preface I enclose you a few notices of my life. They will enable the public to judge between me and the Captain’s lady as to whose is the legitimate claim to the sad distinction of being the most unfortunate of women. However, be their decision what it may, I am resolved to take precedence of my impertinent rival: I shall expect, therefore, to find my papers printed in your very next Number—meaning thereby the Number which is announced for appearance on the day after to-morrow. I would not, for all the world, do so unlady-like a thing as

to put you to inconvenience; so (as I may be rather late in my demand) *I leave it entirely to your choice*, either to omit some of the sense, or of the nonsense, you had intended for publication, in order to make room for me: or to delay the appearance of your work for two or three days, or, indeed, for as much longer as may be perfectly agreeable to yourself.

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Your Friend (or otherwise)

according to your compliance (or otherwise) with my *request*,

NIOBE SADGROVE.

P.S.—My uncle arrived in town last night, and my cousin is expected to-morrow.

It is usual, I believe, for persons who condescend to favour the public with any account of themselves, to state in what year they were born. This is a stupid practice, which can answer no purpose but that of gratifying an unwarrantable curiosity. It shall be no rule for me. Suffice it to declare that I have just entered my nine-and-twentieth year, though the desolating effects of sorrow and misfortune, upon a form and features too exquisitely susceptible of rude impressions, might mislead a careless beholder into the belief that I am nearer to thirty. My person, too, being somewhat above the middle size, and seemingly of vigorous construction, would, to some perhaps, appear better calculated than in reality it is to have resisted the shocks it has suffered, and to which, alas! it soon must fall a victim. Of my temper it is not for me to speak. Gentleness is the natural attribute of woman; but to maintain the dignity of a lady, that gentleness should be supported by what is commonly called “a proper spirit,” and in that, I trust, I am not deficient. I am unmarried; nor is it my intention ever to enter into that state of doubtful happiness termed matrimony,—unless, indeed, with a partner who, from the few paces of the path of life which grief has spared me, would pluck the thorns, and scatter flowers in their stead. So much for my present condition. Now to turn the eye of retrospection to the past.

I was unfortunate in my birth. I do not mean that I stand in that interesting predicament which leaves one in any doubt concerning the author of one's being, to express which so many softening circumlocutions have been invented: I do not mean that my mother had any need to describe herself by so delicate a periphrasis (for which we are indebted, I believe, to a French artist) as that of “the mother of the daughter of Mr. Sadgrove* ;”—no; my misfortune consists in having been defrauded, as it were, of that rank in life for which—if I know myself—Nature clearly intended me. My mother, whose mind, like my own, was enthusiastically romantic,—open, consequently, to all the more tender influences of all the more refined passions,—was the daughter of a citizen, reputed wealthy, and was one of many children. Her father was not exactly what is termed a merchant: Fate had placed him to preside over one of those repositories which administer to the demands made by the necessities of man upon the innocent and fleecy tribe†. He

* A French painter a few years ago exhibited a head of a Roman female, which he politely described as *La mère des fils de Brutus*.

† So much do we admire fine writing, that we care little whether it be intelligible or not. Fine writing is a rare commodity, and the main object is to get

was one of those beings without a soul, who, in the establishment of their children, look solely to what, in their vulgar jargon, they term their welfare and an advantageous settlement. Not so my sainted mother. Plutus was not the god of her idolatry; over *her* heart Cupid reigned supreme. At one of those entertainments which almost realize the tales of enchantment in the “Arabian Nights”—a ball given by the Pewterers’ Company—there sat beside her a young Scotch nobleman. It was Lord Gotnorhino. He was handsome, fascinating, and a cornet of dragoons. To behold each other was to love. They danced together. At parting, he pressed her hand; and, in accents soft and gentle as the southern breeze, whispered an assignation for the morrow at the corner of Aldermanbury. The lovers met. Few were the words of the enthusiastic and enterprising Gotnorhino. His Lordship instantly proposed to wed her, frankly avowing that, except for his pay, his obligations to the blind goddess who rules our destinies were but small; yet, with what noble disinterestedness did he offer to share his rank and title with her, provided her father would bestow upon her ten thousand pounds, to guard *her* fragile form from the ills of poverty—reckless, himself, of all! To her sire himself did my mother refer the noble youth. My trembling hand almost refuses its office whilst I trace the withering reply of the stern and obdurate parent:—“Never, my Lord, with my consent!” exclaimed he; “never!” adding, in an idiom which gave terrific force to his refusal—“And I tell your Lordship what: if that ’ere girl of mine takes and marries a beggarly Scotch lord, what hasn’t got a guinea to bless himself with, she never sees a brass farden of my money.”

My mother, regardless of consequences, would have rushed with her noble suitor, borne on the wings of love, to the world’s end; but he, disinterested to the last, for her happiness sacrificed his own, and (to drown in oblivion the bitterness of disappointed love) shortly afterwards married the daughter of the wealthy Alderman Wicks.

The early blossoms of love, having been thus rudely wrenched from her bosom by the iron hand of paternal tyranny, the lacerated heart of my mother became for ever callous to the touch of Cupid’s shafts. Who then shall wonder that, in apathetic obedience to the will of her sire, she submitted to be led to the hymeneal altar by Jeremiah Sadgrove, her father’s favourite clerk—his partner not long after! Of that cruel union I am the sole offspring. Thus was I, by the stern decree of sordid avarice, forbade to burst upon the world a noble’s daughter, and doomed to take my station as a tradesman’s. Thus am I—“me miserable!”—who should have been the Honourable Miss Gotnorhino, nought, nought, alas! but the humble Niobe Sadgrove. O! ye who—But, no: as I cannot hope for sympathy, so will I seek none. Singular is my misfortune; few, few can sympathize with ills they cannot know: for me alone a disappointment so bitter and irremediable was reserved; in the solitude of my own bosom, therefore, shall my lamentations live.

My parents dwelt in Aldermanbury. In the opinion of an unthinking world, they lived happily together. Ah! how little can we judge of others’ happiness! They passed their lives, indeed, in ease, and comfort,

it. Our fair correspondent leaves us in doubt as to whether her grandfather was a woollen-draper or a mere dealer in fleecy hosiery. Indeed, we take some credit to ourselves for guessing that he was either.—Ed.

and monotonous content; and such pleasures and amusements as it came within their means to enjoy, it must be owned they partook of. It must be acknowledged, too, that they submitted to each other's wishes and desires with tame acquiescence, so that it is true the voice of discord was seldom heard beneath their roof. But is this the happiness which souls refined aspire to? Where were the loves and graces which dance around, and accompany the steps of, those whose fond hearts are bound together with roseate wreaths? Where was Venus to beckon them to her dove-drawn car? Where Somnus to strew poppies on their nightly couch? or Aurora, with purple fingers, to draw their morning curtain, and awaken them to a day of Arcadian delight? Alas! they were not in Aldermanbury!

It was in this dark region of connubial contentedness I was doomed to pass the earlier years of my life. How little suited to a heart whose every nerve was formed to thrill at the lightest touch of sentiment!

As Misfortune presided at my birth, so did she accompany even my first faltering steps in life. An only child, I was the adored of my parents. On me their tenderness, like a gentle river, flowed in one soft, uninterrupted course. I was the sole object of their care. In me were centered their every present joy—their every future hope. Yet, alas! how little could *they* appreciate a mind—a heart like mine! Such of the common wants and wishes of childhood as *they* could understand were gratified as soon as formed; but numerous were the desires conceived by my ardent and aspiring soul which met with no responding or complying chord in theirs. Thwarted in these, my indignant soul would fly for shelter beneath the shadow of its own gloom. At other times, tears, copious and impetuous as the mountain-torrent, have gushed from my burning lids; whilst my screams, like the voice of a storm startled from its slumber, would waken Echo in her silent cave. Again; how oft have I rejected that sustenance which our baser nature requires for the preservation of existence, till my parents, in alarm for my life, have yielded a tardy and ungraceful compliance with my wishes—if accomplishable! and if (as a consequence of my enthusiastic temperament it was not unfrequently the case) they were impossible of fulfilment, I have, in the end, retired, in dignified submission, obedient to the superior will of fate. Thus early was I initiated in grief! Thus early, too, did I manifest that proper spirit which never, under any circumstances, has deserted me, and which alone enabled me to endure the bitter sorrows of that trying period of my life.

In the twelfth year of my miserable life, the direction of my mind and the formation of my manners were consigned to the care of Mrs. Allstarch, mistress of Elysium House, a seminary for young ladies, situate in Hog-lane, Hackney. My father's object in dismissing me from the paternal roof, and placing me under the guidance of a stranger, was to subdue that grandeur of spirit (for which, from earliest infancy, I was remarkable) beneath whose overpowering ascendancy his grovelling soul sank abashed. Misguided man! Was it his intention to rack with wretchedness the heart of the sole offspring of the house of Sadgrove, he but too fatally succeeded! But who shall control the workings of a superior nature! The majesty (may I use the word?) of my character displayed itself in the society of which I was now a member, as it had done elsewhere; and the attempts on the part of Mrs. Allstarch to

overpower it inflicted many a deep wound on my poor, tender heart, whilst the end she idly aimed at was far beyond her power to attain. Conscious of my own dignity, I proudly resolved that, in all things, my will should be paramount. This resolution did not coincide with the mean-spirited regulations of the establishment. A struggle—a desperate collision—was the result, of which (need I say?) I—I, alas! was the unhappy victim. The fluttering dove, writhing within the destructive clutch of the remorseless vulture, is a type all too faint of my sufferings in this detested prison-house. Oh! in her treatment of me! had the misjudging directrix of Elysium House considered the bias of my nature, then had I passed the hours, from rosy morn till twilight grey, in ineffable delight; innocently straying from field to field, wandering through alleys green, and treading with lightsome foot the meadow's flowery carpet; indulging in day-dreams of romance and fairy visions of bliss, till the sable finger of night should beckon me to my couch. But, no! with voice imperious would she summon me to the task of passing the glittering and tiny steel in various involutions through the gauzy web; or, harder still! to burden a mind formed for Reflection's finest influences with tasks composed of dull, disgusting *ographies*. Then would arise that proper spirit within me! The unhemmed kerchief flew in fragments on the floor! the hated volume, scattered in separate leaves, fell, like the trophies of the autumnal gales, in copious showers around! Then would the tyrant of the school-room, seizing my little arm, drag me with violence to a dungeon-darkened room, and—nor tears nor screams availing—there in loneliness immure me, till hunger forced me to compliance with her harsh decree. Once, and but once, she dared to raise against me a chastising hand; but, ere the blow could descend, with a proper spirit,—which even in that moment of danger did not forsake me,—I had seized an inkstand and hurled it at her head! Within three hours of this event, I once more found myself beneath the paternal roof: miserable, it is true; but with a spirit still towering above misfortune.

I pass over many years of grief and suffering, (attributable all to the incapacity of my poor grovelling father,—for my sainted mother having long since been buried in Cripplegate church, had flown on angelic pinions to a better world,—either to estimate or understand the wants and wishes of a being like myself,) till I arrive at the twentieth year of my age.

Having, by servile application to his vulgar trade, amassed a considerable quantity of filthy dross, my father resolved to retire into private life. A long residence in Aldermanbury had almost rendered life loathsome to me. Informed by my father of his intentions to quit its murky purlieus, I thus addressed him:—

“Since, my father, we are, at length, to spread our pinions to the gale, and hie us from this hated spot, in what direction must we wing our flight?”

Alas! the poetry of expression was ill adapted to a mind like his. He answered not. I framed my question in a way more suited to his mean capacity. “Since we are to leave Aldermanbury, papa, where are we to go and live?”

“At Clapham Common,” he replied. “I have bought a snug bit of a box there.”

My heart sank within me. My visions had been of Bloomsbury, and

these were to be dispelled by a single word. It was in vain I threw myself at his feet ; it was in vain that, with dishevelled hair, tears flowing in briny torrents from my eyes, hands clasped in agony, and a bosom bursting with intolerable grief, I implored him to recall the dreadful mandate. The iron heart of my sire was inaccessible to pity ; and, more dead than alive, in helpless unconsciousness, my fragile form was placed in the Clapham stage. O, that in this sweet insensibility it had been permitted me to wear away the remnant of my hapless existence ! But, no ; relentless Fate willed it otherwise : and I soon awoke to the bitter certainty that I was the sad inmate of Lake-of-Como Cottage, opposite the duck-pond, Clapham Common,—and the most unfortunate of women !

But the bearded wielder of the scythe is the friend of the afflicted. Though never happy, I, at length, after a lapse of four years, grew reconciled to my seclusion. A carriage to bear my attenuated form from spot to spot,—to where it might have met the health-restoring breeze,—to where the softest zephyrs play,—to where Nature exists in her sweetest aspect, and where she assumes her greenest garment,—a carriage might, perhaps, have given me a taste of that happiness it has never been mine to know. But again were my wishes thwarted by a hard father. Even here, in his chosen retirement, was he still the votary of Plutus. He refused the indulgence his only child solicited : yes, with calculating coldness he refused it. And, oh ! the words, the manner, pierced deeper into a soul like mine,—a soul above all sordid thoughts and cares,—deeper even than the deprivation they conveyed. “ We have a comfortable house over our heads,” he exclaimed ; “ we have a comfortable joint on table every day ; we have a comfortable bottle of wine on Sundays ; we keep two maids, a boy, and a donkey for your own riding, if you were not too proud for it ;—besides which you will have three thousand pounds when you marry, and the rest of my money when I die : but if you think that I can keep a carriage out of six hundred a-year, you must be mad.”—Mad ! Ah ! no. Reason, alas ! still kept possession of her throne.

I was now to endure the pangs inflicted by the dart of Love. A ball and banquet invited the thoughtless votaries of pleasure to the “ Horns,” at Kennington. Tempted by Terpsichore, in evil hour, I consented to join the giddy throng. The gorgeous saloon, resplendent with light, and echoing to the sounds of music and of mirth, threw open its portals to receive me. Leaning on the arm of my sire, (my face and figure rendered interesting, perhaps, by the touch of sorrow,) I entered. Scarcely had I taken my seat when a young man of gallant bearing, beautiful as the god of day, and attired in the uniform of the Loyal Kennington Volunteers*, accompanied by the master of the ceremonies, approached me. In a voice soft as the music of the spheres, he invited me to

* We would not be severe in checking a lady's arithmetic, especially when it concerns so delicate a question as her age. Miss Niobe Sadgrove has acknowledged to nine-and-twenty. Now, it appears that she was *twenty* at the period when she quitted “ the murky purlieus of Aldermanbury.” It appears, also, that it was *four* years ere, by the aid of “ the bearded wielder of the scythe,” she grew reconciled to her seclusion at Clapham. Twenty and four, if we are not mistaken, make twenty-four. Again, the Loyal Kennington Volunteers were disbanded upwards of five-and-twenty years ago. Twenty-four and twenty-five make——But, as we have said, we will not be severe in a matter of such delicate arithmetic.—ED.

join the mazy dance and trip it on the light fantastic toe. My father looked assent, and I consented. From that instant Captain Pringle, of the Kennington Volunteers, became the idol of my adoration.

We danced, and, oh! — But it is beyond the power of language to describe the sensations experienced by a heart like mine, as, with unceasing assiduity, the heroic son of Mars, to renovate my drooping spirits, proffered the crystal goblet fragrant and fuming with aromatic punch, which, accepted from his hand, seemed of more than nectarean sweetness; whilst at each return with the replenished cup he whispered words of softest import in my ear. My youthful heart, for the first time swallowing in copious draughts the pleasing poison of a new-born love, became intoxicated with the till now inexperienced passion, and reeled in giddiness beneath its influence. O Cupid! God of Love! is it in this tumultuous guise thou first dost visit thy votaries? From that moment all was illusion. The brilliant lustres appeared to dance in double splendour around me; each human form assumed a duplicate appearance; the orchestral harmonies rushed on my ear in unintelligible chaos; and when I was summoned to quit the glittering throng, my tottering knees refused their wonted office. Supported on one side by the venerable author of my being, and, on the other, by him, the gallant youth to whom these new emotions owed their birth, I was led from the Temple of Pleasure to the glass coach we had hired for the night. O Cupid, such is thy work!

Next day the hour of three still found me firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus; nor was it till the ever-moving finger of the dial pointed unerringly to four (our usual dining-hour) that I was summoned from my couch. My poor head, like the troubled ocean, distracted by the various recollections of the evening past, and aching with the intensity of my emotions, I descended to the saloon where our frugal board was usually spread.

I entered the room—and the form of Captain Pringle met my eyes! He was no longer attired in the fiery livery of the God of War, but, in its stead, his graceful person exhibited a coat of peaceful blue and nankeen pantaloons. The marked attention of this early visit touched me to the very soul; and when, in tenderest accents, he expressed a hope that I was “better,”—albeit that particular word conveyed no precise meaning to my mind,—my tongue faltered; and my young heart fluttered, as I answered “Yes.” But, oh! with what rude haste did my father betray to him a daughter’s feelings when first inspired by the tenderest of passions!

“Captain,” exclaimed he, “you are the first that ever saw my Niobe in that condition.”

The Captain modestly cast his eyes to the ground.

“You were the cause of it, too,” continued my indiscreet parent, “by being so attentive to her.”

I felt my cheek suffused with crimson blushes.

“And then, Captain, you made it so plaguy hot and strong, no wonder it was too much for the girl.”

I forgave my father the coarseness of thus characterizing the ardour of the Captain’s addresses to me, in favour of the acquiescence it implied in his suit.

From this time the Captain became as frequent a visiter at Lake-of-Como Cottage as his military duties, and another occupation he was en-

gaged in (the precise nature of which I do not at this moment recollect*) would allow. Ere many weeks had passed into the devouring gulph of time, the gallant youth made a formal proposal for my hand. My sire smiled benignly on his suit. The day was fixed which should give my martial suitor a husband's right to draw his sword in my defence—that day on which the torch of Hymen was to be lighted on the altar of Love!

As the day approached, which, alas! was fated by destiny never to arrive, all Nature seemed to rejoice; the heavens themselves looked propitious on the coming event, which, ah! no, never was to come! and so certain seemed our happiness, that my surviving parent, in the plenitude of his delight, bespoke a goose for the wedding-dinner. Ah! what are human projects! And who shall deny that *I* am the most unfortunate of women? Three days only prior to that on which my Pringle was to have called me his, my gallant lover joined our frugal board. In converse sweet, our approaching bliss the theme, we wiled away the lightsome hours till tea-time. My sire, as was his custom, had sunk into a soft slumber. The Captain held my hand gently compressed in his. For a few moments we were silent, lost in reverie. Pringle was the first to speak; and in a mood more serious than he was wont, he thus (in substance, at least) addressed me:—

“My Niobe, my dear Niobe, when the separate streams of our lives shall be combined, and turned into one channel, I doubt not—I trust—I hope, they will flow on in pellucid smoothness, unbroken and untroubled by the envious shoals of discord.”

“And can you doubt it, my Pringle?” said I, inquiringly.

“There is but one thing,” continued he, “that throws the shadow of apprehension over the dazzling brightness of the picture; and the thought of that,” he added, with a long and deep-drawn sigh—“the mere thought of *that* makes me uncommon uncomfortable: it is that temper of yours.”

Although upon many occasions it had been evident that my disposition, manifesting itself in its native and unrestrained dignity, had appalled the soul even of the Captain himself, this was the first time he had ever ventured to speak upon the subject. For a moment I stood astound: but soon a proper spirit came to my aid, and, in a voice of fearful energy, I exclaimed,

“Don’t talk like a fool, Pringle; but wake papa, and let’s go to tea.”

With these words I rushed from the room; and the door, closing behind me with a sound like thunder, applauded, as it were, this just expression of my rage.

But the feminine softness of my nature, soon acquiring a gentle ascendancy over my justly excited anger, with the sweet smile of forgiveness playing in dimples round my mouth, I returned to the parlour. Still my lover sat silent and gloomy; and though he accepted from my hand the fragrant infusion of the Asian herb, the buttered muffins and the Yorkshire cakes alike retired, untasted, from his lips.

In the hope of dissipating the gloom, my considerate sire proposed a rubber at three-handed whist, with dummy. Dummy was allotted to

* It happens fortunately that in this instance we can assist the fair lady’s memory. Captain Pringle’s “other occupation” was that of retailing bobbin, tape, ribbons, pins, and needles: he kept a haberdasher’s shop in the Borough.—ED.

my father ; the Captain and I, as usual—for our interests, like our hearts, were one—played together. The points were threepence and the bet a shilling. It is not in the power of the more common evils of life to disturb my equanimity ; yet where is the soul which will not shake when assailed by the shafts of ill-fortune at cards ? We lost the first rubber. With girlish playfulness I bantered my lover on his stupidity. He replied not. We lost a second. “ Some natural tears I shed ; ” and, with well-feigned anger, I exclaimed, “ Pringle, you are a downright—donkey ! ” Fortune now smiled propitious on us : we wanted but one trick to win the rubber—when the Captain revoked ! and, ere I could call reflection to my aid, kings, queens, knaves, aces, all had winged their flight full in his astonished face.

I retired to my couch, but not to sleep : sad forebodings of some impending ill still kept me waking. And if, perchance, a short and feverish slumber fell over me, it was to dream of gentle and confiding hearts trampled on by man—inconstant, fickle man ! Then, methought, I saw my gallant suitor dressed in the garb of war (even as I first beheld him) advancing with his exterminating blade to slay me. Then, methought, I saw him, in the hopelessness of despair, leading the Kenningtonian phalanx to death and sure destruction. Then, methought—but, oh ! let it suffice that I awoke to the realization of my direst forebodings.

When I entered the saloon where we were wont to take our earliest matin meal, my father put into my trembling hand a letter which he had just received. With what emotions did I recognize the well-known hand ! ’Twas Pringle’s ! My frame agitated like a rose-bud exposed to all the warring winds of heaven, I read :—

“ My dear father-in-law as was to have been,

“ Being a military man, and naturally fond of a quiet life, besides other matters to attend to, cannot think, after what occurred last night, &c. we should get on happy together—Miss Niobe, I mean, and me. His Majesty’s service (except in case of invasion, when I shall naturally disband myself) requires all the time and attention I can give *out of business*, (and business must always be *tantamount* to a prudent man ;) and such fatigue requires a QUIET HOME after the evolutions of the day to relax oneself, which I see no chance of deriving with your daughter. So, as a man of business, it is best to be candid in time, and break. Sorry for all trouble, and with affectionate love to Miss Niobe, believe me your dutiful son-in-law as was to have been,

“ SAMUEL PRINGLE,

“ Borough High Street, and Capt. L.K.V.

“ P.S.—As the goose, &c. is bespoke for the wedding-dinner, which now won’t be wanted, it is natural I should cheerfully be at half the expense—provided the poulterer won’t hold it back.”

My feelings, on the reading of this cruel epistle, may be more easily conceived than described ; nor even can they be conceived save by those whose gentle and pure affections,—the first overflowings of a heart (like mine) formed for tenderness and love,—have been rudely nipped in the bud. Thus cruelly betrayed,—thus basely deserted by him whom my young heart* had selected from out the mass of mankind to be its

* With the militia and the yeomanry against us, we still abstain from a rigid calculation of Miss Sadgrove’s own personal age. Admitting, therefore, that (according to her own declaration) she herself is not yet *thirty*, yet, “ putting this and

companion in the thorny walk of life,—the perfidy of the false, yet still beloved Pringle, struck deep into a soul like mine; and brought me to the brink of that grave whose peaceful shelter, even now, un pitying Fate denies me. Years passed slowly on; and (respecting the sanctuary of my grief!) no suitor e'er intruded.* My spirit, like the stricken deer, then took refuge in itself†; and, with proud resolve, I determined never more to listen to the deluding voice of man, even though issuing from the lips of London's Lordly Mayor.

But now a blow, unparalleled in the black annals of misfortune, awaited her whom the dark goddess has still selected as a target for the aim of her most piercing shafts. My sire, my sainted sire, his venerable head bending beneath the silvery trophies of winters seventy and seven, two months, and fourteen days, was by the ruthless hand of the grim destroyer torn from my side; leaving me, his hapless, helpless child, mistress of myself, and of about six hundred a-year in the Long Annuities,—“that heritage of woe,” as my favourite, the poet of grief, expresses it‡. Touched by my sorrow and my solitary state, lovers now came in legions to console me. But, oh! once crossed in love, how shall the craving void of a heart like mine be satisfied? One Pringle only issued from the hand of Nature; and to him, my soldier-love, my soul still turns in pleasing, painful recollection. Alone, and unprotected, seven offers from amongst the gay and gallant throng who have sought my hand, it is true, I have in turn accepted. But ere the day which should witness the surrender of my liberty had arrived, that proper spirit which has still protected me has driven the aspiring tyrants from the flowery field of love. Formed in the finest mould of sensibility, my gentle heart flutters in trepidation at the lightest breath of man's dominion: but, oh! could I find a youth submissive to the rosy fetters of my soft sway, his soul attuned in all to harmonize with mine; who, still obedient to the meek dictates of a heart too mildly feminine, would lead my fragile frame to the high goal of life's soon-terminating race; then only, and for brief space, might I cease to claim distinction as the most Unfortunate of Women.

P*.

that together,” it is quite clear to us that her “young heart,” even at this time, could not have been much younger than *thirty-two*.—ED.

* Might not some latent apprehension of a revoke at the point of nine, have occasioned this respect for the lady's grief?—ED.

† Fine writing, in our estimation, covers a multitude of sins. It is for this reason we offer no objection to this simile, or to various other rhetorical flourishes, not quite reducible to the understanding, which have occurred in the course of these interesting notices.—ED.

‡ With every disposition to sympathize with the sorrows of Miss Niobe Sadgrove, we really cannot consider the loss of her worthy father as an event “unparalleled in the black annals of misfortune:” on the contrary, we could state instances of a similar calamity occurring in a great many respectable families. As to her being left a “helpless child,” again our compassion is at fault; for children of her mature age are usually able to take tolerable care of themselves. With respect to the quotation, “That heritage of woe,” which the lady applies to a legacy of six hundred a-year in the Long Annuities, we apprehend there must be some mistake: at least, we never knew, or heard of, any poet who would so consider a very pretty little income. If the lady's “favourite poet of grief” be Lord Byron, the noble bard certainly was

“Lord of himself, that heritage of woe!”

but——Bless us! we perceive the cause of the mistake. The lady has favoured us with her quotation a little too late in the sentence. She means, “Mistress of myself, ‘that heritage of woe.’”—ED.

THE LATE KING OF SPAIN.

THE personal history of Ferdinand VII., if ingenuously written by anybody who had lived with him from his earliest years to his decease, would be almost as interesting as the memoirs of Napoleon. It would exhibit a series of vicissitudes more romantic than any modern fabricator of fictions would dare to imagine. The eldest son of Charles IV. and of Teresa Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Parma, he was born at the Escorial on the 14th of October, 1784. He had not completed his forty-ninth year when he died; and yet his brief career is crowded with events, to which, perhaps, his own hand alone could have done justice. He was, in all probability, the only legitimate son of the king: his features and character furnished the strongest evidence upon that point which nature could supply. His brothers, Carlos and Francisco, are so unlike their father and each other, that they may be said, without any scandal, to have been born of different sires. The supposition, though by no means popular in Spain, is perfectly warranted by the licentious habits of the queen, and by the peculiar hatred which she conceived towards Ferdinand almost from the hour of his birth. Though married at an early age to Charles IV., she never loved her husband. She looked upon him as a mere curtain, behind which she gave the rein to all her passions; and, although, in the prime of her life she became the avowed mistress of Godoy, the notorious prince of the Peace, it is well understood that she was rivalled only by the Russian Catherine in the variety of her paramours.

Charles was throughout his life an imbecile. He easily fell under the control of a fiery woman, who left no means untried in order to carry her purposes of pleasure or ambition into effect. She permitted the ascendancy of Godoy, because he artfully lent himself to all her intrigues, and was the slave of her desires. The incompetency of the king for the management of public affairs filled them with the perpetual fear of an abdication. They, therefore, resolved to render Ferdinand still more unfit, if possible, for the cares of empire. He was brought up in a state of ignorance which would have disgraced the son of the poorest mechanic in England. From his boyhood he was surrounded by illiterate persons, by buffoons given to low amusements and vicious propensities. With the exception of a single individual, Escoiquiz, canon of Toledo, who happened to have opportunities occasionally of conversing with the prince, no person was ever admitted to his presence who was in any manner distinguished for intelligence. The good canon observed in secret the atrocious system upon which the education of the heir to the throne was conducted; and resolved to counteract it as far as he could without exposing himself to danger. His exertions were attended with very limited success; but they generated in his bosom an attachment to the prince, and a paternal solicitude about his fortunes, which remind us frequently of Mentor. Unhappily, Escoiquiz possessed little of the political wisdom which characterised the preceptor of Telemachus; but his devotion to the just interests of the royal youth was marked by a degree of courage and constancy, alike honourable to the man and to the sacred ministry of which he was a member.

When reading the history of Spain, we often imagine that we are in

the midst of the annals of some Asiatic empire. In Hindostan, before it became British, in Persia and Turkey, even to this hour, the sudden elevation of a valet, or a barber, to the highest dignities of the state may be considered as an event quite in the ordinary course of things. Since the Bourbons have occupied the Spanish throne, many instances have occurred of similar promotions. But I remember no occurrence of this description so remarkable for the many disasters to which it gave rise, as the sudden step which the joint favour of the king and queen enabled Godoy to make, from the rank of a cadet to an office which constituted him for several years the real sovereign of the Peninsula. Born of obscure parents at Badajoz, he took an excursion to Madrid, literally for the purpose of seeking his fortunes. He was accompanied by his brother Louis. Both, especially Manuel, were fine-looking young men. Without a dollar in their pockets, they applied themselves to all the arts that are calculated to win the attention of women. They conversed fluently, danced with spirit and grace, sang and played on the guitar in an agreeable style. One of the ladies of the court, who bestowed her favours on Louis, prevailed upon the queen to hear him. Pleased by his performance she paid him some compliments. "Ah," he exclaimed, "what would your majesty have said, had you heard my brother!" He was ordered to attend with Manuel the next evening. The king and queen were present, and were both equally enchanted by the skill, voice, manners, and appearance of the musician. Manuel was invited to court, and from that hour his fortune was secure. He, whose wealth had lately consisted only of his cap and sword, rose, by rapid strides, to the highest station which the monarchy could give. He was created a prince. His arms were embroidered upon the banners of the artillery—the proudest branch of the Spanish army. The courtly biographers of the day traced his descent to Montezuma! His levees were more crowded than those of the Escorial or Aranjuez. He was attended with all the pomp of a Sultan, by almost all the grandes—the most profligate aristocrats in Europe; by the commanders of the forces, the civil employés, and by the whole of the judges and law officers—at all times in Spain a most corrupt and servile race. He was in all circles the rage—the very idol of the women—the uncontrolled distributor of honours and emoluments; he sometimes sold them for money; more frequently he gave them in exchange for the gratification of his vanity or still more criminal passions. Merit, talent, virtue, knocked at his door—but never found admission. The man who, without a purse in his hand, solicited the patronage of Godoy, was obliged to exhibit in the ante-room a beautiful wife, a virgin sister, or daughter. If the victim struck his fancy the bargain was made. Her dishonour became the price of a foreign mission, or a governorship in the Indies, or of success in the courts of justice: for be it said, to the disgrace of human nature, that in those days the tribunals never pronounced an important judgment, without previously consulting the *wishes* of Godoy!

It is no wonder that, as Ferdinand advanced in years, two parties became distinctly defined in the court and the nation. Whatever hasty and superficial travellers may be pleased to say to the contrary, the mass of the inhabitants of Spain are essentially a grave, religious, and moral people. It is true that they are not easily interested in public affairs. Their climate and soil yield them in abundance all the necessaries, many

of the luxuries of life. The mountainous nature of their territory, and the paucity of road and canal communications, tend to encourage their pastoral dispositions. Never driven to discontent or insubordination by those frightful vicissitudes which are of frequent occurrence in manufacturing countries densely peopled, they can rarely find motives for leaving their homes in the contentions of political factions. But it is not too much to say, that as soon as the situation of the young prince, oppressed by the unnatural and unrelenting hatred of his mother, and by the persecutions of Godoy, became generally known to the provinces, a sentiment of deep indignation against the court, and of sympathy for the unhappiness of Ferdinand grew into a passion throughout the Peninsula.

The popular feelings in favour of the young prince, thus created in the earlier part of his life, remained undiminished to the last. They sustained him through many changes of policy, which must otherwise have subverted his throne. They were, in the first instance, unequivocally displayed upon the occasion of his marriage to Maria Antonia, (daughter of the King of Naples) which was celebrated at Barcelona amidst the most enthusiastic rejoicings. This princess possessed a highly cultivated intellect. Perceiving, upon her arrival at Madrid, the utter insignificance to which her husband was condemned, she set herself resolutely to the task of restoring him to the rank which belonged to him as heir to the throne of Spain. Her premature death was the only result of her exertions. It was very generally imputed to poison—a rumour to which the suicide of the court apothecary a few days after afforded some confirmation. A tradition is still preserved of a letter, which the unfortunate man is said to have written, but which was carefully suppressed by the police, containing a full confession of the deed, and disclosing the names of the parties by whom he was instigated to administer the fatal potion.

The blunders of Godoy in his transactions with the revolutionary governments of France, aided not a little by the confusion into which his profligacy, and that of the court, threw the whole administration of the kingdom, at length led to his downfall. He owed his title to the peace which he concluded with France in 1795. But when Napoleon established his dynasty, as he foolishly thought, for ever, and determined to encircle his throne by royal satraps of his own family, he found the means of convincing Godoy that a title of prince without a principality was a mere empty sound. He proposed to create one for him in Portugal. But for this purpose Portugal must first be conquered and partitioned. In order to do both these things, a combined French and Spanish army was of course necessary. The treaty was agreed upon. The French troops were not only permitted to pour into the northern provinces of Spain, and to take possession of all the strong places, but they were absolutely hailed as deliverers. The game of falsehood was played until troops were actually on their way to seize the royal family. Suddenly it was resolved that the king and queen, together with their children, should embark for Mexico. The court was then at Aranjuez, where it was never attended before by more than a company of guards. The rapid collection of several regiments destined to protect the royal family in their progress to Seville gave the signal of alarm. The people of La Mancha, the most excitable in Spain, assembled to the number of forty thousand in the neighbourhood of the palace. Godoy was justly

looked upon as the immediate author of the misfortunes which impended over the nation. His house was attacked by the multitude, and if he had been found, he would assuredly have been murdered. They were, in some degree, calmed by a promise which Ferdinand gave them, that, happen what might, he would not quit the country. Already the favourite of the people, they then proclaimed him their king. The queen, terrified more on account of her paramour, for whom the multitude were eagerly searching every part of the palace, than even on her own account, advised Charles to abdicate. The act was quickly drawn up and signed, and the reign of Ferdinand commenced. Godoy, who had lain concealed beneath some mattresses during twenty-four hours, urged by a violent thirst, rushed into a gallery, where he met a sentinel, to whom he offered a costly gold repeater for a glass of water. The sentinel knew the traitor, and delivered him to the people. It was one of Ferdinand's first acts to preserve the life of this his most deadly enemy, by declaring that it was necessary to discover from him his accomplices.

The revolution of Aranjuez afforded Napoleon every diplomatic facility which he could have required, in order to lend a slight form of decency to his usurpation of the throne of Spain. Murat, who was then at Madrid with a large force, was of course unprepared to recognize Ferdinand as king. It was an event which had not been provided for in his instructions. He must wait for the orders of his imperial master. But in the mean time he placed himself in active correspondence with the queen, took Godoy under his own protection, and was soon furnished with abundant evidence of the discord which prevailed in the royal family. The abdication was then made out to be an act forced upon Charles by armed rebels, instigated by Ferdinand. The abdication was, therefore, of no validity, and Ferdinand possessed no title to the crown, which he so wickedly assumed. His mother painted him in her letters as a monster, prepared by his natural dispositions for the perpetration of any crime. The wily Savary next appeared upon the scene of treachery. He came directly from the emperor, whom he had left at Bayonne, preparing to realize a promise previously given to Charles, that he would visit Madrid. Savary congratulated Ferdinand upon the turn which events had taken in his favour, but forgot to address him by the title of "Majesty!" When this slight mistake was hinted at, he answered that he reserved for the emperor the honour of being the first among Frenchmen to salute the new king. Napoleon had not yet arrived. Not yet; but doubtless he was already at Burgos, whither of course Ferdinand was about to proceed to receive his distinguished guest. Ferdinand, attended by his feeble advisers, set out post haste to meet the emperor at Burgos. But to their infinite surprise there was no Napoleon, nor any symptoms of his approach, at Burgos. Business, the management of important state affairs, had detained him on the way. No doubt could be entertained that his majesty was at Vittoria. Off the deluded Ferdinand and his mules scampered to Vittoria. But Vittoria was as free from the presence even of an imperial page as Burgos. It was, however, full of French troops, who surrounded the town, and prevented Ferdinand, when he resolved upon such a measure too late, from returning to the south. He had no alternative but to advance to Bayonne. He had scarcely alighted at his hotel when he was visited by Napoleon. Felicitations upon their meeting were lavished on both sides;

it was too soon to think of politics. Duroc stayed behind to invite Ferdinand to dine with the emperor at Marac—the artillery barracks near the town. Ferdinand went, and, charmed by his reception, returned to his hotel in high spirits. He was smoking a cigar when Savary was announced. “I have the honour,” said the military diplomatist, “to state, on the part of my royal master, that the dynasty of the Bourbons has ceased to reign in Spain, and that it is about to be replaced by that of Napoleon, who has directed me to receive your renunciation in his favour of the crown, as well for yourself as for all the princes of your family.”

Ferdinand was astounded. When he found words, he declared, with some dignity, that whatever he might do as to his own rights, he would never sacrifice those of his family. By the contrivance of Murat they were all soon there to answer for themselves, and a course of negotiation, accusation, and recrimination followed, which we could wish, for the sake of humanity, that history were enabled to erase from her scroll. The imperial arbitrator quickly decided, upon their own showing, that none of them were competent to exercise the functions of sovereignty. Ferdinand and his brothers were sent to Valençay; Charles and his spouse, together with Godoy, were pensioned, and permitted to fix their residence at Rome.

Some time in the year 1816 or 1817, a person named San Martin, who frequently visited Charles, happened to converse with him on the extraordinary fortunes of Godoy. In the course of the conversation, the ex-king, as if himself astonished at the rise of a man of no birth, innocently asked to what circumstance it could possibly be traced. San Martin thoughtlessly replied, “To the well-known passion of the queen, without doubt.” Strange to say, this was the first time that this unwelcome truth had reached the ear of Charles. He never had the slightest suspicion of the infidelity of his wife—but now a thousand circumstances rushed upon his memory to establish her guilt. To his honour it must be added, that he quitted her society instantly, and sought refuge at the court of Naples. But the intelligence which he had obtained so unexpectedly was a blow from which he never recovered. He died very soon after. His consort, who, it is said, repented towards the end of her life of her early crimes, followed him to the tomb in 1819, and in the year 1823, Godoy was also numbered among the dead.

Before Ferdinand quitted Spain, he solicited from Napoleon the hand of one of the princesses of his family. While at Valençay he repeated his wishes on this point more than once, in terms which rendered him the laughing-stock of the imperial court. But the events which took place in the Peninsula and the North of Europe, in 1812 and 1813, produced an important alteration in Ferdinand’s fortunes. No longer a prisoner, he was restored to his throne and his country; and if, instead of spending his exile at Valençay in indolent repose or puerile amusements, he had endeavoured to repair the deficiencies of his education, he might have raised Spain from her ruins to the rank which she deserves as one of the first-rate powers in Europe. Never had a monarch a more admirable opportunity of placing upon a secure foundation the happiness and prosperity of his people, than Ferdinand possessed when, from the Pyrenees, he once more looked down upon the fertile fields of Spain. He had pledged himself to the maintenance of the leading principles of

the constitution. He might have easily reformed the political errors with which the theory of that scheme abounded, and have reconciled all the useful attributes of his crown with the freedom of his subjects; but with the levity which disgraced his character, he flung the volume of the constitution into the fire, the moment he heard the enthusiastic "*vivas*" with which he was saluted on all sides upon passing the frontiers. He dismissed, in the most insulting terms, the Cortes which had been mainly instrumental in the preservation of his throne, and proclaimed his resolution to extinguish every trace of that liberal spirit which had been the liberator of his country. Ingratitude and folly combined to plunge him in a course of evil government, which for six years placed every respectable family in the kingdom in a state of constant alarm. The blood of some of the best men of Spain—of men who had fought heroically against the enemy for their hearths and altars—was shed upon an ignominious scaffold. Compelled, at length, by the sudden revolution of 1820, to accept a new version of the constitution, he basely temporized with the events of the hour. Immediately after swearing in the most solemn manner faithfully to perform the duties assigned to him by the new order of things, he despatched agents to Louis XVIII. who carried his secret protest against the acts which he executed in public. His conduct during the three years of the constitution was marked by so many indications of insincerity, that we are surprised at the facility with which the leading men of the Cortes suffered him to lead them, step by step, to their own ruin. From the recovery of his absolute power, through the intervention of France, to the last hour of his existence, his sole object seemed to have been how he might render it most injurious to the country that was intrusted to his care. The massacre or exile of all her most enlightened men—the desolation of her towns and villages—the destruction of her internal and foreign trade—the total loss of her noble colonies—her degradation in the scale of Europe, where she scarcely ranks as a third-rate power, remain to mark the reign of Ferdinand VII. as an epoch of disaster and shame in the annals of the Peninsula.

Nevertheless, the personal biographer of the late king might find some traits in his character, which, though they could not, indeed, redeem his political transgressions, must secure him, at least, from being considered as his nefarious mother pronounced him to be—

————— "*Monstrum nulla virtute redemptum.*"

I myself have witnessed the condescension with which he attended to the petitions of the poor. Loitering one day about the palace of Madrid, which, by the way, is well worth the attention of a stranger, as one of the handsomest edifices of the kind in Europe, my attention was attracted by a number of state carriages which were proceeding towards the principal entrance. I followed them almost instinctively, and soon found myself stationed among a number of grenadier guards, who were drawn up near the lower steps of a magnificent staircase. In the passage to which the staircase opened there were seven or eight old women, with papers in their hands, ready for presentation. In a few minutes the king and queen (his third wife Amelia, of Saxony) descended, followed by a brilliant group of officers in full dress. The king wore a dark blue coat, turned up with crimson, laced with gold, white small-

clothes, white silk stockings, a blue riband over his left shoulder, and a star on his breast. The queen was then little more than twenty years of age, but her pale countenance already disclosed symptoms of that broken heart which soon after found repose in the grave. Her figure, which was slight and elegantly formed, was nearly enveloped in a blue silk mantle, edged with ermine. She wore on her head a pink hat, without feathers. Her appearance contrasted strongly with that of Ferdinand, as he handed her into the carriage. It is well known that his chin and lower lip were nearly in a right line with the extremity of a nose of no ordinary dimensions. The deformity of his features was, in some degree, palliated by large mustachios. But although his figure was erect, manly, and even princely, I could not help thinking, when he took his seat by his fragile consort, of the celebrated story of "Beauty and the Beast," until I beheld him taking, with his own hand, through the still open door, the petitions of the poor people whom he called to him for the purpose. His swarthy rude face was suddenly lighted up with an expression of kindness, which shewed that he was not wholly unaccustomed to acts of a benevolent description. I know not whether any of these supplicants ever received any answer to their representations; but I saw that they were already half satisfied, at least, by what I may really call the paternal smiles of their sovereign.

This royal attention to the lower orders is a practice of an ancient date in Spain. During the prevalence of the constitution, Ferdinand was not, indeed, allowed to give audiences to inferior persons, as suspicions were entertained, not without good grounds, that plots were often in preparation for effecting the escape of the royal family from Madrid to the French frontiers. But when the constitution was destroyed, the king resumed his former habits on this point, and once or twice every week admitted all persons, without any distinction of rank, to his presence. He rose generally at six, and soon after took a cup of chocolate and a cigar. His morning was passed in the apartments of the queen, and it is understood that he never was so happy in them as since they were occupied by her present majesty. He became devotedly attached to her from the moment that she gave those hopes, which were afterwards realized, of continuing his race—an object which he had always looked forward to with the utmost solicitude. He transacted business with his ministers regularly between twelve o'clock and half-past two, when he dined. He then drove out with the queen for two or three hours, after which he saw any person whom he had appointed to attend him. He supped at half-past eight, and retired early. During the whole of Ferdinand's reign, the manners of the Spanish court were extremely simple and unostentatious. He never had any avowed mistresses; indeed, after his restoration in 1814 he is said to have been without any liaison of that kind. The offices of religion were regularly performed every day in the beautiful chapel of the palace. But Ferdinand was at no time of his life impressed with the necessity of attending earnestly to that subject. He had, in this respect, more of the character of Louis XVIII. in him than of Charles X. The story of the embroidered petticoat has never been denied—so far, at least, as the presentation of such an ornament by Ferdinand to a particular church. This proceeding was, however, rather the result of his superstition, than of his religion, between which there is not only a distinction, but a wide difference.

Pascal was a thoroughly religious man, without a particle of superstition. Napoleon was superstitious in the extreme ; but his most republican enemies never accused him of religion.

The society of Madrid has been uniformly grave since the war of independence. The poverty of the nobles, who suffered enormous losses of property at that period, has been, perhaps, the principal cause of this revolution in the manners of a capital which had long been remarkable for its gaiety. The personal dispositions and habits of Ferdinand gave moreover a tone of reserve and retirement to the court, which necessarily exercised an influence upon society. Brought up, I may say, a prisoner, and confined for nearly six years at Valençay, at a period of life when the character is most susceptible of permanent impressions, he was accustomed to find his pleasures and amusements within a narrow circle. He was, in truth, extremely domestic—too much so for a king. He smoked so great a number of cigars during the course of the day, that his breath was quite tainted with that unpleasant after-smell which tobacco leaves behind it. He ate also, sometimes inordinately. An over-indulgence in this way brought on the fit of apoplexy which terminated in his death. He drank very little more wine than Spaniards do in general ; but it was always of the best description. For some years he had been afflicted with the gout, a complaint of which he fully availed himself, in order to delay his departure with the Cortes from Madrid to Seville, in 1823. The communication to him of the resolutions of that body for the removal of the court brought on an attack of that malady, which, according to his own report, tortured him incessantly for three weeks ; but when the legislative physicians expressed an apprehension that it might, if it continued longer, lead to insanity, which would render the appointment of a regent indispensable, the disease quitted him with miraculous expedition.

Ferdinand paid little attention to the grandees of Spain. His confidential ministers were seldom selected from that class. He was partial, rather than otherwise, to *parvenus* ; and felt a pleasure in raising men to office who had often little to recommend them, beyond the talents which they exhibited in administering to his private amusements. His real courtiers were frequently persons of very low birth and station. At one period of his life, the most influential man in Spain was Chamarro, who was nothing more than a buffoon ; but his fantastic tricks made Ferdinand laugh immoderately, and nothing was refused to his solicitations. He was so much pleased with Montenegro, who was one of his valets at Valençay, that he appointed him intendant of the royal palaces, and bestowed upon him, moreover, abundant marks of his favour. The queen (Maria Isabella,) fully participated in the king's attachment to this servant. Happening, one day to be engaged in fastening a cross of Charles III. to a riband of that order, she desired Montenegro to hold one of the ends of the riband. He knelt on one knee for the purpose, desirous of performing her Majesty's commands in the most respectful manner. The king, suddenly entering the apartment by a private door, beheld this apparent scene of gallantry with indignation ; not perceiving how Montenegro was employed, and urged by an irrepressible feeling of jealousy, he rushed past the queen and knocked him down at full length on the floor. The queen shrieked, a number of domestics immediately hastened to her assistance ; in the confusion, Montenegro got up as well as he

could and ran away. But when the affair was explained, Ferdinand had the grace to be ashamed of himself, and the quondam valet was raised to higher favour than ever.

It was, perhaps, a very natural trait in such a character as that of Ferdinand, that there was very little constancy in his preferences of this description. He was remarkably tenacious in causing it to be believed that he acted in all things from his own unbiassed opinions, although every body about him well knew that he frequently made or rescinded appointments, from the reports which were daily repeated to him even by the lowest of his domestics. He encouraged them at all times to tell him of what was going on in Madrid; and it is understood that they availed themselves frequently of these opportunities to recommend or baffle the views of those whom they wished to serve or to injure. Whenever he had any reason to suspect that any particular individual was considered out of doors as his favourite, he forthwith discarded that person from his presence. He was never believed to have entertained anything like a sincere attachment for his court companions, with the exception, perhaps, of a single instance. Lozano de Torrez, the nephew of a once well-known matchmaker of the same name in London, was the son of a carpenter at Cadiz, where, in his early days he sold chocolate. By some accident he obtained employment in the commissariat during the war of independence; he discharged his duties with considerable ability. When the king returned to Spain, Lozano, who was then at Badajoz, addressed to him a letter full of protestations of the most devoted zeal, and of bitter complaints against the liberals. This letter was answered by an order, directing Lozano to proceed to Madrid, where he was admitted at once to Ferdinand's confidence. Lozano was the most ingenious of courtiers. He wanted nothing for himself. His whole ambition was to serve about the person of his sovereign, in whose fortunes he felt a sympathetic interest which he could not describe, the cause of which was to him inexplicable. It seemed to him as if his heart must have been framed, as it were, in the same mould with that of the king. He wore Ferdinand's portrait in his bosom, knelt before it as an idol, and appeared to live only for his royal master. Whenever his opinion was asked upon any subject, he gave it candidly, always most disinterestedly; several valuable appointments were offered him—he refused them all. He would rather be a lackey in the palace than captain-general of the two Castiles.

After a due course of servitude, Lozano was prevailed upon to accept the office of minister of state; that is to say, secretary for foreign affairs. Now this was a post to which, more than to any other, usage had established a certain right of succession among the members of that department,—gentlemen who had previously served abroad in a diplomatic capacity, who, of course, were acquainted with foreign languages, conversant with the whole train of pending negotiations, and experienced in official forms. Well knowing that they could not speedily be replaced, they resolved to resign in a body rather than serve under Lozano. He prudently yielded to the storm. To the astonishment of the nation the *ci-devant* vendor of chocolate was next appointed minister of grace and justice, which placed in his hands the entire patronage of the magistracy and the church. But he flattered the clergy, encouraged the fanatics, persecuted the liberals, terrified Ferdinand with the numerous conspi-

racies against the throne and the church which he daily discovered, and kept his place. A droll proof of Ferdinand's credulity, with respect to Lozano's *sympathies*, has been related by one of his biographers. The courtier was in the habit of sending a messenger every morning to inquire how the king passed the night. On one occasion the answer was, that his majesty had suffered from a severe fit of the colic. The moment Lozano heard this he ordered his carriage, posted to the palace in his dressing-gown, and demanded an audience upon business of extraordinary importance. Ferdinand, who was by this time convalescent, ordered him to be admitted. Seeing Lozano in such a dress, his face pale, and his hair in disorder, he eagerly inquired what was the matter. "Oh!" exclaimed the minister of grace and justice, "oh, señor, I have had such a terrible attack of the colic; I have been ill with it all night," and then he went on minutely detailing the symptoms (which he had *not* experienced) of that agreeable complaint. "Wonderful," cried Ferdinand; "they are precisely the pains which I have suffered myself; how very wonderful!"—"Not at all wonderful, señor," replied Lozano, "nothing certainly can happen to your majesty without happening to me also. While you were ill I was ill. Now that you are better, I feel recovered again." At length Lozano fell into disgrace, and was exiled from Madrid. Ferdinand, when his liking was over, used often to laugh at the impositions which this fellow practised upon him.

The suddenness with which Ferdinand constructed and dissolved his cabinets formed an essential part of his absolute system. He has presided at important councils, heard propositions discussed, to which he gave his unqualified assent, ordered the ministers, to whose department the execution of them belonged, to attend him with the necessary decrees the next morning; and before the morning came those very ministers might have been met with on their journey to a *presidio*.

I have never seen a good portrait of Ferdinand. The artists say that it was impossible to sketch one, on account of the singular mobility of his features, sometimes sombre in the extreme, sometimes so gay and lively, that they hardly seemed to belong to the same person. Often when his brow was overcast with a shade, which deepened the habitual gloom of his shagged lips and chin, his eyes betrayed a pensive expression that made them for the moment almost beautiful. But it was "beauty sleeping in the lap of horror." He spoke generally with a nervous precipitation, indicative of the shallow source from which his thoughts emanated. He was a wrong-headed man, irascible, obstinate, and selfish. He died under the impression which he always entertained, that he was the most popular man in Spain. Perhaps he was; but he has not left a single individual in the world who laments his departure with a genuine tear.

By his repeal of the Salic law, he has bequeathed to the Peninsula a civil war, which, in whatever way it may terminate, will necessarily throw back that fine country another half century, in addition to the period in which she is already behind the rest of Europe as to all the great improvements of modern civilization. During the reign of Charles II. a company of Dutch contractors offered to render the Manzanares navigable to the point where it falls into the Tagus, and the Tagus navigable from that point to Lisbon. The proposal was laid before the Council of Castile, and the answer of that enlightened body was to this effect:—

“That if it had pleased God that these two rivers should have been navigable, he would not have wanted human assistance to have made them such. As he had not done it, it was evident he did not think that any thing of the kind ought to be effected. To attempt it, therefore, would be to violate the decrees of Providence, and to mend the imperfections which he designedly left in his works.” Strange to say, this doctrine is still practically enforced in Spain. The great public works begun before the war still remained unfinished. The few projects which have been since approved remain on paper, through the want of means for carrying them into execution. There is no country in the world in which so many natural facilities exist for the creation of canals, none in which such means of communication are so much required. But the only attempts at such achievements worth speaking of are the canals of the Ebro and of Castile, both of which were abandoned before they were extended to any considerable length. The civil war will postpone their completion to the next century.

It must be confessed that the contests for crowns now going on in Portugal and Spain between brother and brother, uncle and niece, are sufficiently calculated to make the inhabitants of those devoted countries envious of the democratic tranquillity and prosperity of the United States. Don Miguel has drawn upon himself the odium of every honourable mind. His conduct, since he left our shores to execute the functions of regent, has been so perfidious, that we all have felt a kind of personal anxiety to witness his downfall. But we suspect that the people of this country are almost indifferent to the result of the struggle about to be commenced in the other kingdom of the Peninsula. The manifesto of the queen-regent may have been a very politic one at home: abroad, at least in France and England, it has ruined her cause. If she is to govern without a Cortes, what guarantee are we to receive that she will not turn out as great a fanatic as Don Carlos is already reputed to be? The possession of absolute power in the midst of contending parties is necessarily calculated to lead to persecution. What matters it to the unfortunate Spaniards whether they are lawfully hanged by the court or butchered by the guerillas?

M. M.

A WALK AND A DINNER.

It was November;—a bitter cold wind blew resolutely and remorselessly. I am not easily to be set aside when I have once made up my mind for a walk; so cuddling up myself in my cloak, forth I sallied for an out-of-town perambulation—five miles out and five in. Nothing could be more uninviting than the day. The sky was of that lead-like colour which bespeaks an inclination to rain if it might be permitted, but that being denied, a resolution to satisfy itself with alternate sleet, snow, or bouncing and bounding hail—all pretty confectionary modes of cooking what was intended for so many showers of rain, which a man “dressed in a little brief” discontent must be fastidious indeed utterly to disrelish. I, for my part, prefer these cold-cloud comforts to your more commonplace pelting shower: they may, it is true, cut your cheeks as with

minute sharp pieces of flint ; or pepper your nose as with small pebbles ; or only stifle your mouth and fill your eyes with what would be disagreeable enough if permanent ; but a man with any warmth in his body may melt his way through any given quantity of snow that can drift around him—if he keeps moving ;—if he shuts his mouth he need not swallow hailstones large enough to choke him ; and as for the pin-and-needle persecution which a shower of sleet can inflict upon the chubbiness of his cheeks, if there is any blood in those facial parts, it is sure to fetch out what artists would call their colour. Nature, like a good old lady as she is, has as it were posted at all accessible points where the enemy Weather may make its attack extra defences of flesh and blood ; and thus, by resolutely defending the out-works, protects the citadel. A soaking shower, such as we have it in England, is not, perhaps, so easily warded off : delightful it is, no doubt, to ducks and other such oily-feathered lovers of the damp and the disagreeable—and keeps their downy coats, waistcoats, and smallclothes clean, comfortable, and fit for company ; but it delights not me : I confess my preference for hailstones, snow, and sleet,—if I must have either one, two, or three of four modes of administering these watery matters. A soaking of this sort is very well in its way ; but I am of Anacreon's humour, and like to “moisten my clay” in my own particular manner, deeming all other modes superfluous.

It was Sunday,—a *dies non* among the fashionable vulgar, who, from some mistaken superstition as to what they consider gentility, think Sunday exercise “vastly ungenteel,” and only the perquisite and proper enjoyment of milliners' girls, shopboys, and mechanics. There is nothing so vulgar as the fear of vulgarity. Sunday was undeniably ordained as a day of piety, rest, and sober recreation. He who so appointed it, as far as I have observed, seems to have made no other marked distinction between that day and other days : the sun rises as gloriously as on other mornings ; the entire machinery of Nature moves on without any visible pause, and loses not either its use, beauty, regularity, or subserviency to His will and the universal service of mankind and every other kind ;—all goes on, to all appearance, on Sundays, as on Saturdays or Mondays. Shall contemptible fashion or frivolity dare, then, to mark a day as vulgar which it perhaps refuses to religion and denies to exercise and those healthy sensations which follow close upon the heels of exercise ? Impossible ! No, ye well-attired sons and daughters of that ancient antic, Prejudice, “imagine not *this* vain thing ;” if you have dreaded to be vulgar, fear it no more ; but believe, as I do holily, that nothing which is innocent is vulgar, however commonplace or unfashionable it may be. Discard so unworthy a thought, and, with the poet, say, whether it be Sunday or any other day,

“Oh, how can we renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven—
Oh how can we renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?”

It was Sunday ; but a thinly attended one. The wind was really too

scrutinizing for the weak and the tender, and, therefore, only the robust, or those who thought themselves so, were abroad. Women consequently were “like angels’ visits”—every one, by this time knows the rest of the quotation. The few pantalooned persons one met were “perplexed with sudden changes;” and puckered lips, pursed-up mouths, and winking eyes were the fashion of the day. Here and there a carriage rolled along, but what it contained was concealed by the steam on the glasses: a solitary horseman scampered at full speed—if too genteel to pocket his turnpike coppers, his coat-tails blown up about his shoulders, and his chestnut’s long tail now half whisking his eyes out, and now lashing its own sleek sides. I really pitied *that* Smith I met in a green lane. His horse seemed warm enough—smoking warm; but he, poor fellow,—if a cloakless, great-coatless rider, with a spare body, and a skin hanging loosely about him like a miss-fit—“a starveling in a scanty vest,” could possibly be warm, then I do not despair of some one out-Parry-ing Parry, and penetrating the North Pole with a red-hot poker. His mare seemed to dislike the day as much as her master, for she snorted and tossed her head as the sleet struck into her nostrils and eyes, and kept tickling the susceptible hairs inside her ears; and she put down her feet on the splashy road with the anxiety of a cat overtaken in a midnight wandering by a snow-fall which melts as it falls. He was a small print, Elzevir edition of Man, stuck upright in his saddle upon a huge-boned, deep-barrelled horse,—just such a man as the nine-foot attorney about town, considering the space between his eyes and his legs, might mistake for one of his boots, and laying hold of his ears for the straps, attempt to pull him on. He looked more like an icicle in Wellingtons and blue trowsers, than a Mr. Smith. His eyes shone like two cinders when they are cold; his face was of the colour of one of those facetious-looking blue jugs in which ale is sometimes served in country public-houses—his nose was its handle; altogether, he was an impersonation of a line in the popular sea-song,—

“—— the blue above and the blue below.”

Some simple-minded poet has inquired,

“Why doth azure deck the sky?”

I should say, simply to keep this conjectural Mr. Smith in countenance. What a luxury he would have been to a champagne party in the dog-days, if he could have been saved as he was till that time, when dandies die off by hundreds if iced champagne runs scarce: a bottle of that fine effervescence placed any where in his neighbourhood could not have possibly required chilling. I really pitied him, and passed on, meditating what his then condition must end in: he only wanted a cool reception from his wife when he got home to put him in a state of congelation fit for exportation to either of the Indies as a specimen of English ice.

But while I was looking after him, and laughing, I became suddenly conscious that “I also was an Arcadian,” and was myself rapidly cooling down to the freezing point. The wind still blew keenly and cuttingly; the sleet still came from all points of the compass, and I began to grow uncomfortably cold and beggarly hungry: striking out of the cross-road, therefore, I pushed as fast as the driving gust would permit into the high-road, determined to make amend for my out-door discomforts by some extra inn-comforts. “Any port in a storm,” says a nautical

proverb: so I made for the first sign I saw, "swinging slow with sullen roar," or rather gibbet-like creak. It bore on it as on "a charger" the King's Head. I have no objection to king's heads when made thus attractive. I entered: it had a handsome interior, and the room into which I was ushered was the very perfection of cleanliness and cozyness. A brisk fire ran roaring up the chimney; a chair was placed by mine host before it, into which I dropt, and felt all over assured that I should be very comfortable. I saw, by the respectful attention with which he regarded me, that he of the King's Head thought it not impossible that I might ask him for some comfort on so uncomfortable a day which it was possible he could provide. His benevolent eyes saw, as if by intuition, that I had not dined, and looked all willingness that I should. I therefore popped the important question at once:—"What have you for dinner, Mr. ——Mr. ——"—"Cockerell, Sir, at your service."—"Yes, Mr. Cockerell, what can I have?" "Why, Sir," quoth he, with a cold, dry rub of his hands,—“we have some boiled fowls and pickled pork just coming up, if that will do, if not——” "Not a word more, Sir, that is the very thing. As soon as you are ready, I am." He bowed, dusted a table as he passed across the room, and went out.

As Beau Tibbs says, and with much propriety, "I hate your immense loads of meat—that's country all over;"—but such a kniek-knaek, a snap, a snack, a tid-bit, a *bonne boueche* as the dainty premised and promised, I, who have my, and a good portion of some one else's, share of the infirmities natural and artificial to man, cannot resist;—and yet I can be abstemious, if need be, and in my time have been patient and non-complaining when Friday's dinner was unavoidably postponed till Sunday. Strong, however, as I am in philosophial endurance of such-like accidents, there are moments when nature will triumph over philosophy, and testify that I am no stronger at the pinch than my fellows. Hercules had his weakness—he loved Omphale too much; so had Topham, our English Hercules—he loved strong ale "not wisely, but too well:"—I have mine—and if I must confess it, it is this:—when such a dish as boiled fowl and pickled pork is either prophesied or made possible, I am, as it were, spell-bound, *nolens volens*, to the spot,—Samson Agonistes not surer—a wolf in a pitfall not more helplessly. I should be sorry to be tempted—but if you would try, cover your hook with such a bait, and I should inevitably nibble. If I had a vote for county, city, or borough, I could not long resist bribery and corruption, if the bribery was white and tender, and the corruption streaky and not too salt. Nature, however, who gave me this weakness to keep me humble, and show me that I am not perfect, has very properly placed me in such a predicament in the world that my yielding to a temptation which St. Anthony himself could not long have resisted does, I believe, no harm to the interests of men, however much it may operate inimically on the life-interests of pigs and poultry.

In one of those benevolent moods of mind when one feels a sort of good will to all conditions of men, I have thought that there was but one thing which could possibly compensate a man for being a gentleman; and that would be,—the enjoyment of an uninterrupted long life of boiled fowl and pickled pork:—"other joys are but toys." Aldermen who throttle themselves annually with turtle, and noblemen who denationalize themselves with ragouts and other Gallican enormities in cookery, are

guilty of such mistakes, it is charitable to suppose, in pure ignorance :— it is a City superstition in the one case, and a West-end error of education in the other, pitiable, as are all human errors, and pardonable, for “ to err is human—to forgive divine.” There are, indeed, too many such grievous mistakes in eating matters—more, perhaps, than in any other concernment of life, which, as they operate on minds, and minds on the affairs of men, are not unworthy of the gravest consideration of a much graver philosopher than I am. The nature of a man’s dinner has not seldom given a turn to his feelings and affections—his capacity for good or evil; a man naturally benevolent it has made to overflow with the sweet milk of humanity at a charitable fund-dinner; while, on the contrary, it has rendered a man commonly morose and churlish, bearable to himself, and such as happened to be mixed up with him.

But I am wandering too wide from

“ The theme and passion of my dream,”—

boiled fowl and pickled pork!—The man who invented or came somehow, by whatever intricate induction or remote analogy, at such a combination of circumstances was a genius—had a subtle and piercing wit, and an intelligence of the highest order. And yet, strange to say, the author of so noble a discovery is as unknown as the inventor of that very singular and selfish horizontal enjoyment, sleep. I have sought in all probable places for some mention of his should-have-been great name, but can find no clue to it: perhaps he had taken some pains to be anonymous, as some of the greatest benefactors of mankind have done. The Cyclopædists are silent: the two Bacons, Friar and Francis, undoubted philosophers as they were, and profound and perseveringly poking as they were in all recondite matters, make not the smallest mention of him, or the slightest allusion to even the germ of so notable a discovery. The inventive Marquis of Worcester hints at no possible amalgamation of two such remote ideas into one great whole. The discovery was, no doubt, brought to light in his day, but had not received the sanction of science and the celebrity due to so splendid a result in combination. Great indeed must have been his capacity!—smaller men have been placed side by side with Fame herself, till one can hardly see the old lady for the numerousness of her children, while he remains unknown and unhonoured. It was easy enough, as an instance, for such a man as Sir Isaac Newton to find something more in an apple tumbling from a tree than its mere simple downward motion: it was not so very hard to discover the New World, for there it was, ready made, patiently waiting till a Columbus could be found who was capable of finding it: yet what a fuss is made about these twain discoveries!—to discover and then associate the affinities of fowl boiled with pork pickled, that was an intellectual effort indeed, before which all other discoveries look mighty small, and sink into mere Tom-Thumbism.

While I was thus rhapsodizing “ a change came o’er the spirit of my dream.” A very eminent deer-stealer who, in his amorous pursuit of that undressed veinson, had noticed the remarkable fact, says, and says I believe truly, that

“ The course of true love never did run smooth;”

I at least agree with him: for while I was thus, as it were, ruminating before meat, instead of after it, o’ the sudden a strange hubbub, hurly-burly confusion of tongues, shuffling of feet, clattering of pattens,

plunging of pump-handles, and rattling of pails arose in the King's Head, very subversive of the decencies of the day, putting my meditations to fearful flight, and alarming their author "beyond the Muse's painting." A horrid dread came over me. "Coming events," says Mr. Campbell, "cast their shadows before:"—they do, and, like other shadows, they are always larger and more scaring than the substance that casts them. "Something serious has befallen the boiled fowl and pickled pork!" I cried out, in a Pythonian agony of perturbation. At this moment in rushed mine host, "like Katterfelto, with his hair on end."—"What is the matter, Mr. Cockerell?"—"Oh, sir, sir—that d—d pickled pork!—but it serves me right—I had my warnings—I suspected that cursed pig from the first;—alive or dead he was meant to ruin me!—Sir, he was the odd one of nine at a farrow, born on a Friday, by accident killed on a Friday, and I, like an ass, pickled him on a Friday, and thought it was Thursday!—There, sir, now the murder's out!—My wife knew it would be so, and she's right! She always as good as said that no good would come of him, and there he's gone and set the *chimbly* on fire now!—I wonder what he'll do next, d—n him?"

Here he stopped for want of breath, not rage, and sank down in a chair, wiping the hot and cold drops of anger and fright from his forehead. It seems that in skimming the pot, it was upset; the fat flared; the soot took fire, &c. &c. However, what with pot and pail and wet blanket, all danger was soon subdued. My first feeling, of course, was that of concern for the mishap which had like to have befallen the King's Head—I forgot my favourite dinner in my sympathy; but this proper humanity soon changed to irresistible laughter at the ludicrous superstition of mine host; and I fell back in my chair also, not to faint, but to laugh, which I did, long and loud.

By this time Mr. Cockerell had cooled down to composure; and then I thought it high time to inquire, with as much tenderness as possible, whether the pickled pork was spoiled. "No," he replied, "d—n it; but I won't touch a bit of it!" grinding his teeth with returning exasperation. "Well," said I, "my resentment is not so deep-rooted as your's. I cannot believe for a moment in Friday making that bad which is good at any time; I have no prejudice against odd numbers, and I believe in the 'white simplicity' and perfect innocency, under all circumstances, suspicious or superstitious, of pickled pig; and as I am not afraid to be thought as heterodox as I am, pray bring in the pork." At that instant it entered; it was nominally "dinner for one," but really enough for three; and I fell to it "like a falconer." As I sat making deep gashes with my trenchant blade in the beautiful belly of the deceased, Mr. Cockerell looked on me as a Mohammedan looks on an indulger in forbidden wine, with one eye hating the indulgence, and the other ogling it not unkindly. The proscribed pork was excellent, the fowl "fit for Juno when she dines;" and I am not sure whether a little soot and Sun Fire-office sauce did not give a piquancy to a dish which, justly relying on its own native graces,

"Lacks not the foreign aid of ornament."

I made a capital meal, gave thanks, melted two or three cheroots "into thin air," over a tumbler or two of the water of life, and returned to town, well-pleased with my dinner, myself, and with the weather, which fretted and blustered still, but "with a difference" to me.

W.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

London Improvements—Marriages and Departures—Rail Roads—Rowland Stephenson, Lloyd, Miss Kemble—Watering Places; Herne Bay, Margate, Hastings, St. Leonard's, Beulah Spa.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.—Dr. Kenrick,—celebrated in his day as a literary reviewer, and a great enthusiast about Shakspeare, and for several other things, more curious in his day than ours,—says, speaking of London in one of his comedies (for he was also a dramatist), “The metropolis is overgrown—it is out of proportion to the country—the head is too big for the body, and the nation has got the rickets.” This was the Doctor’s remark considerably more than half a century since; what he might have said had he lived to a patriarchal age, and seen the present state of London, it is difficult to surmise.

Those who are not much in the habit of thinking, but who take things as they come, and look at that only which is right before their eyes, have no conception either of the extent of our native city—including the outparishes and Westminster—or of the total ignorance of the inhabitants of one part of it of the localities of another. The nuisance of omnibuses has this redeeming circumstance in its favour; it unquestionably facilitates an intercourse between the orientals and occidentals in a degree hitherto unknown, and yet little is comparatively understood of the ultra proceedings of either east or west. The north and south of London—from its being a long and narrow town—are much more closely approximated; and the native of Kentish Town may probably know where the obelisk in St. George’s Fields stands, without obtaining any very great credit as a traveller.

A man in Piccadilly asks another the way to Lemon Street, Goodman’s Fields—they are both in the same town; yet the Piccadillyite, if he be “a native, and to the manner born,” is little likely to be able to tell him; the dandy (with a cigar in his mouth) of Finsbury Square or St. Helen’s Place, as vainly inquires of his obliging neighbour the way to Connaught Place. Nothing gives an universal insight into metropolitan matters but the arrival in London of some foreign count or countess, who thinks it necessary to see all our lions, and subsequently laughs at us in a book of libels for our pains. There are upwards of eighty exhibitions open daily in London during the season, besides the Cathedrals, the Tower, the Custom-house, Christ’s Hospital, and half a hundred other objects well worthy attention, but which we, who see the outsides of them every day, never think it worth our while to enter or make further inquiry about.

We are led into these remarks by having accidentally been led to the new London Bridge—and the accident was rather an incident; it is true, we lost both our time and pains into the bargain in the end, (but, *n’importe*, she was very pretty,) except that it gave us an opportunity of looking at the improvements in progress in that vicinity, which are of a character so extremely important to the appearance of the city itself,

that we are assured the perfect silence upon the subject which we have remarked, arises literally from an ignorance of their existence.

It is impossible to imagine the change which the magician's wand, in the shape of the surveyor's rod, has so rapidly effected on both sides the river. On the Surrey side, Southwark High Street is laid low—that narrow, wretched avenue, crowded and crammed with carts as it was wont to be, has given place to a fine handsome approach; and instead of the wretched tenements which, in the days of England's glory, sheltered the unfortunate victims of unbounded prosperity, have all been pulled down, and rows of splendid houses prepared for the suffering tradesmen whose present insolvent circumstances would draw tears from butchers' eyes.

The street leading in a line from St. Thomas's Street to the Borough Market has been widened, and an opening has been left whence the beautiful church of St. Saviour, and the restored Chapel of the Virgin—which the Cockney architects think to make more interesting than its own antiquity renders it, by calling it the "*Ladye*" Chapel,—as if it was necessary to call Lady—Ladye,—appears to the greatest advantage.

On the other side of the street the whole of the houses have been pulled down which stood between St. Thomas's Hospital and the bridge, and a new street built, which joins Tooley Street, by means of arches, just beyond the church. The space between this new street and the hospital is enclosed with iron railings, which extend to the street itself, and the whole of the domain, comprising many acres, belongs to the institution. All the traffic to old Tooley Street is now carried on under archways, and does not in the slightest degree interfere, as it did formerly, with the thoroughfare of what was formerly High Street.

A similar arrangement has been made on the London side of the river for the communication between Upper and Lower Thames-street; and the advantages derivable from this decided separation of the heavy carts and waggons necessary for carrying on the business of the wharfs and warehouses from the lighter carriages, and for the conveyance of less ponderous articles and passengers, are inconceivable.

Upon the city side of this magnificent bridge, which produces an entirely novel effect upon the eye from the circumstance of its being *lower* than the approaches leading to it, the first object which attracts the passenger's notice is the new Hall of the Company of Fishmongers,—a company distinguished by having upon its books some of the most illustrious and extraordinary personages of the day. This is a magnificent quadrangular building of stone, with two fronts, one facing the river, where the fish are caught, and the other facing the street, where the fraternity are received: it is a very beautiful elevation, and forms a very effective feature to the scene.

Farther on, an opening gives us a fine view of the Monument, which we rejoice to see still remains unmutilated by the sacrilegious hands of the Goths, who wished to render it a monument to nothing, by defacing the inscription which so justly and historically attributes the burning of London to the Papists. This new Bridge-street, by a bold curve, cuts into the old Gracechurch Street, just above where Fish-street Hill formerly stood; while, on the left hand, a new and magnificent street is in progress of erection, which will lead directly from the square in front of the bridge to the eastern corner of the Mansion House, shortening the distance by

at least two-thirds, and placing the river at the immediate command of the chief magistrate of the city, to whom its uncontrolled dominion belongs,—at least from Staines to Southend.

All these things have been done, and a magnificent pile of buildings raised, and not one human being in Grosvenor Square knows anything about it. We can tell the Grosvenorites and the Parklaneites that these improvements are worth looking at, if they care about the metropolis of the country; and when they *are* there, a peep at the newly-arranged armoury at the Tower will amply repay them for their trouble. We say this without knowing Dr. Meyrick, or caring for the interests of the warders, or those to whom the exorbitant fees of admission go; but it is a thing well worth seeing.

MARRIAGES AND DEPARTURES.—There have been a great many marriages during the month in high life, as low people call it, and a great many more, much more, serious things—we mean emigrations to the continent; they continue, as a French correspondent tells us, at the rate of sixty per diem. All this is bad—bad for the country—both in morals and finance, and is unquestionably the result of apprehension of consequences likely to result from the very unsettled state of affairs.

Lord Fordwich has married the daughter of Lord Grantham, or, as we ought to say—since his Lordship's accession to the title conferred upon his mother—Earl de Grey. The young lady is most highly connected, and, besides the immediate honours of her descent, is niece to the Earl of Ripon. Lord Fordwich, as our readers know, is the eldest son of Lord and Lady Cowper, and nephew of Lord Melbourne, who is stated to have behaved most liberally upon the occasion. There was of course the whole history of Valenciennes lace, and *dejeuners*, and travelling carriages, and honeymoons, which the happy couple proceeded to Pansanger to enjoy.

Mr. A'Court, the eldest son of Lord Heytesbury, so long in our diplomatic service, is married to the eldest daughter of the amiable and accomplished Lady Holmes, of the Isle of Wight. Sir Hussey Vivian is united to a young lady of the name of Webster, whose person and accomplishments are very highly spoken of; and Captain Yorke, son of the late Sir Joseph, and heir presumptive to the earldom of Hardwicke, has married one of the lovely and accomplished daughters of Lord and Lady Ravensworth. This is the fourth daughter of the family now married. The others are—the Countess of Belgrave, Viscountess Barrington, and Lady Williamson.

Lord Crofton is married to Lady Georgiana Paget, eldest daughter of Lord Anglesey by the present Duchess of Argyle. Lord Anglesey's health would not allow of his remaining in England to be present at the ceremony. But the marriage of the month most distinguished by the ceremony and circumstances which attended it, is that of the Hon. Henry Wellesley, eldest son of Lord Cowley, to the Hon. Olivia de Roos, daughter of the late Baroness de Roos, by the late Right Hon. Lord Henry Fitzgerald, sister of the present Lord de Roos, and Maid of Honour to Her Majesty. The ceremony took place on Wednesday evening at six o'clock, in the private chapel of Windsor Castle; the Bishop of Worcester performed the ceremony, and the King was graciously pleased to give the bride away. Lady Georgiana Howe and Miss Taylor

were the bridesmaids. The new-married couple left Windsor for the Queen's Lodge in Bushy Park, at nine o'clock. The Queen and the Duke of Wellington were present at the ceremony, together with the relations of the bride, and the superior officers of the royal household.

As for the emigrations, nobody who has not considered the subject can be at all aware of their extent, or the effect which they must necessarily produce upon commerce in the ensuing season. We are credibly informed, that the passports granted during the last two months average sixty per diem, or one thousand eight hundred per month. Already, as we perceive by the statements put forth at the anti-tax payment meetings, trade—the inland trade—is so much decreased as to disable the shopkeepers from paying these absolutely necessary imposts. What will it be when the *élite* of fashion are gone, and the fashionable shopkeepers, who will be bereft of customers, find that they have the highest rents and the heaviest taxes to pay?

It seems curious, but we believe it to be a fact, that St. James's is one of the most dissatisfied parishes in London. There are constant squabbles between the vestry and the parishioners, and between the *select* and the *general*, and the assessors and the assessed; while, in point of fact, it is notorious that the prices of every article of consumption are, in the parish, *assessed* proportionably to the locality and character of the purchasers.

It is, however, a serious thing to find the flower of the country blowing off—it is ominous and unpleasant. We are not of a gloomy turn of mind, but we cannot but anticipate sad reverses from a general defection of the aristocracy.

RAIL ROADS.—The insanity of 1825 appears to have broken out again. We see, on all hands and on every side, announcements of new projects—new schemes—new joint-stock companies—all of which we look at with that degree of suspicion which is justly excited by recollections of the ruin and misery in which the blind folly of a gullable public involved thousands of innocent, unoffending people, at the period to which we now refer.

The Joint-Stock Bank speculation is a most plausible scheme; so are the iron rail-roads, the steam-carriages, and trams, to Bristol, and Dover, and Oxford, and Birmingham. As for the Joint-Stock Bank affairs, Mr. George Farren's pamphlet has put those clearly to rest, at least if common sense is to prevail over humbug and pretension; and as for the railways, we have one fact to offer which is worth a million of prospectuses, or half a hundred shares—the Manchester and Liverpool rail-road has been supported only by *passengers*, since its opening; the weight of merchandise and manufactures traversing the trams, or rails as they are now called, works down all the profit. The wear and tear is far beyond the revenue. The light carriages, even with heavy passengers, are profitable, and for the short distance, and with the constant intercourse between Manchester and Liverpool, superadded to curiosity, which induces every adventurous and inquiring dunce to prefer being whisked through the air at the tail of a boiler to travelling comfortably in his carriage and four, this part of the speculation has answered; but that part which more seriously applies to the intercourse between London and Birmingham or Bristol, has been a complete failure. No man in his

senses, unless he had most pressing business, would go either to Bristol or Birmingham, the one an epitome of Thames-street and Smithfield, and the other an anticipation of a future state of life the least desirable that can be imagined. All the traffic for these long distances would, therefore, be confined to sugar-hogsheads, tierces of pork, and bales of cotton from the one; and musket-barrels, snuffer-trays, and buttons from the other, packed in such quantities as to grind down not only the London prices, but the Company's roads. It is all a mistake: so long as God is good enough to give us horses and carriages, and the power to possess and use them, all this jigamaree stuff of boiling and bouncing along will be a failure. It may make a burst for a little; indeed it already has done so more than once; but we would seriously advise our friends to keep their money in their pockets, "take the goods the gods provide," and wait before they lay out their substance in what are called improvements, but which, unless we are much mistaken, will turn out *bubbles*, "such as the sea hath," or rather such as the year 1825 had, to which we have already pointed.

ROWLAND STEPHENSON—LLOYD—MISS KEMBLE.—Amongst the curious circumstances of human life and its vicissitudes, it is impossible not to remark the fate of Rowland Stephenson, the late banker of Lombard-street.—This man, in the enjoyment of every luxury suited to his temper and mind,—the pleasures of the table, of wine, of the theatres, in several of which he had private boxes,—the *éclat* of parliament, which then was something, and which he highly appreciated,—suddenly left the country overwhelmed with criminal debt and irretrievable disgrace.

It seems that a confidential clerk, called Lloyd, was, in fact, the principal actor in this affair; and that Stephenson became the dupe of the underling whom he had condescended to trust. Stephenson, at all events, lived poorly and sadly in America: Lloyd gaily and callously. But mark the point: at length Stephenson has been arrested and lodged in jail in the United States, at the suit of the ex-Sheriff Parkins, and is, or at least was at the time the latest letters left that land of liberty, incarcerated; with this peculiarity, that his prosecutor, or plaintiff, or whatever he is called in those parts, the ex-Sheriff himself, was also an inmate of the same prison.

We remember a year or two ago, when Sir Joseph blackballed the gay and *spirituel* Viscount at White's, he gave as his only reason for doing so the popularity of the young Lord. "Wherever I go," said Sir Joseph, "I see him! I cannot miss him, do what I can. I have blackballed him here, in order to have one room at least in London where I am sure of not meeting him."

This reason was an amiable one:—however there are no balloting boxes in American prisons we presume; and Rowland Stephenson, however anxious he might have been to exclude Parkins, (Parkins having no desire to *leave Stephenson out*,) is obliged not only, not to secure himself from the collision, but to endure the association.

Talking of America, it seems that *our* Fanny Kemble, although to be married to an American, is not to continue in the United States,—or rather, in those states which are miscalled united. She is to come to the country which owns and claims her, and is here to be made Mr. Butler's wife; after which, (as the play bills would say,) Charles Kemble is (at

least so we are told by the newspapers, which, always excepting the individuals themselves, are the worst imaginable authority) to go to Italy while his second daughter improves herself in music. Fanny, we suspect, has gained more notes in America than her sister will acquire in any part of Europe, just yet. We hear, however, that she is a most promising girl. What a happy family!—the one daughter so admirably *promising*, and the other so admirably *performing*,—nothing more can be wished.

It has been suggested that Miss Kemble should take leave of the English stage,—nipped in the bud by matrimony,—by giving a course of her popular characters. We trust she will do so; and we trust, moreover, that her father will not take himself away from *our* stage, where, and we speak it with perfect sincerity, at this moment, he has no equal.

WATERING PLACES — HERNE BAY — MARGATE — HASTINGS — ST. LEONARD'S — BEULAH SPA.—We last month noticed the extraordinary capriciousness of public taste as regards public amusements; nothing can be more curious than its whimsicality as relates to watering-places. It appears that this year every possible facility that steam can afford having been given to the intercourse between it and the metropolis, Margate, the hitherto cheap and nasty, and exclusively popular resort of the cocknies, has been comparatively deserted. So it is; the mind wants excitement—in love, or any other less important pursuit, a few obstacles, and a little difficulty, increase our anxiety to obtain the object.

When there was a difficulty in getting to Margate, Margate was the place for all the dear dirty folks who, like their own table-cloths, wanted washing only once a-week; and the deputies' wives, and the deputies themselves, and the violet-backed common councilmen, and the furred-robed liverymen, and their rosy-cheeked ladies raved about Margate: the difficulties were smoothed away, and then for a year or two the very facilities were novelties; and so it went on, till at last the violets, and the furs, and all the rest of them, suggested, according to the rule of three, that if it were so easy to go to Margate in such a time, it would be just as easy to go to some other place much farther off in so much more time; and “Besides that,” says the wife of the Newgate-street salesman, or the Leadenhall butcher, “everybody can go to Margate now;—it is so cheap, and so easy:” and accordingly Margate is voted vulgar, even by the gentlemen of the second table, and nobody who is anybody ever goes there.

Some innocent people have taken advantage of this change of feeling, and have endeavoured to make a watering-place of a thing in a nook called “Herne Bay;” and have stuck out a pier like a comb into what, with a great deal of good-nature, is considered the sea; and here they have donkeys—besides the visitors,—and a hotel, and half-a-dozen wretched holes of houses, for which they charge the price of lodgings in Grosvenor Street or Park Lane. To be sure, as contrasted with that most odious of swamps, Southend, where, to get a sight of day, you are obliged to climb to a row of houses, where you are repaid with little else than the smell of the mud which you have luckily escaped,—Herne Bay, they say, is a paradise; but it is, after all, a fool's paradise, as the speculators in land will find to their cost.

Brighton, owing to the admirable arrangement of the coaches, and the improvement and curtailment of the road, stands pre-eminent. There,—ugly, frightfully ugly as the place is in itself,—are air, and sea, and sunshine, all pure; and in winter (for in summer, when our grandmothers patronized it, it is odious) it affords to the healthy and the invalid everything that can be desired. No change of season is there perceptible; for how should the fall of the leaf afflict us where there is not a tree to be seen?

Hastings is a sort of rabbit-warren: somebody has called it a row of houses in a fives court. It is an odious hole in hot weather; and nobody goes to it when it is cold. Its neighbour, St. Leonard's, appears, like another Venus, to have sprung from the sea in full-matured beauty at a leap. Mr. Burton, who is the founder of this flourishing town, (for so it has become,) seems as if he had served a piece of the Regent's Park's butter-sellers treat a piece of butter,—clapped it up between two wooden paddles all entire, and popped it down at Bulverhithe, or whatever the hamlet is called which he selected for his enterprize. It is truly beautiful, and from the sea has a most imposing effect. Whether the tavern-bills in this place possess a similar character,

“Those best can tell who feel them most.”

Eastbourne is delightful in its way. The sea-houses, as long as they stand, will be charming: but some fine night they will be either blown down or washed away. All the rest of the place is detestable. But none of these once favourite receptacles have been blest by violent overflows—at least, of visitors—this year. No;—my lord and my lady, and my lordling and my ladyling, all go abroad: so must the tag-rag and bob-tail; for those who most affect to despise the nobility invariably try most assiduously to imitate them; and all the odd shillings and sixpences out of the till have gone to afford the interesting Dolly or the pathetic Patty a trip to Brussels, a peep at Antwerp, the *jouissance* of Calais fair, or the delights of a fête at Boulogne.

In revenge for this, a gentleman of the name of Smith, who constantly walk, about in company with a black cane, like that of Simpson of Vauxhall, only on a smaller scale, has astounded the world with the splendours of the Beulah Spa, where all the population of civilized London go to drink water; which water, we are weak enough to believe, is poured into a sort of puddle every morning from some well-regulated recipe of an experienced chemist. The thing under which it is secreted is very like a beehive, and about three times the size of those in which the industrious honey-makers live.

It is a pretty place—when you are out of it;—when you are in it you are very much in the position of a beef-steak in a giblet-pie,—perhaps our readers have heard of the dish,—we mean at the bottom; and when the valley gets pretty—that is to say, when the trees grow up—you might as well be an owl in an ivy-bush, or acting Jack in the Green on May-day, as in the middle of it. However, seriously speaking, it is quite worth going to, even if it were for nothing but the pleasure of getting away from it. No less than two thousand people paid a shilling a-head for admission in one day last year to the beauties of this most popular garden.

In our Commentary of last month, it became our duty to notice the

loss of the Amphitrite convict-ship, which occurred, as it appears by the testimony of the surviving sailors, through the weakness of the surgeon and the pride of his wife, who, by the way, was going out with him without permission. This month we have to notice a case, which, if not involving so great a loss of human life, is characterized by quite as much ignorance or carelessness, and by some acts of atrocity, almost unparalleled in history—we mean as relate to the Earl of Wemyss smack.

Of the criminalities alleged against the man Reeve, who has been committed to Norwich Castle to take his trial, we have no intention to speak; for two reasons, one, because, pending a legal investigation, it would appear unfair to add anything to what is generally known on the subject likely to prejudice the case; and the other, because we consider the felonious part of the affair infinitely less culpable in the scale of enormities, than the besotted callousness which left eleven innocent women and children to perish at a moment when there were but eighteen inches water under the bow of the vessel within two hundred yards of the shore, which gradually shelved to a place of perfect security.

These unhappy persons were told by the master of the smack to get into the upper berths, and they would be quite safe; that the tide was ebbing, and that in an hour it would be so dry round the vessel, that they would be able to walk on shore without wetting their feet. Dissuaded from immediate escape at the hazard of damping their shoes, these unhappy victims betook themselves to these upper berths, and lay there waiting for the water to decrease; and the master of the smack on deck, who could see, of course, what effect the time had produced on the tide, permitted them to remain there, although he found that instead of ebbing the tide was flowing.

But this is not the worst part of the history: the passengers, male passengers, huddled themselves on the companion stairs, where they were standing when a sea broke over the smack, and, breaking through the cabin sky-light, swamped the cabin; to what extent, the reader will understand by reading a letter which has been published by one of these passengers, in which he says, that after the sea had struck the sky-light, he looked into the cabin, and that Mrs. Cormack (who was in one of the upper berths) held up her child to him and shook her head. Is it not clear that if, instead of acquiescing in her melancholy presentiment of death, these gentlemen had rushed into the cabin and hauled the helpless and frightened women out, that they could all have been preserved? Instead of that, these gentlemen were of such delicate tastes and fine feelings, that because it was the ladies' cabin, and some of the ladies were partly undressed, they were afraid or ashamed of taking the liberty of saving their lives! There they stood, till sea after sea burst over the broken sky-lights, each worse than the preceding one, *as the tide rose*, until the delicate gentlemen left their snuggerly and got forward; whence they, the master and the crew, all got safe on shore, as soon as a boat could pull off to them.

The superfine gentility of the gentlemen passengers, however, might in a certain degree have been excited by that love of self which is inherent in the majority of human beings; they saved themselves: and as they were, as the sailors say, "only passengers," they were not, in point of fact, responsible for any one's safety except their own; but that the captain, wholly engrossed by the duty, which we admit to be a very important

one, of saving his vessel, should totally have forgotten the helpless and terrified women under his charge, seems almost inconceivable. It is clear he was in error about the tide; but it is also clear that he must very soon have discovered that error; and if he had discovered it before there were three feet water on the land side of the smack, he could have saved every one of his passengers by handing them over the side, and letting his men wade with them on their shoulders to the shore. The fact is, that he believed them to be safe and out of the way, and expected that the smack would float at the next high water; and the *unexpected* accident of the sea striking her, which ought to have been anticipated and provided against, by either battening in the sky-lights or covering them with tarpaulins, put an end to his scheme.

The strongest proof of the needlessness of this waste of life is to be found in the fact, that, before the ladies took to the berths, there were but eighteen inches water round the vessel, and that, after they were all drowned, a cart was driven alongside the vessel, and these yet warm bodies—outraged in their removal beyond precedent—were placed in it for removal to the church; the same cart and the same horses, it is quite clear, might have conveyed them to the dry land while they were alive and in safety.

We trust that the trumpery six-and-eightpenny feeling of human nature will not predominate in this affair, and that the paltry vengeance upon the supposed stealers of rings and reticules will not supersede the infinitely more just and noble indignation which every one must feel at the conduct of the master of the vessel, and that a question of murder, which might fairly arise out of his conduct, may not be stifled by the punishment of petty larceny, committed by an amateur wrecker, who had nothing whatever to do with the original cause of the mischief and misery.

The details of the unexpected and happy return of Captain Ross and his adventurous companions will be found in another part of our Number; it deserves a few words in our department, because, as it appears to us, Captain Ross, in his last expedition, has done what is the next best thing to succeeding in establishing the existence of a north-west passage—that of establishing its non-entity—he has not only saved himself and his colleagues, but the lives of many others who doubtless would have made new attempts for the purpose of completing the discovery, if the gallant captain had not so completely extinguished the hopes of their enterprising spirits. Captain Ross and his nephew must, to be sure, have felt not a little gratified, when dining at Windsor with our gracious king, by comparing his situation with that in which he was placed a year or two years before on the corresponding day of the month. Of course, we shall have an account of his proceedings during his protracted absence published, which cannot fail to be highly interesting to his countrymen.

The most remarkable feature of our domestic politics during the month is the openly avowed determination on the part of the people not to pay the assessed taxes—a determination fraught, as it must be evident to the meanest capacity, with the most serious consequences, and one at which these popular orators and legislators seem to have arrived without the slightest reason.

In party politics, men providentially and naturally differ; some men

extol, while others others decry the present ministry. We have no political feeling one way or another, but a general desire and disposition to uphold the constitution and the state. In a ship, a mutiny may arise upon a question of destination; and those who dissent from the majority may have some hidden interested motive for wishing the vessel to go to Odessa, while the others rigidly maintain the original intention of steering for Ancona.

It may be, that this very difference of opinion is caused without any sinister intention, but merely upon a different view of the advantages of the probable results of one or the other course; and these bickerings and dissensions are only to be put down by the force of the authority which is delegated to the captain;—but, let the storm lower—let the gale rise and the sea swell—all minor differences upon the point of whither the ship is to go, merge at once in the unanimous effort to keep her afloat, and secure her against the effects of the storm, and save her from wreck and destruction. So with the true patriot, whatever his private opinion of the individuals at the helm of the state may be, and however much he may differ with them on points of duty or discipline, the moment a storm threatens to overwhelm the country, he abandons all party feeling, and lends his aid to the preservation of her best interests and her valuable institutions.

It may be true that the people who now refuse to pay taxes are disappointed, because the performance of ministers has not equalled their promises; but they ought to recollect that all great changes require time to effect them,—at least, if they are to be of any permanent service,—and that it is not a question of promise or pledge which ought to involve an abolition of imposts which are actually and absolutely essential to the existence of the country as a nation.

Now, it is clear that whatever opinion the anti-tax people have formed of the present ministry, they are wrong in their facts;—they say that the assessed taxes were war-taxes, and, therefore, they will not pay them in time of peace; this is gratuitous nonsense: they have paid them for seventeen years in time of peace, and there is no reason upon earth why they should be repealed now more than there was four, seven, or ten years since; the action upon the public mind has been produced, not by this great discovery about peace or war, but because the people are disappointed by the effects of the Reform Bill, which, as these very orators tell us, has reduced trade in the metropolis to such a state of depression that they *cannot* continue to pay the taxes.

We suspect, although we are ready to admit that the extensive emigration of persons of rank and property must considerably affect the metropolitan tradesmen, that the shopkeepers of the present day are as well off as any class of the community: but whether they are or are not, it is clear that, if they choose to refuse their share of contributions to the exigencies of the state, they can claim no share of its protection: and what then? They weaken the arm of the law which protects their property, Might will overcome Right, and the whole country will present one extended scene of anarchy and confusion.

It is quite a mistaken idea to suppose that injuring a government is the way to produce content and comfort. Look at Belgium,—in consequence of the revolution in that country, trade is absolutely dead;—look at all the countries where the people have turned round upon their

rulers. We repeat, we are not talking of the present government here with any party feeling ; we can see their faults as well as anybody,—but we would even conceal them at present, because we are sure that, in enforcing a necessary taxation, they only do that without which the country cannot exist. If they have given pledges and made promises, they will doubtlessly redeem the one and fulfil the other ; but let them wait until they can be called upon so to do constitutionally in parliament, and do not let a faction of turbulent and dissatisfied men (and it generally occurs that the most violent anti-tax payers are people who never paid a direct tax in their lives) thwart and embarrass the ministry by a resistance which, we have no hesitation in saying, is at once weak and wicked.

We do not venture upon the province of theatrical criticism in our commentaries, but really the gigantic undertaking of managing the two great houses by one hand deserves a word or two, rather under the head of “wonderful fortitude,” than in a classification of dramatic memoranda.

Providence has given us two eyes ; so that if one should be poked out by any accident, we may yet see with the other. So government gave London two winter theatres, not, perhaps, with the providential forethought, that if one were burnt down the public might use the other, but, as it seems to us, that they might emulate and stimulate each other to great exertions for popular edification and amusement ; and it is quite certain that theatrical matters were never in such a flourishing state as when there were two distinct companies of actors, and when what is called the monopoly was in full force. Colman’s “John Bull,” and Sheridan’s “Pizzaro,” produced to the rival theatres, nearly about the same period, not less than fifty thousand pounds each. Where then was the great mart of talent ?—it concentrated in what Mr. Spring, the box-book and housekeeper, called “the Lane” and “the Garden,” and blazed away in public splendour and private respectability, unknown the moment that playhouses sprang up like pumpkins, and scattered theatrical ability all over the courts and alleys of the metropolis.

The two great eyes,—to carry on the allegory,—got weaker and weaker every year till at last the speculation in either became very bad indeed. Mr. Bunn is endeavouring to cure the ophthalmia by taking both under his control ; and as far as having them both he is, perhaps, wise ;—in opening both, we think he is not,—unless he considers it right for the name of the thing, that both the patent theatres should exist.

It is clear to us, as a matter of profit, he would best succeed if he closed one altogether. A sportsman always shuts one eye when he means to make his shot tell ; and, as far as the playhouses are concerned, it seems the most absurd piece of pains-taking to find Mr. King acting Rolla at the “Lane” one night, and the next playing Alexander at the “Garden”—a Mrs. Sloman (who they say is a very fine actress) practising the pathetic at the “Garden” on Monday, and doing the sentimental in the “Lane” on Tuesday. Select one house—say Covent Garden, because we believe it the larger—jam into it all the dignity, sentiment, pathos, pantomime, comedy, farce, and interlude to be got ; stuff it like a turkey at Christmas, and shut up Old Drury. As it is, neither house is ever half full ; then one might be crowded, and the

moment the public ascertained that it was inconveniently crowded, and that there was not a box to be had to see Mrs. Sloman act, or hear Miss Inferiority (or whatever the young lady's name is) sing, they would all conspire to squeeze each other, and the string of hackney-coaches would reach half up Long Acre.

For an enlargement upon the question of the majors and minors we have no room this month—we may have next; but we must just observe, that the acting of Mrs. Yates in a domestic drama (as it is termed) called “Grace Huntley,” at the Adelphi, is just as near perfection as anything on a stage can be. She is a Garrick in petticoats, and symmetrical as her figure is, we hope never to see her in any thing else. If Mr. Reeve would act his fun in sober sadness, he would really be a good player; but, like another and a much greater mime, “the drink,” as old Mrs. Hamlet says in the play, has exactly the opposite effect upon his fun that he wishes it to have; it makes him dull, stupid, and unintelligible.

Mathews's gallery at the Queen's Bazaar has closed; its exhibition, and its complete failure in attraction, shows, in a most curious manner, the value of a shilling in the estimation of man and womankind. While these very pictures were in his own house, huddled higgledy-piggledy in a small, narrow gallery, every body was dying to see them; half the lords in the creation and of their ladies, all the sages and even saints were on the *qui vive* to get a peep at Mathews's pictures. Here have they been better arranged than they ever were before, seen to infinitely greater advantage, and not ten people a day have been to look at them. To be sure, in going to Mathews's house, besides paying nothing for admission, the visitors were sure to experience the effects of his generous hospitality—and a more liberal man does not exist—the cold collation was an invariable result of the warm reception; and it may be, as is the case with some connoisseurs, that the “plates” were a greater attraction than the “pictures.” Be that as it may, it is certain that the absolute neglect of the collection, valuable as it is, in many instances, from the intrinsic value of the portraits, but in all from the peculiarity and exclusiveness of its character, has established the importance of twelve pennies in the public mind, and, what is more mortifying to a zealous friend of the craft, the entire absence of any interest about theatrical matters in general society.

The Garrick Club, recently established in King Street, Covent Garden, have been in treaty with Mr. Mathews for the entire collection. Should they agree upon terms, they propose building a room for its reception. We can conceive no destination so suitable—none so secure as to its remaining unbroken. No private individual could or would buy the portraits of four or five hundred actors. The collection, if brought to public sale, would be weeded of the good pictures, and eventually scattered and destroyed, which, after nearly thirty years' labour in the concentration of them, would be too bad. At this Garrick Club they would be deposited entire, and remain in the most suitable *locale* imaginable. We hope the bargain will be concluded, because we are sure it would be desirable to preserve the “Gallery” as it is, and pretty nearly certain that it would be the best bargain for Mr. Mathews himself.

The Lion's Mouth.

“ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM.”—*Horat.*

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—On passing through Berkhamstead the other day, I naturally sought for the little quiet vicarage in which Cowper was born—a drawing of which met my eye in the pretty parlour of pretty Miss Page of the King's Arms Inn. With deep grief and indignation I learnt that a Vandal named Crofts, the present vicar, pulled it utterly down about three years ago, and raised a mass of brick and mortar in its place. Sir, this act should be made public, in order that public scorn may recompense the bad taste and bad feeling of the parson who did it. If you think so, give this note a corner in your excellent Magazine. Sir, Yours, LL.D.

[From a batch of “Merry Poems” we select the following; but the writer must do better next time.]

LOVE'S ALAS !

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”

Th' unluckiest lover sure am I

That ever penned a sonnet,

Or eulogized a lady's eye,

Or tied a lady's bonnet.

And what is worse, my case is one

That hath no parallel

In Cupid's calendar. There's none

E'er loved so ill—so well!

Perhaps you'll think Louise is crusty—

Or else too young—or I

A bachelor, grown old and fusty,

Less fit to wed than die.

Or, perhaps, you'll think my goddess slily

Some one else caresses;

Or that papa has treated drily

Me and my addresses.

Yet no: I am but twenty-one;

The nymph not quite so aged;

Moreover, I'm an only son,

And she quite disengaged.

As for papa and ma, I'm sure

They'll never rant and rave,

Because I know they're both secure,

And quiet—in the grave.

Neither is't absence mars my lot;

Nor illness, which is worse;

Nor yet that wedlock's antidote,

Yclept an empty purse.

Then what, you'll ask,—what can it be,

I' the name of love and wonder,

That keeps my sweet Louise and me

So wrongfully asunder?

This—this the cause of all my woes—

Woes that no tears can quench!

She not a word of English knows,

And I not one of French.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Treatise on those Disorders of the Brain and Nervous System usually considered and called Mental. By David Uwins.

Our planet has been called the Bedlam of the system. If it be so, how pleasing to observe the more convalescent of the patients strenuously devoting their skill and attention to the alleviation, or at least the solace, of their common malady! And how admirable the dispositions with which Providence has fitted up this beauteous hospital of incurables! What endless varieties of grace and sublimity to breathe peace and gladness to the diseased soul, and to prepare, by the gentlest, but most healing of disciplines, the human maniac for that better condition where Reason will have nothing to fear from the rabble of vices and passions that have dethroned her in the present! Viewing the matter in this light, we may consider our external world but as a series of remedial processes, or rather palliatives, to assuage our several lunacies,—its glades of verdure—the breeze, the brook, and the sweet music they discourse—the

ποντὶς κύματος

Ἀναρίθμουν γέλασμα;

those summer-smiles of the ocean—all the charms and spells that Nature flings around us,—the whole earth, in short, but as a vast elaboratory, where the medicines are mixed and compounded.

But our vocation restricts us to the prosaic side of the question. We are not all so mad as Dr. Haslam thinks; and his remark, that “there is no individual of a sound mind,” is an epigram, not an aphorism. Insanity, thank God, is an excepted case in the book of our existence;—a parenthesis only, that interrupts and suspends its context; and our friend Haslam knows it as well as we do, for an unsound is a morbid state of mind. That which is morbid implies a change: whereas, if our minds were unsound in their primary structure, insanity would be a symptom, not a change. There is nothing like bringing these gentlemen, who deal in strong expressions, now and then to book. But our business is with Dr. Uwins, whose Treatise we unfeignedly think is the best which the subject has yet called forth. He treats it as a gentleman and a scholar: if technical occasionally, it is from necessity, and the penury of our language in medical terms;—above all, he affirms nothing but from a copious induction of particulars. But why busy himself about a definition of madness, or about the definitions of Darwin and Brown? Why not enter at once upon the subject, without detaining himself and his readers in the useless ante-chamber of a definition? Insanity is too multiform in character, and too volatile in essence, to endure the chains of a definition. If you extend your definition, it becomes description; and, as definition is forbidden to enumerate, it is quite clear there can be no definition of insanity. Dr. Uwins with his “erroneous conception,” Darwin with his “excess of active volition,” will not help us. As for erroneous conception, we need not remind our accomplished author that the most sound and accurate conception frequently leads to those entangled problems and wild eccentricities of conduct which are the ordinary phenomena of madness. *Erroneous conception, supplying volition with motives that render its exercise unsafe to the individual and to society*, comes somewhat nearer the mark. Yet how much must be implied, and how much omitted, in such a definition! It says nothing of that necessary ingredient of madness—a too hurried process of association;—that frontier-line at which an ardent imagination ends, and a disordered intellect begins. We could have wished, also, that he had let phrenology alone; for it grieves us to see him struggling, like Sinbad, with a load of materialism on his back enough to sink or strangle him. A medical reasoner, who argues from cerebral conforma-

tion, must treat insanity, not as a disease to be cured, but an evil to be borne. The usual doctrine of mind will answer his purpose quite as well; and it is a rule in philosophizing not to call in more causes than are required to account for a given effect. The crusaders were as mad as March hares; but, admitting Peter the Hermit to have been determined by a projection of the cerebral mass to the freaks of folly and superstition which turned Europe and Asia upside down, was the same organic disposition likely to exist amongst the thousands and tens of thousands, as mad as himself, that flocked to his standard?

The truth is, unpalatable as it is to the pride of human philosophy, these problems must for ever remain unsolved; their solution implying a total change in the moral constitution of our nature. It were a more useful as well as a more modest procedure to limit our inquiries to the pathology of the disease, with a view to establish a correct mode of treating patients who are labouring under this awful visitation; and although to medical students we strongly recommend the profound remarks of Dr. Uwins on the pathological conditions or proximate causes of the malady, his chapters on the Prospects of Recovery, and the Preventives of the disease, contain good sense and sound reasonings of universal application. And when our author quits the dry and, we fear, barren soil of nosological disquisition for a series of strong-minded expostulations upon the duty "of being satisfied with cheaply-bought pleasures," of keeping the nerves "alive to pleasurable, and dead to painful sensations," "of cultivating self-respect," and, as a precaution against religious insanity, which is a frequent and melancholy phasis of the disease, urging us to bear in mind "that piety is not measured by ardent feeling, or by an ascetic abstinence from the pleasures of existence," he speaks in the lofty and convincing tone of a moral philosopher, whose lessons derive resistless authority from a profound knowledge of man and his unhappy nature.

But it is to the *treatment* of the disease that all reasonings ought to be subservient, to be worth a farthing; and it is delightful to see what rapid strides have been made in this interesting branch of therapeutics. The most signal improvement is the growing disposition on the part of the directors of public hospitals and of private establishments to prevent the exhibition of the patients to gratify a wanton curiosity. Bedlam was at one time one of the *fashionable* sights of London. Ben Jonson makes Sir John Daw, in the "Silent Woman," escort the ladies to it as a regular morning lounge; and even so late as 1784, when Mackenzie published his "Man of Feeling," that pleasing writer begins one of his chapters thus:—"Of those things called sights in London, which every stranger is supposed desirous to see, Bedlam is one. To that place, therefore, an acquaintance of Harley's, after having accompanied him to *several other shows*, proposed a visit." But the author puts into the mouth of Harley his own good sense upon the subject:—"I think it an inhuman practice to expose the greatest misery with which our nature is afflicted to every idle visitant who can afford a trifling perquisite to the keeper; especially as it is a distress which the humane must see with the painful reflection that it is not in their power to alleviate it."

The Duchess of Berri in La Vendée. By General Dermoncourt.

Pauvre Madame! The most rigid English prude—(we say *English*, as the prude English is the prude *par excellence*)—must feel interest in, and compassion for, the fate of this illustrious but unfortunate lady. Of a right royal line—the widow of a Bourbon—the mother of a prince—she has struggled with difficulties and privations like a heroine; and had she lived in the gallant days of chivalry, a thousand—ay, ten thousand—swords would have leaped from their scabbards to aid a cause wild and impracticable as the one she engaged in, for only her own sweet sake. Much and deeply as

we regret the statements that have been circulated and believed to her disadvantage, we argue that an Italian woman is not to be tried by the same laws that would determine the morality or immorality of an English one. The General who records her romantic adventures, very properly observes, that—

“ Like all Neapolitan girls, of whatever rank or station, she has received scarcely any education. With her all is nature and instinct; she is a creature of impulse; she allows her feelings to carry her away without attempting to restrain them; and when any one inspires her with confidence, she yields to it without restriction. She is capable of supporting the greatest fatigue, and encountering the most appalling danger, with the patience and courage of a soldier. * * * * * Contrary to the general nature of princes, she feels gratitude, and is not ashamed to own it. Moreover, hatred is foreign to her nature. No gall ever tinged her heart, even against those who have done her the most injury.”

Had the Duchess de Berri received a proper education, she would have been ranked amongst the worthies—as she must be amongst the heroines—of the present day. In many things she is “ a glorious woman”—half mad and whole obstinate, we are willing to admit—but still a frank-hearted, generous being, with enough of nobility in her little heart to stock half the modern courts of Europe with that much-needed quality.—The whole of the arrangements in La Vendée were conducted in a way more akin to the olden than the present period. Though the peasantry were faithful, and attached to the cause, yet there was a want of union of purpose amongst those of influence and power in the district. The Duchess must have known this; and appears to us to have relied more upon the generosity of “ her brave Vendéans” than any unimpassioned person would consider wise or prudent. The privations experienced by Madame, and her various exploits, have been for some time before the public, and yet the General’s work loses nothing of its interest.

This “ novel of real life,” for so we may truly call the volume before us, is full of the wildest adventure, told in a graceful and pleasing manner, elegantly written in the original, and well translated. The *tournure*—if we may be permitted the expression—of the language is preserved, and we are happy to find that the book is likely to have the popularity it deserves.

The heroes of La Vendée appear to have been as much worked upon by a religious as a political *furor*. They wore, suspended from their neck, a scapulary; and one prisoner had attached to his scapulary a gold heart, surmounted by a small cross, upon which was engraven—GOD AND THE KING.

We cannot avoid noticing a very characteristic anecdote, of the translator’s own selection: perhaps it would be too *strong*, at present, for the French:—

“ Among the letters written to the Duchess of Berri, was one from Marshal Soult, stating that he would be entirely hers (*tout à elle*) on condition that she would re-establish, in his favour, the office of Constable of France. Her reply was as follows:—

“ Monsieur Le Maréchal,

“ The sword of Constable of France is to be won only in the field of battle. I await your presence there.”

Bravo, Madame! Under Napoleon, Soult was a brave and skilful soldier; a fawning sycophant during the short revival of the Bourbon dynasty; but what has Louis Philippe to expect after such an offer from his Minister of War?

We cordially recommend General Dermoncourt’s Narrative, both for its interest and information, and have only to regret that it was not published in a smaller and cheaper form.

Travels and Researches in Caffraria; describing the Character, Customs, and Moral Condition of the Tribes inhabiting that portion of Southern Africa; with Historical and Topographical Remarks, illustrative of the State and Prospects of the British Settlement on its Borders, the introduction of Christianity, and the progress of Civilization. By Stephen Kay, Corresponding Member of the South African Institution, &c.

The civilization of the immense savage population with which the British possessions in Southern Africa are environed is becoming every day, both in a moral and political sense, a matter of deep and increasing moment. Under this impression we have perused the small but judicious work before us with feelings of far greater interest than its varied contents, amusing as they are, would otherwise have excited.

With extensive opportunities for observation, it fortunately happened that the present author combined a spirit of investigation and the advantage of much general information; so that, independently of its serious object, the work is valuable as a book of travels, and contains more miscellaneous information than a single volume of such a size would seem to promise.

We perfectly agree with Mr. Kay as to the propriety of rendering missionary stations, when *discreetly* managed, the foundation of our commercial intercourse with the coloured *Africans*; but, from a strong impression that it will be from the promontory of Africa that the tide of civilization, with the blessings of Christianity and freedom, will ultimately overflow the whole of that immense continent, we would place far more stress than he has done on the propriety, nay, the necessity (in a political sense), of the appointment by Government of civil agents to reside with the different tribes, as advised by his Majesty's Commissioners in their Report on the Cape.

With the same views we would strongly recommend that the original costume of the Caffer nation—the kilt, &c.—should be carefully retained, as the partial assumption of a second-rate European dress would soon render them ridiculous and contemptible in the eyes of their inland neighbours, and effectually counteract the force of their example in more important matters.

For information in some particulars which he considered beyond his purpose, the author has very properly referred the reader to other works, among which we would requote those by Lichtenstein and Thompson, with the addition of the delightful “Letters from Southern Africa,” by Rose, not mentioned, but really entitled to high praise for their descriptions of the sublime and beautiful in landscape.

In concluding we would remark, that, though rather too much inclined to the gloomy side of the picture, the view of the native tribes, as given by this writer, fully accords with our previous impression that they are the most intelligent, brave, generous, and picturesque race of savages known: indeed, their very vices and superstitions, dreadful as they are, frequently arise from untamed force of character and vigour of imagination, as the rankest weeds spring from the richest soil.

Some traditional records of the principal tribes are well condensed; and the historical details, quoted from Pringle, relative to the patriotic usurper and pretended prophet, Makanna, are romantic and interesting. Upon the whole, we can only wish for many more such missionaries as Mr. Kay, and the fostering interference of a benevolent Government, to render the now wild *Africans* of the wilderness, in less than half a century, most important allies to the British Crown in Africa.

The Heiress. 3 vols.

Quite a modern fairy tale. The Heiress is a fair damsel, who has been gifted, even in her cradle, with all sorts of good gifts—beauty, wealth, and every amiable quality; yet, as in this world there is no sunshine without shade, or, as the old ballad has it,

“ Every white has its black,
And every sweet has its sour,”

so the career of the fair Helen (such is the name of the heroine) has its chequers of light and shadow. The story opens by the “gentle lady’s” return home, as an orphan, to the old ancestral hall, which she had left with her parents in a vain quest of that health which they were not destined to find. The scene in the village church, which she visits, to gaze alone upon the tablet inscribed with their names, is very touching. We are soon in the very thick of the love adventures; and never, since the days of Penelope, was gentle dame so beset with suitors. The first—“a sublime sort of Werter-faced man”—having to perfection the “dear corsair expression—half savage, half soft,” very nearly cuts the work short in the first volume; and as, evening after evening, the parties stand watching thunder-storms, moonlight skies, &c. &c., we begin to wonder how the “course of love” would run at all, without an obstacle in the way. Fortunately, the gentleman’s temper is a very sufficient obstacle, and Helen refuses the fascinating Mr. Dormer on principle. Divers other lovers succeed; and at last the Heiress makes a most charming feminine and indiscreet choice—when we say indiscreet, we only mean as regards worldly prospects. However, all ends well at last, and we have the young couple, as the fairy tales have it, “living very happily all the rest of their lives.” The dialogues are lively and spirited.

A Report of the Method and Result of the Treatment for the Malignant Cholera, by small and frequently-repeated Doses of Calomel, with an Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of the Complaint. By Joseph Ayre, M.D., Physician to several of the Charities in Hull.

So much has been written and published on the subject of “the cholera,” and so little to encourage a hope of any remedy, still less of a specific, being discovered for it, that we are very sceptical when a new plan of treatment or cure is announced. Taking the sum total of reported cases and recoveries, it will be found that the latter bear to the former rather above the proportion of a *third*; and this result has come out under great variety of treatment, and under as great variety of medical talent and cure, each person probably holding different opinions as to the origin and pathological conditions of the disease, which have led to the most strange and opposite practices in endeavouring to subdue it. Can it then be said that those who have struggled through the disease under such *experimental* treatment have been *cured*? May it not rather in truth be said that they have *escaped* from the *nimia diligentia medicorum* by the strength of good constitutions and the reparative energies of nature? Upon Dr. Ayre’s own showing, his treatment by small and frequently-repeated doses of calomel, the proportion of deaths were only reduced from more than a *third* to a *fifth*, being 43 out of 219—a reduction far too small to warrant a conclusion that calomel must henceforth be considered a specific remedy for so intractable and rapidly-destructive a disease. That it was fully and fairly administered, our readers will judge when we state Dr. Ayre’s own words on the subject:—

“The largest quantity of calomel taken by a patient of mine, one who recovered, was 580 grains, and the smallest about 15 or 20 by an infant, the medium amount being about 80, though many patients, and some of them children, took from 200 to 300 grains. *No evil effects of any kind* arose, either *then* or *since*, from the medicine: no *severe* ptyalism occurred in any case, and it was only to four persons that I thought it necessary to order anything to correct it.”

Dr. Ayre considers the disease rather epidemic than contagious, and in this opinion we fully concur. His theory of the disease is,

“That it consists essentially in an interruption, and, in its malignant form, in a sudden and entire cessation, of the secretion of the liver; and primarily, as the result of it, of a congestion of the portal circle or secretory system of veins of the liver; and in the malignant kind, successively of those veins of the abdominal viscera and vertebral column whose venous circulation is associated with them.

“That the *remote* cause of this state consists in a morbid irritation primarily set up in the stomach and bowels by a certain *malaria*, assisted by unwholesome food; that the malaria is of a specific nature, and generated in certain localities conspicuous for defective drainage and other definite peculiarities, and wrought into a state of malignancy by concurrent but inappreciable conditions of the atmosphere; that the specific malaria thus modified exerts its influence chiefly in the localities where it is generated, and where, from its concentration, it is imbued with the most power; and lastly, that it affects, within the range of its influence, *almost exclusively*, those only of the community in whom a predisposition is induced by the habitual *disuse* of animal food, and by the derangement of the stomach and of the system, which has resulted from an exclusive and improper use of vegetable and fermenting diet.”

In this lies the secret why the poor in this and all countries endured its attacks, and why the better-conditioned classes were almost wholly exempt from it. Dr. Ayre says—

“Of all the patients I saw in this town, not a dozen, out of upwards of two hundred, were in circumstances to procure meat daily, and many only once or twice a week, and some only very occasionally; while the remainder, forming an immense majority, not at all.”

Dr. Ayre's treatment was giving one or two grains of calomel with one or two drops of laudanum every five or ten minutes, according to the urgency of the case; watching the decline of the disease, and widening the interval of giving the medicine to fifteen or twenty minutes. But little external treatment was adopted—chiefly mustard poultices to the abdomen, and bags of warm sand to the feet.

Dr. Ayre is already favourably known to the profession by his works on Dropsy and Disordered Digestion; and the present work will not derogate from the character he has long held as a highly intelligent and talented physician.

Aurungzebe. 3 vols.

The East has lately become a favourite domain of fiction. For a time, its only associations were those of the inimitable Arabian Nights; but of late there have been many modern associations. Mr. Fraser's “Kuzzilbash” first introduced scenes of Indian history; and his sacking of Delhi, by Nadir Shah, was a true and terrible picture. The present volumes introduce a portion of one of the most extraordinary reigns of the Mogul dynasty. Aurungzebe was an unusual combination of opposite qualities. He was brave, yet politic; superstitious, yet making his very superstition minister to his purpose; just when on the throne, yet scrupling at no crime to obtain its possession. As a man, the balance is fearfully against him; as a monarch, he merits the highest encomiums. The story is animated and various; while the hero, as it is his bounden duty to do, gets into all sorts of scrapes. The revolt of the fakirs is a striking feature in the tale, and is spiritedly managed. It is a characteristic trait of Aurungzebe, that, in this rebellion, which at one time made him tremble on his throne, he armed one fanaticism against another, and gave his soldiers spells, which, he said, worn about the person, were securities of victory,—and securities they certainly were, for the belief in success is the first step to its achievement. The fakir Buccas is an original sketch; and the last scenes increase in interest. There is some pleasant description; and the Oriental character is well preserved.

A Synopsis of Systematic Botany, as connected with the Plants admitted into the Pharmacopœias; accompanied by a Planisphere, showing the Class and Order of the Medical Genera, according to Linnæus and Jussieu. By Thomas Castle, F.L.S.

Mr. Castle is well known to the medical student as a compiler of elementary works on Surgery and Botany—his condensation of Sir Astley Cooper's Lectures into a cheap duodecimo having had a run among the hospital classes. The present work has a very neat and ingenious planisphere for a frontispiece, consisting of a revolving circular card, having engraved on it the twenty-four Linnæan botanical classes and orders; and in three outer concentric circles are marked in succession the Linnæan genera, the Linnæan natural orders, and the orders according to the arrangement of Jussieu. We are very unwilling to disparage any of Mr. Castle's endeavours to communicate information to his younger brethren, but we are constrained to say that there is more of ingenuity than utility in the present production. Medical students must learn not medical only, but general botany in the fields, if they mean to learn it at all; it is one of the descriptive sciences, and can be acquired only by personal examination of the objects described. The mere loading the memory with botanical terms, or the hard words of the Jussieuan system, cannot be called knowing or learning botany, nor will it enable a student to creep through an examination at Apothecaries' Hall, where, if he has no other knowledge of the subject than what he has gained from books, he will assuredly be rejected.

Picken's Traditionary Stories. 2 vols.

The two very entertaining volumes before us possess a double interest—one arising from the animated narratives of Mr. Picken; the other, from the fact that the legends have their origin in real, not fictitious occurrences. There is something peculiarly pleasing in thus chasing the shadows of departed times, and giving to their characters and achievements a name and an habitation among ourselves.

Tradition enables us to see, as through a dim glass, visions of gone by days; and he who disperses the darkness, and enables us to behold, face to face, those who have been known to us only as dreams, may be termed a moral necromancer, and deserves our thanks and gratitude. Albeit that Mr. Picken's style is, at times, uncouth and unpolished, there is a raciness and vigour about his descriptions, and an earnestness in his delineation of character, which render his productions of more interest than, at the commencement, one would be led to suppose; get over the first or second page, and you are sure to go on with increased and increasing pleasure to the termination. "Lady Barbara of Carloghie and the Johnstones of Fairley" is a tale founded not upon one, but upon many traditions, and is replete with incident, combining both power and sweetness; the story, showing the ill effects arising from unequal marriages, would dramatize admirably, and display, at the same time, an excellent moral. "The Three Maids of Loudon" is a slight, but pleasing sketch of those who wooed after the fashion of Sir Walter Scott's "Lochinvar," and will afford much pleasure to readers who love adventure. "The Priors of Lawford" is a long and varied legend; interesting as a whole, but somewhat unequal in parts. The long conversations on theological subjects are, in our opinion, out of place; perhaps our Scottish friends may not think so,—they are fond of controversy, consequently the dialogues are in keeping with the times. At all events, as they have but little connexion with the tale, it is easy to overlook them,—a plan we need not recommend to practised novel-readers. "The Hays and the Fight of Loncarty" is a vivid and spirited sketch of what occurred in the

"Days when our King Robert rang."

Indeed, we are not acquainted with any who manage a short tale better than the author of "The Dominie's Legacy."

The notes appended to these volumes are exceedingly interesting, and do much credit to Mr. Picken's research and selection; but we have a crow to pluck on the score of liberality; it does not become the inhabitant of one *poor* country to cast the *poverty* of another country in its teeth as a reproach. We consider the expression "vermin," applied to the unfortunate Irish, (who, Mr. Picken says, with some shadow of truth, "infest this country,") as a stain both upon Mr. Picken's page and reputation. All the world knows our author to be a Scotchman; and, as Scotchmen are by no means celebrated either for their liberality of sentiment, their stay-at-home habits, or depth of purse, it would have been wiser in him to have looked at home before he coarsely stigmatized another nation.

Howitt's Book of the Seasons. Second Edition.

We hail with real pleasure the re-appearance of this delightful volume. Its exterior has been much improved; and it makes an elegant addition to the library, without losing its attractions as one of the most entertaining companions we know of—in the field, or at the fire-side,—on the mountain's brow, or by the margin of some quiet river.

We recommend friend Howitt's book to all classes of readers;—to the romantic, because of its acquaintance with whatever ennobles and directs, without destroying, the bright influences of imagination;—to the philosophic, because, devoid of everything like bigotry or party spirit, it leads the mind to inquire and investigate with zeal and energy, bearing still in remembrance the power "which is above all, and in all." To the young, Howitt's "Book of the Seasons" will prove a little library of natural knowledge; and the poetic reader cannot fail to appreciate the wise and genuine poetry with which Mary Howitt has enriched her husband's production.

Nurse M'Vourneen.

This is a little Irish story, belonging entirely to the sister island: it has not even found an English publisher, and the author is one quite unknown to us; but this we must say, that we know not when we have met so charming a tale. It is full of nature and pathos, and told with the most touching simplicity. It is the history of a child whose father contracts a second marriage, and is supposed to be told by her nurse. It deserves to be universally read; and to be so, it only requires to be known.

THE ANNUALS.

The season of the Annuals is again with us, reminding us, too soon, that winter is at hand. Our readers are aware, that this pleasant, if not profitable, class of works, was introduced into England as Christmas presents; but one untoward circumstance or another has contributed to forward their publication so long before the "rolling year" brings round the *merriest* of its months, that they are now almost as much Easter Offerings as New Year's Gifts. The evil is great; it is a sort of annual *felo de se*, and is contributing to the downfall of a race the extinction of which we shall regret. We could better spare better works: like the crysanthemum in the garden, they enliven the paths of literature when productions of greater value are away from us. They make no very heavy claims upon our time and purse, but they are gay and gladsome things, and, as Souvenirs, Friendship Offerings, or Keepsakes, always welcome to our table. In October, however, they are out of place; and, but that duty compels a present inspection, we should leave the external covers unbroken, and lay them aside until the snow was around us, and the wind howled about the well-closed windows, while we sat by the cheerful fire and laughed its

threats to scorn. We must, however, introduce to our readers the *Annuals* for 1834,—although we may not live to see the year they propose to commemorate. We shall class them according to their respective ages, commencing with

The Forget Me Not.

It is always a pleasant volume,—and, at least, does not grow weaker with increasing years. Although the parent of a score of flourishing children, it maintains and establishes its claim to rival in vigour and beauty the best among the many to which it has given birth; with us its claim will continue undisputed. Here we have eleven prints, some of surprising excellence, and few below mediocrity. The frontispiece is perhaps the best; it is from a drawing by Hart, of whose high talents we have had frequent occasion to speak. “The Great Balas Ruby” is accompanied by a fine and spirited tale by Miss Lawrence, who has dwelt so long and so ardently among the legends of the olden time. “Chains of the Heart” is the print that succeeds it, with a story in which we recognize the master-hand to which the “Forget Me Not” has been long indebted. “The Mother’s Picture” is not one of Mr. Stone’s happiest efforts. Prout and W. Westall have contributed two excellent landscapes. “Victoria” pleases us least of any, unless it be the “Julia” of Mr. Wood. “Scottish Haymakers,” by Kidd, is a sweet print; and the accompanying letterpress, by the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the best things in the volume. The literature of the “Forget Me Not” is this year, at all events, above par. The contributors seem to have done their best, and they consist for the most part of writers “known to Fame.” “The Will” is one of Miss Mitford’s most pleasant stories, and “Tibbie Inglis” one of Mary Howitt’s happiest ballads. Mr. Stone, an American, and “the Old Sailor,” appear to be exclusively the property of Messrs. Ackermann; the one is an able assistant, the other an efficient “help.” On the whole we congratulate the editor on the successful results of his annual labours, and hope to do so for many years to come.

Friendship’s Offering.

Mr. Pringle, the editor of “Friendship’s Offering”—we are at a loss to conceive why so excellent a name is withheld from the title-page of the book—has for many years succeeded in rendering his volume the best of the *Annuals*, as far as its literary contents can make it so; but the publishers are not equally fortunate as regards the embellishments. With the exception of two or three, those before us are exceedingly meagre. Two of Mr. Richter’s, and one by Mr. Pastorini, are almost enough to prevent the “Friendship’s Offering” ever being a friendship’s offering from us; to say nothing of the “Ball Room,” and the mournful-looking lady “Isabel.” But we have amends: the portrait, after Jackson, is very beautiful. Our copy happens to be a bad impression. The background is “rotten,” and it is printed in a slovenly manner. Still we can perceive and estimate the beauty of this plate. The frontispiece is a sweet subject; “The Devotee,” by J. M. Moore, a young artist of great promise. “Innocence,” from a painting by Parris, is also a delicious print. We cannot say as much of another production of the same pencil—“The Absent.” There is a fine landscape by Martin, the only one of his that we perceive in the *Annuals* of this year. If our praise of the illustrations has been somewhat qualified, we may safely speak of the literary contents in terms of unmingled approbation, and place the contributions of the editor among the best in the volume. The book is perhaps a little too Scotch; the themes are for the most part Scotland, and Scottish men and women; but for this, if a fault, we are amply compensated by their excellence and deep interest. Leitch Ritchie, Barry Cornwall, Mrs. Norton, Miss Mitford, Coleridge, Banim, Charles Tayler, Whitehead, and a host of other admirable and distinguished writers, have united to work out the contents, and they have laboured to

good purpose. The book will bear reading from beginning to end. We make no exception, for we have not found a single weak or faulty page ; and so, we once more offer our Annual thanks and congratulations to Mr. Pringle.

The Literary Souvenir.

We are unable to compliment Mr. Watts this year. His volume is inferior, in all respects, to any of the nine by which it has been preceded. Setting aside William and Mary Howitt, his list of contributors is exceedingly meagre ; and the plates, with one or two exceptions, are poor in design and wretched in execution. We write this "more in sorrow than in anger," because we cannot forget that Mr. Watts was the first to give to the class of works introduced among us from the German, a far higher character than their original importer ever contemplated for them. If he has suffered competitors to outstep him in the race, the fault is all his own. He has announced a new series, to commence with the next volume. He must summon all his energies, and call upon all his friends, to aid him in the task, or he will never regain the advantage he has lost. His "New Series" must be new altogether—or the consequences will be that the "Souvenir," once by much the best of the Annuals, will be the lowest of the class. Above all, he must not continue under the impression that saving is always gain ; it is often far otherwise.

The Amulet.

Although we cannot exclude "The Amulet" from the annual list, there are circumstances (we adverted to them more distinctly last year) which prevent our commenting upon it either in the way of praise or blame. As far as we are concerned, it must rest upon its own merits, whatever they may be.

The Landscape Annual.

Mr. Roscoe is an excellent compiler. He has contrived, from year to year, to lay before us a very interesting, and, we may add, valuable book, in which he has so judiciously blended fact with fiction as at once to amuse and inform the reader. The volume for the present year contains "The Tourist in France." The illustrations (in number twenty-six) are all from the pencil of J. D. Harding, and very beautiful they are, the subjects well chosen, and the peculiar character of the several places skilfully preserved. The engravers have, with few exceptions, done justice to the painter ; and, altogether, the fifth volume sustains, if it do not add to, the reputation which its predecessors have gained. It is a marvellously cheap book.

The Comic Offering.

Miss Sheridan is welcome, although the weather is yet too sunny—too much of the glad and gay in nature—to enjoy her company as we shall do when the sleet and the storm bid the fire blaze on the cheerful hearth. This is a most ungallant complaint ; and we trust the fair editor will take the sentence only as it is meant. In truth, *her* book, at least, should have been kept for November ; it might then have saved many a precious life. *We* shall keep it until long evenings and blue devils prevail, and so arm ourselves with it as to become omnipotent against the evil influence of both. Meanwhile we have dipped into it, found it full of fun, read one excellent story by Lady Clarke, half-a-dozen merry poems by the editor, grinned over a score of puns—not the less welcome for being old friends in a new dress,—and laughed "until our sides did ache" at the admirable wood-cuts that so abound in the volume.

The Picturesque Annual.

The first—but it will not be the last—of Mr. Charles Heath's pleasant

and profitable family. Rumour is loud in praise of the "Keepsake," the "Book of Beauty," and the work of Turner; and we look for them with anticipations of deep delight. The "Picturesque" contains twenty-one views on the sea-coasts of France, from the drawings of Mr. Stanfield: they are all of exceeding beauty, and engraved with extreme care. But Mr. Heath has, in this respect, an advantage over all his competitors. A print carelessly executed never passes through his hands: his own studio is full of competent artists to finish, and his own eye quick to detect any incompleteness, before a work is issued to the public under the sanction of his name. Mr. Ritchie has done his part well: he is the very perfection of short and exciting story-tellers; and, withal, a good collector of useful information. His style is at once clear and forcible; and he possesses the happy knack of carrying the reader on with him from page to page, without the wearying of a moment. The "Picturesque" is not only a beautiful, but an useful book.

The Oriental Annual.

This is, at least, a novelty in Annuals; the views are all in India, and all by Mr. Daniell, from sketches taken on the spot. Many of the scenes are magnificent in the extreme. Art appears to have combined with Nature in order to produce all the imagination pictures of the gorgeous, the grand, and the beautiful in the "rich East." Mr. Daniell has not been fortunate in his selection of engravers; few of them have done justice to his admirable designs. Neither can we congratulate him on his destiny in being associated with the Rev. Hobart Caunter. This gentleman writes too much like a clergyman—we mean no disrespect either to him or to his calling—he does not warm with his subject: the splendours of art and the glories of nature become tame matters under his pen; and we marvel how he who has seen them can so ill describe what he has seen.

The Landscape Album.

Although the plates in this volume have been seen before, they have, for us, a very considerable interest. The other Landscape Annuals have sought and found their attractions abroad: this confines itself to home; and among the scenery of our own country the artist is never at a loss. "Great Britain Illustrated," in fifty-nine views, for fifteen shillings, may surely expect purchasers. It is well worth the money: beautifully printed, elegantly bound, and containing a mass of information relative to the more important or picturesque points in Great Britain—it may safely ask and expect a word of recommendation from us.

The Juvenile Forget-me-Not.

Perhaps there is not one of the Annuals that more fully sustains its professed object than the "Juvenile Forget-me-Not" of Mrs. S. C. Hall. Its plates are pretty and pleasing, and its literary contents admirably suited for the young.

The Drawing-Room Scrap-Book. By L. E. L.

We have permitted this volume to remain until the close of our notice, although it is justly entitled to be placed at the head of it. Some years have passed since Miss Landon produced a long and connected poem: her pen has not been laid aside. From time to time we have had ample proofs that her mind neither "slumbered nor slept;" but we have looked with anxiety for the appearance of her muse to claim another wreath in addition to those she had so nobly won. The poets have of late deserted Parnassus. As if satisfied with their glories, they sat themselves calmly, if not with indifference, at the base of the sacred hill, and smiled at the many small wits who essayed in vain to occupy the stations they had left. But they

will yet assert their right; and the time of their second advent is perhaps nearer at hand than we have been led to imagine. The "Zenana" is a poem longer, we believe, than any Miss Landon has yet produced,—we do not hesitate to add, it is also better. If there be less of the wild luxuriance of fancy, there is more of the full ripeness of intellect; if our amazement be less, our admiration is greater;—there is the same rich store of true poetry, the new produce of an inexhaustible mine. The poem is throughout one of rare beauty and deep pathos, and, moreover, shows a profound knowledge of subjects, to become acquainted with which one would imagine a lifetime too brief. Our readers should be made aware that the plates were all placed before the writer, who was then called upon to write, so that each might be distinctly referred to in the text—a task of immense difficulty under any circumstances, but especially so when the views were all in a country with which the poetess could have had little, if any, acquaintanceship. The task has been triumphantly accomplished; and our marvel at her ingenuity is almost equal to our admiration of her genius. Our space will not permit us to extract, to detail the various incidents, or, indeed, to explain the peculiar character of the poem; but we refer our readers to the "Drawing-Room Scrap-Book" for the richest treat the year can give them.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

- A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, by Dr. Copland, Part II., 8vo., 9s.
- Russell's History of Modern Europe, new edition, 4 vols., 8vo., 2l. 12s.
- Translations of the Oxford and Cambridge Latin Prize Poems, 2d series, foolscap 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- The Oriental Annual, for 1834, 8vo., 21s.
- The Prose Works of John Milton, imperial 8vo., 25s.
- The History of Herodotus, with Notes, by A. Negris, 2 vols., 12mo., 12s.
- The Landscape Annual for 1834, 8vo., 21s., bound; royal 8vo., 2l. 12s. 6d.
- Sketches in Turkey in 1831 and 1832, by an American, 8vo., 16s.
- A Narrative of Four Voyages in the Chinese Seas, &c., by Captain B. Morrell, 8vo., 15s.
- A Compendium of Osteology, by Geo. Witt, M.D., 4to. 7s. 6d.
- Vues Pittoresques des plus belles Eglises, &c. de l'Architecture Gothique, par L. Lange, Liv. I., 12s. plain, 16s. India.
- Hortus Woburnensis, by Jas. Forbes, 8vo., 21s. cloth; royal 8vo. Proofs, 2l. 2s.; ditto coloured, 2l. 12s. 6d.
- Forget Me Not, 1834, 12s. bds.
- Portrait Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, royal 8vo., 1l. 13s. half-bound; 4to. proofs, 3l.; ditto before letters, 4l.
- A History and Description of Modern Wines, by Cyrus Redding, 8vo., 18s.
- Herbert Lacy, by T. H. Lister, Esq., the author of Granby, forming the tenth monthly set of Colburn's Modern Novelists; a selection of the best works of fiction from the pens of living writers, price only 4s. per vol., bound in morocco cloth.
- Gallery of Society of Painters in Water Colours, Part VI., 10s. 6d.; Proofs, 18s.; India, 21s.; ditto before letters, 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Friendship's Offering, 1834, 12s. morocco.
- Westward Ho. a Novel, by the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside," 2 vols., 12mo., 6s.
- Jackson's Observations on Lakes, 4to., 12s. boards.
- Jullien's Binomètre, or Moral Watch to indicate the Occupations of each Day, 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book for 1834, 21s.
- Aurungzebe, a Tale of Alraschid, 3 vols., 27s.
- The Heiress, a Novel, 3 vols., 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
- The Literary Souvenir, for 1834, 12s. morocco.
- Heath's Picturesque Annual, for 1834, 21s. morocco.
- A Table of the Reciprocal Distances of the Principal Towns in Great Britain and Ireland, on a large sheet, 1s. 6d. sewed.
- The Landscape Album, for 1834, 8vo., 15s. morocco.
- Travels and Researches in Caffraria, by S. Kay, 12mo., 6s.
- Hansard's Debates, three sessions, Vol. XVIII. 4th of Session 1833, 8vo., 30s. bds.; 1l. 13s. 6d. half-morocco.
- Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, &c., by Lieut. Breton, with Plates, 8vo., 14s. bds.
- The Amulet, for 1834, 12s. morocco.
- Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1834, 8s. morocco.

LITERARY REPORT.

A Dictionary of Materia Medica, comprising also Practical Pharmacy, General Therapeutics, and Medical Jurisprudence, with Toxicology."

The Second Volume of the Works of the Author of "Corn-Law Rhymes."

A "Treatise on Field Fortification, and other Subjects connected with the Duties of the Field Engineer," by Capt. J. S. Macaulay.

A new Novel, entitled "Cecil Hyde," is announced.

A new Historical Novel, entitled "Barnadiston," a Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

The "Language of Flowers," with illustrative plates.

"Roman Coins; from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the empire under Constantine Paleologus, with Observations on some of the most remarkable," &c., by J. Y. Akerman.

The third and concluding volume of "Col. Hodges' Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal."

"Hampden in the Nineteenth Century, or Colloquies on the Errors and Improvements of Society."

"The Sacred Classics, or Cabinet Library of Divinity, with an original Introductory Essay to each author;" edited by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D., and the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.

"An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, their Architectural Disposition and Enrichments, and the Remains of Roman Domestic Edifices discovered in Great Britain." By Thomas Moule.

"The Book of the Unveiling," an Exposition, with Notes.

Mokanna, or the Land of the Savage, in 3 vols.

FINE ARTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Second annual Winter Exhibition of the Works of Deceased and Living Painters of the English School has been opened during the month, and under circumstances that justify us in congratulating those by whom the plan was originally formed and subsequently carried into action. It was a rare sight to see the works of our great masters drawn from their solitude in some ancient hall, or remote gallery, to gratify and instruct the artists of our own time, and to enlighten the amateur on a subject of which he was comparatively ignorant; or, at least, upon which his ideas had been chiefly gathered from ill-engraved prints. Several of the finest productions of Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Wilson, are now at the rooms in Suffolk-street,—so many models upon which the present race may form their tastes, and by which they may be guided to future excellence. Sir W. W. Wynn is the chief contributor of Wilson's pictures; Admiral Tollemache of those by Gainsborough and Reynolds. The exhibition is, however, yet in its infancy. If the present exceed in value and utility that of last year, those that are to follow must be of far greater excellence. The various stores throughout the country must be thrown open; it is a matter in which all who love art are deeply interested; and the possessors of the many gems scattered throughout the kingdom will, doubtless, lend liberally to forward an object that cannot but lead to the most beneficial results. We could ourselves point out many to whom applications would alone be necessary to enrich the gallery in Suffolk-street, to an extent infinitely beyond the wealth it can at present boast. The season at which the exhibition takes place is, moreover, favourable to the object, inasmuch as collectors would feel but little inconvenience to strip the walls of their town-houses,—the pictorial adornments of which are more easily accessible during the infancy of the institution. We have mentioned the works of Reynolds, Wilson, and Gainsborough, as the more attractive of the exhibition; but it contains also those of Hogarth, Zoffani, Hoppner, Morland, Romney, Barry, Fuseli, Opie, Northcote, &c. &c.; with a plentiful and pleasant sprinkling of pictures by artists who are yet, comparatively, on the road to that fame which their predecessors achieved. Mr. Charles Landseer has, among others, a sweet cabinet picture—Clarissa Harlowe, in the room of the Sheriff's Officer,—which cannot fail to establish him as a worthy competitor of his more eminent brother. Linton's view of ancient Veii is an admirable landscape. Mr. J. B. Pyne

exhibits three excellent paintings. He is, we believe, a new exhibitor in London; but of the rapid accumulation of "commissions" there can be no doubt. Mr. Cooper is not so good here as we have seen him elsewhere; one fine picture is destroyed by the introduction of an old man in the corner, in wretched perspective, and worse taste. Two paintings by T. Creswick attracted our especial notice. Mr. R. B. Davis is, as usual, excellent in his "portraits of animals," and country scenes. A fancy portrait, "Lady Betty," by Mr. Stone, calls for a word of praise; "a scene on the Medway, by A. Priest,"—a name with which we are not familiar,—pleased us much. "The Water Colour Room" is also rich in excellent works, both of the old and modern painters; but the principal attraction here is the collection of portraits of illustrious characters of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, painted in enamel by Mr. Bone. These alone are sufficient to form an exhibition. Altogether we augur well of the plan, from this second winter exhibition of the Society of British Artists. They have merited and received very extensive encouragement and support. It has been gratifying to the friends of art to find their exertions increasing from year to year, and their improvement manifest. It is with pleasure, therefore, we transcribe the following remarks, introductory to the catalogue.

"The Society of British Artists, on opening their second annual winter exhibition of the works of deceased and living painters of the English school, claim, with some degree of confidence, the patronage of the British public. That claim rests on several grounds.—In the first place, the exhibition displays specimens of the works of nearly seventy artists, whose talents were admitted by their contemporaries, and whose reputation has been subsequently confirmed by general consent. In the next place, it is evident that an exhibition of the works of celebrated deceased masters is calculated to benefit, in an essential degree, the race of living artists, who will here have an opportunity of carefully inspecting, and deriving instruction from, many of those pictorial efforts which are the pride and honour of the British school.

"For the purpose of more effectually accomplishing the latter object, the Society have placed the productions of the living in close contact with some of the best performances of the dead; in order that, by an attentive examination, the emulous artist of the present day may ascertain the means by which his most favoured predecessors attained their high and justly deserved reputation. With this especial view the Society have invited those exhibitors who are not enrolled amongst its members to work on their pictures for two days prior to the opening of the exhibition; being of opinion that as much may be acquired by touching on their own works, in the presence of so many fine originals, as by making mere cold copies from the most admired productions of others."

PUBLICATIONS.

Portrait of Sir Walter Scott, engraved by J. H. Robinson, from the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

We believe this print will be universally acknowledged as the most perfect specimen of British engraving. To our minds, it is without a rival, although we have the more excellent works of Sharpe in our memory, and the most lauded of more recent engravers within our reach. We regard it as a triumphant refutation of the assertion, that however we may excel our continental neighbours in small and highly-finished plates, we are yet behind them in the higher and nobler walks of art. We venture to affirm, that no engraver in Europe can excel this example; but we are not bold enough to say, that we have not other engravers besides Mr. Robinson who can equal it. The painting is one of Lawrence's happiest—a striking likeness of the great author, yet taken in the mood and at a time when a man would most desire to send his semblance down to posterity. It is a most pleasant picture—one that will take the place of all others in the esteem of the millions to whom the great painter of human nature was dear.

Portrait of Miss Peel, engraved by Cousins, from a picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

This print is a fitting and a worthy companion to that of young Lambton, so much and so justly lauded a few years ago. It represents a lovely girl playing with her dog, in the midst of a rich landscape; it is painted with all the delicacy and skill of the great British artist, and has been admirably rendered by Mr. Cousins.

The Sea Shore; engraved by C. Lewis, from a drawing by Bonnington.

There is much artist-like feeling in this print; a little more *finish* would have made it a more desirable acquisition. The works of Bonnington have yet to receive justice at the hands of the engraver.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

The hopes of the drama are now vested in a monopoly. The same corps of theatricals may, at times, be seen at both houses during the same evening. On this arrangement, and others of a similar stamp, we may offer some remarks on a future occasion. The effect of the present management has hitherto been to revive the plays of Shakspeare, and other standard dramas. On the night of the opening of the theatres, the play of the *Tempest*, as altered and emasculated, and patched and spoiled, by the profane handling of Dryden and Davenant, was performed, in which Macready sustained, with considerable ability, the part of Prospero. Mrs. Sloman, too, has made her re-appearance, after an absence of six years. She has, since her first evening of performance, sustained the character of Isabella, in the *Fatal Marriage*; of Mrs. Haller, in the *Stranger*; and some others. We have seen sufficient of her to authorize an opinion that she is not calculated to sustain a falling cause. Her acting is at times vigorous and dignified, vehement and commanding; but in the amiable and more tender emotions she is rather deficient. There is a grace of action, and less of those minor qualifications generally, that, though not the prominent characteristics of a good actor, are equally essential to success. In the mad scene in Isabella, there were parts where she played admirably. Her voice is powerful, and her physical strength appears sufficient to enable her to go through the most arduous parts with an unabated energy, which will greatly induce success in characters such as Isabella. As Belvidera she did not succeed; there was a want of feminine tenderness and affectionate solicitude, without which this character (the audience scarcely ever sympathizing with the traitress Belvidera) is worse than uninteresting. Mr. Macready has been adding fresh laurels to his theatrical crown, and has convinced us more than ever of his excellence, and of what industry and study will do to supply the place of natural qualification. With a most unmusical voice, Mr. Macready has acquired the art of uttering sentiments of deep feeling with a touching pathos that is irresistible. Judgment, and a sound taste, have made him, from apparently unfitting materials, the best actor now on the stage. As the *Stranger*, he was really great. His burst of grief, when he exclaims, "Villain! of what a woman hast thou robbed me!" was delivered with a poignancy—a bitterness—perfectly thrilling. In all his representations he has supported the same high character.

One o'Clock, or the Wood Demon, has been dramatized as an afterpiece. As a spectacle it has good points, but beyond that we cannot extend our praise. A pleasing melodrama called the *Ferry and the Mill* has been more recently produced. It is said to be taken from the French *Le Meunier de Livonie*, and is written by Mr. Pocock. It is the means of introducing

some splendid pictorial effects. Mr. Macready has also been personating Werner, to which character we offer him the highest praise when we say he did justice. We have no doubt that the ensuing month will afford us more ample room for criticism.

A lady of great musical promise is expected to appear shortly in the character of Rosina at Drury Lane. Her name is Atkinson, and she is the pupil of a foreigner.

The lessee has engaged Mr. Warde.

The play of *Antony and Cleopatra* is advertised for representation. It has been altered by Mr. Macready.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The season of this theatre is now drawing to a close. We cannot let this, however, take place without offering our testimony in favour of the excellent management, judicious and sometimes brilliant performances, to which we have been a delighted witness. There has throughout the summer months been a run of novelties, attractive and various in their character as any ever offered by a public caterer to theatrical taste. During the last month there was, however, one grand failure, for which the manager can scarcely be considered responsible, the merits and demerits of a first-rate actor not always appearing at rehearsals. We allude to the production of *Othello* with the part of the Moor most savagely maltreated by some gentleman, whose name escapes us, from New York. The horrors of the man of sickly refinement at being compelled to listen to the drawlers and ranters of Shakspeare in a country barn, could not be more overwhelming than our own at witnessing this effort of bad taste and imbecility. In one part only, through the whole of the tragedy, did our friend the American act like a rational biped, and that was in a minor portion of the play, where Othello reproves Michael Cassio for his quarrel and drunkenness. In this inferior scene he acted well. But in those parts where the Moor's breast, that volcano of passion, emits its doubts, its fears, its murderous resolves, its exquisite anguish, he ranted, he raved, he played the part of a tragic harlequin. When he kneels with Iago, and declares his intention of being revenged, he literally leaped to a kneeling posture, in a method that was truly grotesque. It was meant to express the sudden resolve of passion, but it was a contemptible failure. When the Moor finds out his terrible error, his consternation was childish, and what ought to have been pathetic was but a maudlin whine. Throughout the piece his acting was bad; and so strong at one time was the disapprobation of the audience at the false conceptions and ludicrous ranting, that an universal hiss assailed the unfortunate debutant. This was too much, and probably many of the subsequent failures in points that might have been made hits, is fairly attributable to this discouraging circumstance. A more complete failure, however, we have scarcely ever witnessed.

Mr. Elton played Iago, and in such a manner as to improve the good opinion we have always entertained of him. His conception was correct, nor did he overstrain in his efforts to act up to it. Could he but conquer himself of one vice, he might, with pains and study, make himself a first-rate actor,—we allude to a method he has of gasping, distending his nostrils, and a certain “hanging of the nether lip,” that always looks forced and disagreeable. It is a straining after effect, and an attempting to give undue importance to commonplace speeches. There is too, at times, a studied coolness that appears the result of prodigious effort—such painstaking to be calm! He should rid himself of this, and trust more to the dignity of sentiment expressed by his author. Often an actor loses much of the applause that he would receive, by artificially giving a colloquial sentence, or even in delivering a poetic idea, by not resting sufficiently on the beauty of what he delivers, and aiming to render it additionally important by the meretricious display of action and redundant emphasis. Over-acting is the fault

of Mr. Elton, and if he will strive to cure it, he may yet advance to one of the highest positions in his profession.

Mr. Vining is a gentleman who never violates taste, and he consequently made a very good Michael Cassio. There was something too much of the light-comedy air in it, but on the whole the part was well sustained. We would counsel him, by the by, to pay more attention to the dressing of his parts; in fact, to make a study of it, and take for his model Mr. Jones, late of Covent Garden, who was the most exquisite in this way of any actor we remember, and he made it tell well: Mr. Vining should do the same. This remark is drawn from us not so much by his costume in Michael Cassio, though it was far from unexceptionable, as from the way he dressed Count Almaviva, in the *Marriage of Figaro*. The Count is high in station and presumed to be wealthy, and should be attired accordingly; but Mr. Vining scamps his outer man in the faded dress of a dragoon subaltern. We throw out this hint to the lively and clever Mr. Vining in perfect good feeling, and with the best intention. He is deservedly a favourite with the audience, and we would gladly make him more so.

Uncle John, a farce from the prolific pen of Mr. Buckstone, has just been brought out, and it is most certainly a palpable hit. Mr. W. Farren, who personates Uncle John, is everything that a ludicrous imagination can picture of a gentleman of sixty, who is everlastingly proclaiming his juvenility of constitution. He is a more comic Major Longbow on the theme of muscle, and with a droll triumph, quite inimitable, challenges his intended wife, Eliza (Mrs. Humby), to feel his biceps. We will not attempt to unravel the plot, as we cannot afford the necessary space, but must not pass on without giving our meed of praise to Mr. Strickland and Mrs. Glover. The gentleman is making rapid strides towards assuming a station equal in rank to Mr. Farren, though the old man of the one is very different to that of the other; agreeing, however, in one point, namely, their truth to nature. The lady is as she always is—busy, bustling, meddling, and excellent.

But, perhaps, the greatest treat of all—and we have been speaking of treats—is to witness the performance of Mr. Farren, as Item, in the *Steward*. When his hoarded treachery is discovered, there are parts in his acting from which Kean might have copied.

There have been many operas performed, in which Miss Paton has taken the prominent characters. Of this lady we have seen nothing to induce us to alter our original opinion. Without again alluding to her singing, we could wish that she would attend a little more to acting—a matter that vocalists too much despise. It is no more the part of a lady, than it is of an actress, to bring out words with a gasp; and Miss Paton, at times, appears to give birth to utterance with a choking sort of effort that is really painful to witness.

Of the other actors, we have nothing to offer that our space will admit.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Mr. Knowles has been playing during the latter part of the month with considerable success. Mr. Warde has enacted Richard. A new piece, entitled *Margaret's Ghost*, has been produced, and very deservedly has attracted audiences. Its merits are more scenic than dramatic. In several divertissements Madlle. Rosier has appeared, and proved to our satisfaction that she is the best dancer now in London.

THE STRAND THEATRE.

This little theatre has been closed by order of the Lord Chamberlain—a circumstance we cannot but regret. The *Station House* was the stock piece, and previously to official interference, Mr. Wrench and Mr. J. Russell sustained their different parts most inimitably—Mr. J. Russell making the best Frenchman we ever saw on the stage.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Lekinda, or The Sleepless Woman, is the title of the piece with which this theatre commenced its performances. It is a tale of most dreadful *diablerie*, and has great scenic merit. The tomb of Memphis is a most amazing affair, and the machinery that must be brought into play to contribute to the vastness of the effect must be prodigious. Mrs. Waylett, in the course of the piece, sings some most beautiful ballads; and the acting of Mrs. Yates is, as usual, unexceptionable. The finished elocution of this lady is perfectly musical, and it is a perfect pleasure to listen to her delivery of a common sentence.

A drama founded on the pathetic tale of *Grace Huntley*, written by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and published in the *Amulet*, has been produced and acted with the greatest possible success. Teaching a familiar moral, and calculated to make an impression on the mind from the career of crime, that is made to appear so revolting, we anticipate the greatest popularity for this piece. The acting of Mrs. Yates, in this instance, was excellent. Mr. Buckstone and Mr. John Reeve were, as they always are, mirthful and funny, and enlivened the piece by the drollery of their acting.

A farce, entitled *P.P., or The Man and the Tiger*, was produced on Monday; it is full of broad whim, and appears likely to have a run. Mr. Yates, as *Splashley*, is excellent.

VARIETIES.

The Established Church.—From returns lately transmitted from the different dioceses of England and Wales, and published in the Parliamentary Papers, we extract the following results:—

Total number of resident clergy	4649
Non-resident by exemption	2506
Non-resident by license	1968
Cases not included among exemptions and licenses	1404
Miscellaneous cases	33
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Total number of benefices	10560

Of those non-resident by exemption 2080 are resident on other benefices; 266 are ecclesiastical, collegiate, and cathedral offices; 94 resident fellows, tutors, or officers of the universities; and 66 are exempted for various other causes. Of those non-resident by license 1227 are prevented from residing by the want or unfitness of the parsonage-houses; 418 by infirmity; and the remainder by various other causes. Of the third class of non-residents 509 are cases of absence without license or exemption; but of these 478 perform the duties of their respective parishes; 412 returns are defective as to residence; 115 are vacancies. In 183 cases there are no returns, 81 are recent institutions, 53 are sequestrations, and the remainder benefices held by Bishops, &c.—The total number of curates in England and Wales is 4373. Of these 1532 reside in the glebe houses, 1005 in their parishes, and 3915 are licensed. The stipends of 486 are under 50*l.*; of 2355 under 100*l.*; of 1079 under 150*l.*; of 249 under 200*l.*; and of 33 upwards of 200*l.*; 78 have the whole income of the living, and three have half the income of the living. Of the livings where the incumbents are non-resident, 1139 are upwards of 300*l.* in annual value; and 2548 are under that sum.

The following practical answer to the objections raised against the plans so often proposed for the conveyance of the mails to our North American colonies in steam packets instead of sailing packets, will be read with

interest not only by the commercial world but by the community in general, every member of which is more or less interested in the regularity and interchange of communications:—The Royal William steamer, of 180-horse power, has recently arrived at London from Quebec. On her way she touched for fuel at Picton, in Nova Scotia, where she obtained, at 15s. per chaldron, coal raised on the spot, the quality of which is pronounced by the engineers on board to be superior for generating steam even to our English coal. From Picton she came direct to Cowes in 17 days. The distance is about 2500 miles, and, therefore, this voyage is not instanced for its speed, which was not the particular object of the vessel on this occasion, but it proves three important facts: 1st. That there is no more difficulty in conveying the mails by steam to our North American possessions than to our dependencies in and about the Mediterranean, for which service steam packets are used. 2dly. That the nine weeks' post-office average allowance for the sailing packets to and from Halifax might, by the adoption of steam, be reduced to a regular passage of five weeks out and home. 3dly. That, for the supply of the steam packets to our North American possessions, there exist, in our colony of Nova Scotia, coal-mines yielding excellent fuel for the purpose at a cheap rate.

Wreck of the Boyne.—Mr. Abbinett has carried into effect his plan for blowing up the wreck of the Boyne. Upwards of fifty boats collected around the spot. The quantity of powder (206lbs.) was placed under the stern in a leaden tank, cased with wood, the communication being by a leaden pipe forty feet long. At the moment of explosion the water immediately over rose several feet, and presented a very extraordinary appearance. There was not the least smoke visible, but the water for a considerable distance was perfectly black. Several fish, chiefly whiting and whiting-pout, were killed by the shock, and rose to the surface. The effects on the water were confined to a very small space, and were scarcely felt by the boats within forty feet, but were distinctly felt on the beach a mile distant. The leaden pipe was supported by two small casks—one on the surface of the water, the other about four feet below. The latter was blown to pieces by the explosion. A considerable part of the stern of the vessel was detached by the shock, and large quantities of copper and wood have since been brought up, but we are not aware that any treasure has been discovered.

It appears by a parliamentary return that the total expense of the Coast Guard Service and Revenue Cruisers, for the year ending the 5th of Jan., 1833, was as follows—England: Coast Guard, 246,980*l.* 6*½d.*; revenue cruisers, 120,412*l.* 5*s.* 6*¼d.*—Ireland: Coast Guard, 116,047*l.* 5*s.* 3*¼d.*; revenue cruisers, 9,860*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*—Scotland: Coast Guard, 19,454*l.* 13*s.* 8*½d.*; revenue cruisers, 15,622*l.* 17*s.* 7*½d.*

The number of Commissions of Lunacy issued between the 1st of January, 1833, and the 24th of June, 1833, (six months,) were nineteen, and the amount of fees thereon 1,482*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* The expenses of the Secretaries' Office during this period amounted to 539*l.* 9*s.* 5*d.*; and the net income, being the balance received for the personal use of the Secretary for Lunatics, L. A. Lowdham, Esq., was 942*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*

The total sum received for felons' goods forfeited upon their conviction for ten years past amounts to 3,192*l.* 12*s.* 1*d.* In most cases the property of felons is, after payment of costs and fees, granted by his Majesty to the nearest of kin, or to the sufferers by the criminal.

The following statement shows the charges of his Majesty's Diplomatic Service abroad for the year ending the 5th of January, 1832:—Ambassadors, 126,394*l.*; extraordinary and incidental expenses, 13,041*l.*; outfit and equipage, 16,570*l.*; Dragomans attached to the Embassy at the Porte, 3,106*l.*; special missions, 15,688*l.*; commissions under treaties with foreign powers, 21,619*l.*; Consular establishment, 80,763*l.*; pensions to retired

Ministers, 51,852*l.*; superannuation allowances to Consuls, 6,639*l.*; making a total of 335,646*l.*

A parliamentary paper just printed shows that the official value of goods in the bonded warehouses in London last year amounted to 18,588,211*l.*, being less by more than a million than in the year 1831.

The Report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the appointments, salaries, and emoluments of the Courts of Admiralty, Arches, and Consistory, recommends that all the Courts in England and Wales exercising ecclesiastical jurisdictions, except the Arches and Prerogative Courts of Canterbury, be abolished, and that these be united. That one court in London exercise jurisdiction in the proving of wills and granting of administrations. That the jurisdiction of the Admiralty be enlarged to exercise the power of determining the title to ships and freight, and other mercantile matters, with a power of empanelling a jury of merchants, if the judge or parties require it. By the proposed consolidation of all the ecclesiastical tribunals, upwards of 380 courts in England and Wales will be abolished. The fees received by the judges, registrars, and deputy-registrars of the two provinces of Canterbury and York exceed 58,000*l.* per annum. All these amendments are recommended with the view of facilitating business, and considerably reducing the present extravagant charges made upon the public.

Population Returns.—A return has been made which illustrates some rather interesting facts in the statistics of the country. From this return, it appears that the total number of families in the country employed in agricultural pursuits in 1831 was 761,348; the total number employed in trade, manufactures, and handicraft, was 1,182,912; and the total number not comprised in either of those two great classes, 801,076. In 1831 the male population amounted to 6,376,627, and the female to 6,714,378, giving a balance of somewhat more than 300,000 in favour of the fair sex. From the same return it appears that the number of houses inhabited in 1831 was 2,326,022; the number of families by whom they were occupied 2745,336; the number building, 23,462; and the number uninhabited, 113,385.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

Cotton Manufacture of the United States.—The following is a statement of the cotton manufacture in the United States, in 1831, as collected by the Committee of the New York Convention. In the twelve States of the Union there were 795 cotton mills, with a capital of 40,715,984 dollars, manufacturing annually 77,851,316 lbs. of cotton, or 214,882 bales of 361 lbs. each. Males employed, 18,593; females employed, 38,927. Annual value of cotton manufactures, 26,000,000 dollars; aggregate or total annual amount of wages paid, 10,294,944 dollars.

Steam Carriage in Belgium.—King Leopold has appointed a commission for the encouragement of steam carriages in Belgium, for which the country, being almost a perfect plane, is peculiarly well adapted. Two adventurers have already started carriages from Brussels. One, of enormous size, weighs eight tons, and is capable of exerting a power equal to 120 horses; the other is of much smaller dimensions and power. The speed of both is likened to the gallop of a good horse. The Belgians are confident their use will become general.

Egyptian Antiquities.—The transport of the obelisk of Thebes to Paris, in the ship Luxor, is stated to cost two millions and a half of francs. Cleopatra's Needle, about which a query appeared some weeks ago, was, we are informed, offered to be brought to England for 9000*l.*; but economy, or some other cause, induced the design to be abandoned.

Roman Remains.—Some important Roman ruins have recently been discovered near Treves, on the highest bank of the Kyll, between Pelm and Gerolstein. Coins of Marcus Aurelius, Ant. Pius, and Constantine the Great, have been found, besides human masks, in *terra cotta*, parts of statues, and a stone bearing an inscription of the dedication of the temple to which it pertained, to Lucina, by Marc. Vict. Polenus, in the consulate of Glabrio and Torquatus. Further excavations are in progress.

Raphael.—The remains of this prince of painters have been found in the Pantheon, in a perfect state of preservation. His height has thus been ascertained to have been a little above five feet six inches. The skull shown at St. Luke's is of course apocryphal.

Suicides in Paris.—The following curious statistical table of suicides in Paris has been published in one of the French journals:—

“An individual, who has examined 9,000 *procès-verbaux* relating to suicides committed in Paris between 1796 and 1830, has come to the following conclusion:—1. That premeditated suicide usually takes place at night, and a little before daybreak; 2. That accidental, or suicides committed on the impulse, occur in the day time, because their causes generally exist in the day, such as quarrels, afflicting intelligence, losses at play, intemperance, &c. At different ages different means of accomplishing this purpose are resorted to. In youth, hanging is generally the mode adopted, which, however, soon gives place to fire-arms; in proportion as he gets old, however, and enfeebled, the former method is observed to be the most prevalent, and in proof of this it may be remarked that the old man generally puts a period to his existence by hanging himself. The following table shows the kind of suicide most frequent at the different stages of life:—

From 10 to 20 years	- - 61	by shooting to	68	by hanging.
— 20 to 30 ditto	- - 283	ditto to	51	ditto.
— 30 to 40 ditto	- - 182	ditto to	94	ditto.
— 40 to 50 ditto	- - 150	ditto to	188	ditto.
— 50 to 60 ditto	- - 161	ditto to	256	ditto.
— 60 to 70 ditto	- - 126	ditto to	235	ditto.
— 70 to 80 ditto	- - 35	ditto to	108	ditto.
— 80 to 90 ditto	- - 2	ditto, and none	at those ages by hanging.	

The number of these averages of each method is exactly 1000.”

New Product in Trade.—A young chemist of the name of Houzea has discovered the means of extracting oil, then gas, and ultimately pitch, from the refuse water which has hitherto been allowed to run waste from the numerous woollen-manufactures in Rheims. He has established his process on a large scale, and it is calculated that the town will benefit at least 12,000*l.* per annum by the discovery.

Dr. Buisson is said to have discovered an infallible remedy for hydrophobia, which he has communicated to the Académie des Sciences in Paris. He had no expectation of recovery, and went into a vapour-bath, heated to 42 degrees Reaumur (126 Fahrenheit), as the easiest mode of suffocation. To his astonishment, the whole symptoms vanished at once, and he has never since had the slightest recurrence of this dreadful disease. By the same means he has cured upwards of eighty patients, and he intends to try its efficacy in cases of cholera, plague, yellow fever, and gout.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Observations on Vegetation, &c.—The deciduous trees of our gardens, and forests generally, shed their leaves about the first of November; in this season, however, they are already nearly bare. This has not happened in

consequence of early frost, or to any material decrease of temperature. To what then can this early fall of leaves be attributed? The assignable cause is this :—

The early development of buds and flowers is a consequence of a genial spring. The early ripening of autumn fruit is the effect of a warm summer. The young shoots produced during spring and summer are perfected, that is, gain their utmost length, or stop in growth, sooner in a warm and dry, than in a cold and moist season, so that they gain a state of maturity along with the fruit. Both fruit and leaves being deciduous, they fall from the trees nearly at the same time. The young shoots themselves acquire what is called *ripening*; and when this takes place, the leaves have done their office, and soon leave their stations. The late dry, and at times very hot summer has expedited the ripening of all the productions of the season, and consequently the fall of the leaves has correspondingly taken place. This circumstance is hailed as auspicious by the orchardist, because the more perfectly the bearing wood of the tree is ripened, the less liable is it to suffer from frost in winter, and more able to produce perfect flowers and fruit in the following spring.

It is an old saying, that a good fruit year is commonly followed by a severe winter. This is said to be a wise provision of nature for the support of birds and other fructivorous animals. But, besides this, it appears to be an ordinary consequence of meteorological phenomena. When this old saying became an adage, the seasons in this country were much more regular than they have been for these last forty years. The summers were, seven times in ten, regularly fine, and as regularly followed by severe frosty winters. In those days, the weather, by all accounts, consisted of lengthened periods of dry and wet, fair and foul, alternately. The fine summers brought abundance of fruit of all kinds, in the orchards as well as on every bush in the hedges, which, hanging thick with haws and other berries, while perhaps snow covered the ground, naturally suggested the idea that much fruit indicated a severe winter.

The fall of leaves soon after the ripening of the fruit applies only to the generality of deciduous trees. The fruit of many evergreens are, like their leaves, more persisting. That of the orange tree requires three summers to ripen it; so the cones of pine and fir trees; the berries of holly, ivy, evergreen thorn, &c., remain on the branches for many months.

Notwithstanding the forest trees have mostly lost their “leafy honours,” the flower borders are still gay with many flowers, of which the perennial and China asters, and chrysanthemums from the same country, together with the splendid Georginas (Dahlias), are the chief.

The summer birds are nearly gone; the house martlet, and, perhaps, a few swallows only, remain. The throng of swallows depart about the 10th, and the martlet seldom stays, except by accident, beyond the 20th of this month.—*Chelsea, 15th Oct.*

Mr. Mann's Reaping Machine.—This ingenious invention was recently put to the test by trial in the neighbourhood of Kelso, in the presence of the committee of the Union Agricultural Society, and a number of farmers. The machine was one which had undergone many alterations, and was far from perfect; nevertheless, it operated with considerable effect. There is in the “Kelso Mail” an interesting account of the trial by an eye-witness, from which we make the following extract :—

“The exhibition was made under many disadvantages to the inventor, and the circumstances we have just mentioned will account for many imperfections in the machine. So slender was it in its materials and construction, that, upon its first commencing work, part of the machinery broke, and before it could be repaired the company was kept an hour or so on the ground. At length, however, it was put in motion, wrought by one horse; and although in some of the details of the operation of reaping the machine is capable of, and does absolutely require, considerable amendments, we

may safely aver that it left a highly favourable impression upon the minds of the spectators of Mr. Mann's mechanical knowledge and ingenuity. The three great requisites in a reaping machine we conceive to be those of cutting, gathering, and laying. The first, we have no hesitation in saying, Mr. Mann has accomplished, at least so far as the principle is concerned; for, with a machine of great solidity and better quality of materials, we believe, from what we witnessed, the cutting would, unless under very unfavourable circumstances, be almost unexceptionable, more especially were the ground prepared by rolling in the spring, so as to admit of the knives being set without any hesitation or fear of obstruction from stones, &c., which seemed to give some alarm. In gathering the corn together, we were also much pleased with the working of this machine; indeed, we could scarcely have imagined it possible that a mere piece of locomotive machinery could have accomplished so much. But that part of the process that admits of, and still requires much improvement, is that of laying the corn in regular swathes. Even in this department much ingenuity has been displayed; but it is one of the greatest difficulty, for almost every field of grain presents difficulties of a peculiar description in its accomplishment. Where the grain is standing perpendicular, or nearly so, the machine lays it down very well indeed at right angles with its line of direction; but when it is in operation against the inclination or slope of the growing corn, then the grain is laid with its head pointing from the line of direction, and *vice versa* when the machine is working towards the inclination of the crop. In either of the latter cases, it seems to us to be a matter of some difficulty to gather the corn with regularity and precision into proper sheaves, so as to make it fit for the threshing machine. This is undoubtedly a disadvantage, but it is by no means an insuperable one, and with Mr. Mann's practical knowledge of the machine, we have great expectations that he may, ere long, be able to remedy it. Upon the whole, although it must be obvious to every one in the field, that the machine, as exhibited, is not calculated to take the place of the ordinary modes of cutting corn, yet every one acquainted with the difficulties attending the discovery of such an implement must have been highly gratified at the very great progress which Mr. Mann has made towards completing the discovery."

It is proposed to raise a sufficient sum, by subscription, amongst the agriculturists of that district, so as to enable Mr. Mann to construct as complete a machine as he can, in order to give the invention a fair trial. We think that Mr. Mann has claims upon the agriculturists of his own county, Cumberland; and we should suggest the propriety of their at least equalling their Scottish neighbours in their patronage of his ingenious machine.

The Peasantry.—Mr. Loudon, in the "Gardener's Magazine" for October, 1833, has communicated Notes on Gardens and Country Seats visited by him from July 27th to September 16th, during a tour through part of Middlesex, Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent,—certainly an extensive range of country. The same acute and experienced observer passed, he says, deliberately through the same tract of country in 1812 and 1813. As that is precisely the period when, according to our advocates of depreciation, the condition of the labouring classes was most flourishing, it is worth while to hear what Mr. Loudon says with regard to those appearances from which the condition of the people may be inferred at the two periods. He says, comparing the tract of country as it is now with what it was then, "we have found a decided improvement in the cottage gardens, we may say everywhere, by the more frequent appearance of flowers in them, and by the appearance of the China rose trained against the walls. The cottage dwellings are on the whole not worse; and on some estates they are a good deal improved. Many cottages, which before had no gardens, have now considerable portions of ground added to them; unfortunately, not

generally adjoining the cottage, but in some neighbouring field; but still there is now hardly a cottage which has not ground attached to it in some way or other. Here and there, throughout the country, we observed labourers' cottages of a superior description, erected or erecting, with platforms or terraces round them, and lofty ornamental chimney-tops, with ornamental barge-boards, pendants, and pinnacles. We think we may fairly trace the origin of these to the circulation of an 'Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture,' a book which, we are happy to say, has been well received everywhere, and which, we trust, will ere long produce a visible good in every part of the island."

The disposition to ornament may be taken as a tolerable criterion of comfort; because the ornamental follows, but does not precede the attainment of the necessary. Whenever the labouring people of a country are ragged and dirty, and live in vile huts, we may safely put them down as miserably poor. We are, therefore, much gratified to hear from such good authority that the visible signs of thriving of the labouring people, in the tract of country of England in which the poor-laws are supposed to have been most abused, are everywhere manifest.

But while the cottages are improving, according to Mr. Loudon, the mansions are going to decay. The cry of the Jacobins was, war to the palaces, and peace to the cottages. In England, war has been declared to the palaces, but it is a war of finance. But let us hear what Mr. Loudon says on this subject:—"With respect to gardens and country-seats, we may say that, on the whole, we never saw them in a state of worse keeping. Generally speaking, the more extensive the park and gardens, the worse they are kept. We scarcely recollect above one or two noblemen's places highly kept; and even one of these will no longer be an exception to the general rule, since pecuniary difficulties have occasioned eleven garden labourers to be discharged from it at once. The noblest place in Britain, perhaps in Europe—Blenheim—is going rapidly to decay. Before entering the great gates at Woodstock, the stranger sees two trees (an ash and a sycamore), each four feet or five feet high, growing out of crevices of the stone piers. When the gates are opened, he observes half the lake turned into a morass, covered with rushes. Advancing to the house, he finds part of the architrave over the eastern gateway fallen down; and if he goes as far as the cascade, he will find that the head, or dam, is no longer in a state to retain water, and that, of course, the lake is not so full as it ought to be, by five or six feet. Almost the only highly-kept gardens which we saw were those of small proprietors, professional men, merchants, or bankers."

Mr. Loudon endeavours to remove apprehension from the minds of gardeners on account of this falling off in the circumstances of the high aristocracy. "Let not (he says) this view of the decay of noblemen's gardens induce gardeners in want of places to despair. Every gardener who has seen much service knows that a situation under a rich tradesman, merchant, or small landed proprietor, is productive of far more comfort to him than one under a nobleman, where so many intermediate persons come in between him and his employer, that he is at all times liable to misrepresentation, and to be discharged without even an opportunity of explanation. As far as we have observed, the pay given to their head gardeners by men who are themselves in business is as great as, in many instances greater than, that given by noblemen. As the country goes on improving, the small places will greatly increase, and with them a taste for gardening, and situations for first-rate gardeners."

To account for the great changes that are evidently in progress, it should be observed, that men possessing landed property, who have large families, must provide for those families, and mortgage their properties; mortgages are seldom or never redeemed from rents; and when the properties come into the market, men who have realized money in trade invest their capital

in the purchase of land. The church, the colonies, the army, and the navy, have hitherto, in some degree, prevented the rule from operating with full force on the aristocracy. Still all the care taken to give permanency to any order will in the end be found unavailing. Men who live on rents, and keep up mansions, do not usually save money. Provision for children cannot always be obtained from the state; then come mortgages, and the decay of mansions and gardens. Now that a Reformed Parliament gives to the middle classes a control over the finances of the country, which must, of course, lead to reduced expenditure at home and abroad, the difficulties of the already deeply encumbered aristocracy must rapidly augment.

William Gall, wright in Arbroath, has constructed a pair of self-acting fanners, which, without the aid of man, sift wheat, corn, &c. The simplicity of the invention is astonishing. By a funnel of sheet iron, the wheat descends upon an iron wheel full of brackets; the wheel is so nicely balanced, that the moment the wheat falls, the wheel revolves and throws the wheat into a pair of fanners on the flat below. On the outside of the iron wheel is a wooden one, and over it is a belt attached to the fly-wheel of the fanners which impels them; and so long as a particle of wheat is left, the machine moves and throws it out.

USEFUL ARTS.

Witty's Improved Stoves.—No department of the economy of life in England more justly excites the surprise of our scientific northern continental neighbours, than the very absurd and unphilosophical practices so long adhered to, with the most pertinacious prejudice, in the economy and regulation of fuel; and perhaps there is none which has less kept pace with the spirit of the modern developments of science and their application to the arts of life, although dependent altogether on the simplest principles of chemical philosophy, and might be most materially improved by the slightest philosophical consideration. In the ordinary construction of fire-places, the sole heat derived therefrom is by radiation, and the only improvements which have latterly taken place are those which have been suggested to extend the radiating surface—the principles adopted as well in the construction of ordinary stoves as in the various plans proposed for heating large buildings by the circulation of hot water, &c.

In addition to the vast loss of heat in these arrangements, by its passing up the chimney in the form of heated air, another immense objection is in the large quantity of carbonaceous and combustible matter which escapes through the same channel and is entirely lost. This fact is alone sufficiently demonstrative of the very unphilosophical mode by which the combustion is effected, this loss necessarily resulting from the first application of heat, when the whole of the volatile matters are separated. A greater quantity of the fuel is also volatilized and consumed by the vast quantity of air having access to it in a state of ignition, and by which the combustion is too greatly accelerated. Whilst all these sources of loss are in operation, the only advantage derived is in the small extent and radiating surface presented by the confined surface of the stove to an equally limited portion of the room. To use a homely description of foreigners, the trunk may be considered to be exposed to the torrid, and the extremities of the body, at the same time, to the cold of the frigid zones.

All the objections attendant upon the ordinary modes of regulating heat are obviated in the very sound construction of Witty's stoves, the principles of the construction being founded upon the most philosophical attention to the economy of fuel, both in its perfect combustion and the distribution of the heat. The former great loss of the volatile parts of the fuel, necessarily separated by the first application of heat, is prevented by the gradual com-

bustion. The coal, when first introduced into the furnace, undergoes a distillatory process, by which the whole of the volatile gaseous matters are separated, which are carried over and consumed in the furnace, along with the other parts there in a state of active ignition. This second portion, which is by this distillatory process converted into coke, is pushed down in the inclined plane on to the fire, when this requires replenishing; and thus, by the simultaneous combustion of the first and last products of the destructive distillation of the coal, a perfect fire is kept up, more powerful than can be obtained by the ordinary mode of combustion. By a peculiar arrangement, the air for the support of combustion is also limited in the supply, and also previously treated before coming in contact with the burning surface, a circumstance which prevents combustion being retarded, as it necessarily is by the contact of a large and cold surface of air.

The other valuable arrangements of these furnaces consist in the means whereby the heat is equally distributed to all parts of the building, and this, to the lower parts, is effected by highly polished metallic plates placed angularly in front of the fire, and by which a large quantity of heat is radiated to a considerable distance. A large quantity of heated air is also diffused into the upper parts of the room, by passing through an outer chamber which surrounds the furnace, and which, from the very large extent of surface and rapid circulation of the air, is not liable to some of the objections of warming rooms by heated air—that the atmospheric air becomes partially de-oxidated, and is thus rendered less fitted for respiration. The whole of the mechanical arrangements, and the construction of the stoves, are executed in very good and finished taste; and many testimonials of their superiority in heating large buildings, conservatories, pineries, halls, churches, &c., have sufficiently proved the superiority of this principle, as might be anticipated from the very philosophical arrangements by which the combustion, as well as the distribution of heat, is effected; and for chemical manufactories, as well as for every purpose to which heat is applied, these stoves may be used with great economy and advantage. These particulars we have collected from different stoves on this principle, which we have seen in operation at the Museum of National Manufactures, Leicester-square.

Museum of National Manufactures.—Although the influence which the different competitive exhibitions of the fine arts have possessed upon its refinement has been most practically acknowledged by their rapid advancement in this country within the last quarter of a century, during which period the British School of Art has been formed, the want of some institution which should possess an equally fostering influence upon the liberal arts has long been felt. Without it, the country has remained wholly destitute of a correct standard of taste; artists and manufacturers, along with the public, have found great difficulty in becoming acquainted with the maximum of superiority, and which, in the ordinary routine of commercial intercourse, can only be made known by the conflicting rivalry of the producers. Whilst a knowledge of merit could only be obtained through so tortuous a route, the meritorious artist has been wholly abandoned to the capricious contingencies of trade, his deserts have been too often treated with neglect, and his energies have been lost by repinement in unmerited obscurity, in his unavailing attempts to counteract the rivalry of less meritorious though more fortunate producers.

Under such a system, and without the aid accorded by those periodical exhibitions of the useful arts, the utility of which has been amply acknowledged by the support which is given to them by the different continental governments of France, Russia, Austria, and even Spain, always so late in the march of improvement, the loss to consumers has been incalculable, whilst it has in many cases led to adherence in, or the fostering of a bad and capricious taste. Such must always be the case in a mere competitive community, for although the appeal to public opinion is in every case bene-

ficial to advancement in the arts, the doors to that tribunal must be rendered the most easy of access. For want of such a medium to public notice, the claims of many of the most valuable inventions have been lost to the world, and have become injurious or destructive to their proprietors, whilst the most absurd practices, in other cases, are adhered to, or those which are blazed forth with all the guilty impudence of sophistry or puff, usurp the place of the more deserving efforts of the man of genius. Such an establishment must necessarily produce the most genial influence: it enables the consumer to judge between the meritorious and meretricious in every department of art, on those subjects in which his comforts are most directly concerned; and, whilst making the artist acquainted with the highest and most complete and successful efforts of his art, stimulates him to better execution, and to a wholesome rivalry at equality or superiority.

Whilst such an establishment creates an interest by the exhibition of every thing valuable for purposes of utility, comfort, luxury, and ornament, it displays a vast animated pictorial representation of the mental faculties in their varied developements. Whilst it is a panorama of the present state of every thing new and improved in every branch of intelligence and industry to which the mind of man can devote its exercise, it is a perfect school of art in which to initiate the young, and familiarize them with every branch of manufacturing enterprise, and thus may often excite native genius to the developement of its latent powers, which, without such an opportunity, would never have been stimulated into being. In a great manufacturing community, where the native resources of the country have been augmented ten thousand times by the energy of her artizans and manufacturers, no argument need be adduced further in support of such an institution, than that whatever creates an identity and reciprocity between the feelings of the producers and the consumer must necessarily be productive of great national good.

The object of the Museum of National Manufactures (a continuation of the National Repository at Charing Cross) is to present to public notice specimens of superior workmanship in the different branches of manufacturing industry, with models of the machinery by which these results are produced. Every article admitted into the collection is distinguished from the ordinary productions of the same class, either by some improvement or superiority of fabric: or by some novelty of material, style, design, or mode of production; or by ingenuity of contrivance, or extended usefulness of application; or, finally, by some marked excellence of execution, indicative of more than ordinary skill, taste, assiduity, or dexterity of the workman. The catalogue of this, the first annual exhibition, comprises three hundred and twenty-six articles, being ninety-four more than in the last collection of the National Repository, and, from the support which it has received from the manufacturing public, there can be little doubt of its attaining a high station in public estimation, and meeting with an adequate degree of public patronage.

B.

NEW PATENTS.

To William Godfrey Kneller, of Mitcham, in the county of Surrey, chemist, for his invention of certain improvements in evaporation. Sealed 24th of August—six months for enrolment.

To Richard Else, of the city of Bath, gentleman, for certain improvements in drying malt. Sept. 7—two months.

To William Church, of Heywood House, Bordeslee Green, near Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus to be employed in the transportation of goods or

passengers, parts of which said improvement are also applicable to the ordinary purposes of steam-engines. Sept. 7—six months.

To Isaac Dodds, of Horseley Iron Works, in the parish of Tipton, in the county of Stafford, engineer, for an improved combination of materials, and method of manufacturing valves for steam-engines, or steam apparatus, or for any other fluid, or gas, or in any other situation wherein valves or sluices may be used. Sept. 14—six months.

To John Heathcoat, of Tiverton, in the county of Devon, lace-manufacturer, for his

invention of certain improvements in machines or machinery used in the manufacture of bobbin net. Sept. 14—six months.

To John Scott Howard, of Chow Bent, in the county of Lancaster, machine-maker, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery, called, roving-frames, for roving cotton and other fibrous substances. Sept. 21—two months.

To Louis Courrier, of Kennington Green, in the county of Surrey, gentleman, for an improvement in curing certain maladies of the head, being a communication from a foreigner residing abroad. Sept. 21—two months.

To Fitz-Walter Williams, of Gilbert-street, Oxford-street, in the county of Middlesex,

gentleman, for his invention of a liquid or composition for polishing furniture and other articles, which he intends to denominate "Williams's French Polish reviver." Sept. 21—six months.

To John Robertson, of Crofthead, in the parish of Neilston, and county of Renfrew, cotton-spinner, for his invention of certain improvements in the mule-jenny, or other machine for spinning of cotton, and in the belly-stretching frame, or other machine for the roving of cotton, and in the machinery for spinning and roving of silk, wool, flax, hemp, or other fibrous substances. Sept. 21—six months.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM SEPTEMBER 27, 1833, TO OCTOBER 25, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Sept. 27.—D. COCKERILL, Edmonton, cattle-dealer. W. NEVILLE, Birmingham, merchant. H. LATHAM and R. THOMAS, Chester, ironmongers. J. HILTON, Cumberiand-place, New-road, grocer.

Oct. 1.—E. WHELPDALE, Marylebone-lane, victualler. T. WELLER, Lisle-street, Leicester-square, tailor. J. Q. RUMBALL, Melina-place, St. John's Wood, Marylebone, surgeon. J. CHAPMAN, Liverpool, hosier. W. THOMPSON, Morpeth, Northumberland, wine-merchant. J. BRODRICK, Plymouth, merchant. T. HAYWOOD, Manchester, upholsterer. G. BLATHERWICK, Nottingham, joiner. J. BEST, Pickering, Yorkshire, corn-factor. R. W. JOSEPH and JOHN FLETCHER, Walsall, Staffordshire, merchants. G. CLARKE, Ashton-under-Line, ironfounder.

Oct. 4.—C. BURRELL, Northumberland-place, Commercial-road, cheesemonger. J. CECIL, Upper Thames-street, leather-seller. C. WAUD, New Bond-street, cook. S. PHILLIPS, Russell-street, Bermondsey, furrier.

Oct. 8.—W. CROGGAN, sen., Belvedere-road, Lambeth, artificial stone manufacturer. H. SMETHURST, George-street, Great Surrey-st., hatter. J. WILLS, St. James's-place, St. James's-street, tailor. J. H. COLES, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper. R. BROADMEAD, York, victualler. J. MCCOLGAN, Liverpool, tailor. W. GRANAM, jun., Liverpool, wine-merchant. G. REAY, North Shields, joiner. T. PRICE, Hereford, victualler. J. LAKEMAN, Kingsbridge, Devonshire, maltster.

Oct. 11.—J. SIMPSON, Nottingham, cordwainer. T. BENNETT, Liverpool, victualler. J. FISHER and J. BARNARD, Bristol, horse-dealers.

Oct. 15.—W. AUSTIN, Singleton-street, Hoxton, builder. T. HOBSON, High Hol-

born, bookseller. J. Z. PULBROOK, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, boot and shoe maker. T. COCKS, Little Lant-street, Southwark, oilman. W. HORT, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor. G. WATKINS, jun., Milman-row, Chelsea, builder. J. S. BLINKHOEN, Wigan, Lancashire, calenderer. M. BRASIER, Margate, schoolmistress. T. H. DOWNING, Longford, Coventry, grocer. W. BATES, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, grocer.

Oct. 18.—W. R. W. KING, Hosier-lane, West Smithfield, wholesale tin-plate-worker. C. GREGORY, Luton, Bedfordshire, maltster. D. DENMAN, Mark-lane, watchmaker. G. FAIRBROTHER and T. WILLIAMS, Birkacre, Lancashire, calico-printers. J. SMITH, Liverpool, wheelwright. H. HORD, Leeds, Yorkshire, victualler. J. RILEY, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, draper.

Oct. 22.—T. PEPPIN, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant. T. RIDDELL and C. BUCKLE, Stratford, Essex, innkeepers. W. M. PORTER, Great Winchester-street, merchant. H. J. HOGG, Portsea, auctioneer. T. WADE, sen., Silksworth, Durham, dealer. T. R. JONES, Tynemouth, Northumberland, ship-owner.

Oct. 25.—J. JONES, Bishopsgate-st. Without, hat-maker. J. FRY, Wrotham, Kent, corn-dealer. J. THOMPSON and J. WOODS, New Bond-street, hosiers. J. COLLIER, Poultry, hosier. J. BEASLEY, Maidenhead, Berkshire, upholsterer. J. WILSON, Barclay-house, Hackney, distiller. W. COLLECOTT, Plymouth, grocer. J. TUCKER, Lymington, victualler. R. G. ROBERTS, Liverpool, timber-merchant. T. CHADWICK, Crab Eye, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. J. BOWLES, New Sarum, linen-draper. F. WIGLESWORTH, Leeds, ironmonger. J. PILINGTON, Manchester, merchant. J. W. BLEW, Worcester, wine-merchant.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE principal manufactures of the country continue to present, if not the high excitement of exertion which is too frequently the indication of a delirium of commercial speculation, the more safe though slower tokens of sober improvement; arising from a sound state of the currency, from a demand fairly keeping pace with the supply, and from a real and substantial relief from many of the burthens which pressed so heavily upon the manufacturer, as well directly in the shape of imposts upon the raw material and the means of fashioning it, as indirectly by limiting the means of a portion of those destined to be consumers. The woollen trade has suffered no deterioration from the advanced state of activity to which it has risen during the last twelve months; and the emancipation of the iron works from the state of stagnation in which they have so long been held, is manifested in the increased price of the metal itself, of fuel for its transformation, and the labour employed to effect it. A very considerable rise has taken place in all descriptions of Raw Silk; and if, in Cotton, some re-action has taken place, it is only what was long ago expected from the eagerness with which an excessive advance in price was anticipated and speculated upon, and, in its reality, falls far short of what, at one time, was pretty generally apprehended.

A considerable reduction has taken place during the month in the prices of West India produce, particularly of Coffee, which has fallen 2s. to 3s. per cwt. on inferior qualities, and 4s. to 6s. on superior. Sugar has declined from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per cwt.

The general appearance of the Sugar Market, at present, is that of extreme dullness, the large importers being unwilling to submit to a further reduction, and, those who find it convenient to do so, keeping their transactions as close as possible. The latest quotations are as follow:—Jamaica, brown, 55s. to 56s.; middling, 57s. to 58s.; good, 59s. to 61s.; fine, 62s. to 64s.

In Mauritius Sugars there are no recent transactions, either by public or private sale to report. In East India and Foreign, the demand which lately existed has almost ceased altogether. Some inquiries have been made by the refiners for Siams, and 26s. 6d. has been offered and refused for low white. At the public sales of Foreign which have lately taken place, the greater part has been taken in, there being no offers either at or after the sale.

West India Molasses are in demand; and sales are reported of Grenada at 26s. and Demerara at 27s.

The Refined Market is still in a very depressed state, though the stock on hand is small; fine Crashed is sold at 33s., inferior at 32s.; low quality, Lumps, 63s., good, 66s. to 66s. 6d.

The Coffee Market is very languid, and no transactions of importance have lately taken place in British Plantation. There is rather more appearance of firmness in Foreign. At last public sale, 723 bags Ceylon, good to fine ordinary, was for the most part withdrawn at 61s. to 65s.

For Cocoa there is at present no demand.

Rum has declined in price, and the demand but small; the last prices are, for middling Jamaica, 25 to 31 over proof, 2s. 9d. to 2s. 11d.; Tobago, 10 to 15 over, 2s. 4d.; for proof Leewards 2s. is offered, but they are held for 2s. 1d. Brandy and Geneva without alteration.

In Cotton, as stated above, a considerable reduction has taken place; the sales by private contract lately are 300 Surats, ordinary to middling, 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ d. to 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.; 16 Madras, fair, 8 $\frac{7}{8}$ d.; and, by public auction, 173 Surats at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and 800 Paras withdrawn at 10d.

The Company's sale of Indigo commenced on the 8th and finished on the 17th ult.; for the first day or two the biddings were languid, and the prices obtained fell below those of the July sale, from 3d. to 4d. on the good and fine qualities, and 6d. to 10d. on the ordinary; afterwards, however, the proprietors manifesting more confidence and buying in largely, prices were restored nearly to the level of the former sale; in effecting this, however, the quantity bought in and withdrawn amounts to more than 2700 chests; but the late advices from India lead to the belief that prices must yet advance: indeed, since the sale, some few parcels have changed hands at 3d. per lb. increase. The following statement will show the relative proportions of the several qualities sold or taken in:—

72 Chests, from 7s. to 8s. 0d. per lb.	453 Chests, from 4s. to 4s. 11d. per lb.
3525 " " 6s. 6s. 11d. per lb.	83 " " 3s. to 3s. 11d. per lb.
3462 " " 5s. 5s. 11d. per lb.	1 " " at 3s. 10d. per lb.
26 bags warehouse sweepings, from 1s. 10d. to 2s. 2d.	

A great degree of briskness was manifested at the Company's Silk sale, which commenced on the 21st, and considerable competition took place for some qualities. Upon the whole, prices are not less than from 3s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. higher than those of the preceding sale.

In Spices, the trade has been very dull throughout the month, and a general decline of prices has been the consequence. By late public sale, 50 bags Pimento brought $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4\frac{5}{8}d.$; 1065 bags Pepper, low to good shot, $3\frac{3}{4}d.$ to $5d.$; 340 chests Cassia, taken in at 83s.; Nutmegs have declined to 7s., first quality.

The Company's declaration of Tea for sale, on the 2d of December, shows an increase of 100,000lbs. in Congou, Campoi, and Souchong, collectively; the market remains unvaried, with the exception of an advance of 1d. to 2d. in some chops of private trade Tea.

The Hop trade is less animated than it has been, and the estimate of the duty is now 157,000*l.* to 160,000*l.*

Oils are steady, and considerable business has been done of late in them; the Tallow Market is firm.

The Money Market has been in a state of languor during the last month, and from $88\frac{1}{4}$, the price of Consols at its commencement, they declined in the course of it to $86\frac{1}{2}$: this is variously accounted for, by the large sum required for West India compensation, for the payments to the Bank and the East India Company, the Irish Church relief, &c., as well as by the demand for capital on the part of Joint Stock Companies; of late, however, an improvement has taken place to the extent of nearly 1 per cent. That which more clearly indicates the increased demand for money is the fall of full 10s. in the premium on Exchequer Bills.

The Foreign Market has been generally steady of late, the great fluctuations being almost confined to Spanish and Portuguese Stock, which, however, do not greatly vary now from the quotations at the beginning of the month; the Regency Bonds being now issued, the Portuguese Loan is no longer quoted as Scrip, but the value of the Bonds, as compared with the late price of Scrip, is easily ascertained, by considering that 38 per cent. is paid upon them. Greek Bonds, in consequence of the answer returned to the holders, cannot be said to have suffered a depression but an annihilation; from the price of 38 to 40, they have sunk to the nominal quotation of 24 to 26.

The closing prices of the principal public securities on the 25th are subjoined.

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, $87\frac{1}{8}$ —Ditto for the Account, $87\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{8}$ —Three per Cent. Reduced, $86\frac{1}{8}\frac{1}{4}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, $94\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{8}$ —New Three and a Half per Cent., $95\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{8}$ —Four per Cent. (1826), $101\frac{7}{8}$, $2\frac{1}{8}$ —India Stock, 238, 9—Bank do., 208, 9—Exchequer Bills, 34s., 35s.—India Bonds, 19s., 20s.—Long Annuities, $16\frac{1}{6}\frac{3}{4}$.

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Loan, $94\frac{3}{4}$, $5\frac{1}{4}$ —Brazilian Five per Cent., $65\frac{3}{4}$, $6\frac{1}{4}$ —Chilian, 22, 4—Colombian 1824, Six per Cent., $21\frac{1}{2}$ —Danish Three per Cent., $72\frac{1}{2}$, 3—Dutch Two and a Half per Cent., $92\frac{1}{8}$ —Ditto Five per Cent., $39\frac{1}{4}$ —Greek Five per Cent., 24, 6—Mexican Six per Cent., $33\frac{3}{4}$, $4\frac{1}{4}$ —Portuguese Five per Cent., $72\frac{1}{2}$ —Ditto New Loan, $58\frac{7}{8}$, $9\frac{1}{8}$ —Russian Five per Cent., $102\frac{1}{4}\frac{3}{4}$ —Spanish Five per Cent., $22\frac{1}{8}$.

SHARES.

Anglo Mexican Mines, 8*l.* 15s., 9*l.* 5s.—United do., 12*l.* 5s., 12*l.* 15s.—Colombian Mines, 12*l.*, 13*l.*—Del Monte, 50*l.* 10s., 51*l.* 10s.—Brazil, 57*l.*, 58*l.*—Bolanos, 130*l.* 135*l.*

MONTHLY DIGEST.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Revenue.—The following tables furnish the quarterly account of the Revenue for the three months ending the 10th inst., together with a statement of the income of the whole year ending the same day, contrasted with that of the corresponding year and quarter of 1832. It will be seen, that on the last quarter a falling off of 253,276*l.* has occurred, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1832; and that on the whole year we have a deficiency of 380,420*l.* This result, however, will not appear at all alarm-

ing when we consider the amount of taxes which have been reduced or repealed within the year. The decrease in the quarter has fallen almost entirely under the head of Customs, and the increase has taken place chiefly in the Excise. The deficiency of the former is 423,680*l.*, and the compensating increase on the latter (notwithstanding the reduction of the soap duty) is 103,121*l.* With respect to the revenue of the whole year, the operation is reversed, and we find that the chief deficiency is in the Excise, counteracted by a small improvement in the Customs. Stamps, decrease upon the year 58,630*l.*; increase upon the quarter (notwithstanding the reduction of the advertisement duty), 23,694*l.* Assessed Taxes, decrease upon the year 36,144*l.*; and upon the quarter 4830*l.* The Post-office, uniformly thriving, has improved its income, as compared with last year, by 87,000*l.* upon the year, and 38,000*l.* upon the quarter. The "Miscellaneous" have increased 18,485*l.* upon the year, but fallen off 5008*l.* upon the quarter. The probable amount of Exchequer Bills required to meet the charges upon the Consolidated Fund, for the quarter, is calculated at 4,508,299*l.* On the whole, the statement presents but little ground either for congratulation or regret. The result, however, is an apparent steadiness in the trade and consumption of the country, which cannot but be productive of increasing prosperity.

Net Produce of the Revenue of Great Britain in the

	Qrs. ended Oct. 10, 1832. 1833.		In- crease.	De- crease.	Yrs. ended Oct 10, 1832. 1833.		In- crease.	De- crease.
Customs....£	4,696,129	4,272,449	423,680	15,201,299	15,240,007	38,708	
Excise	4,668,188	4,771,309	103,121	14,956,307	14,542,957	413,350
Stamps	1,658,032	1,681,726	23,694	6,558,159	6,499,529	58,630
Post-Office ..	333,000	371,000	38,000	1,313,000	1,400,000	87,000	
Taxes.....	656,959	652,129	4,830	5,022,324	4,986,180	36,144
Miscellan....	9,402	4,394	5,008	46,831	64,816	18,485	
	12,021,710	11,753,007	164,815	433,518	43,097,420	42,733,489	144,193	508,124
Repayments of Advances for Public Works.....	71,876	87,303	15,427	311,392	294,903	16,489
Total .£	12,093,586	11,840,310	180,242	433,518	43,408,812	43,028,392	144,193	524,613
	Deduct Increase			180,242	Deduct Increase			144,193
	Decrease on the Quarter			253,276	Decrease on the Year			380,420

THE COLONIES.

EAST INDIES.

A destructive hurricane has been felt at Calcutta. Mr. Pickering, in charge of the new tripod, gives a most terrific account of its progress and effects in that quarter. It is bad enough at Diamond Harbour, he says, but the consequences of it in the place he left beggar description. The gale commenced at south-east, and, on the evening of the 20th, increased during the night. At day-light the flag-staff was blown down, and his little shed unroofed; the gale continued all day; the flood came on with awful velocity; they took shelter in the tripod. At eleven at night the water rose over the bund; in half an hour a breach was made in it, and it gave way, with a fearful rush, to the force of the flood. The wind shifted to east north-east, and blew with increased fury, and the whole country was inundated to seven feet high before one o'clock in the morning of the 21st. At this time the force of the waters burst the flooring of the tripod, where Mr. Pickering and his people had taken shelter, and they clung to the joists at the sides of the building, almost up to their necks in water.

As the water still rose, the sircar suggested that they should endeavour to get to the top of the building. They crept through the windows; but, alas! the ladder for ascending was not there. By some lucky accident, however, a rope was left hanging there, which had been used to point the mast, and by this means they ascended to their wretched place of refuge, where they passed the night, expecting every moment that the tripod would be blown over, and overwhelm them in the roaring water below. When the gale abated they got down and waded, or rather swam, to the next station, No. 10, whence they got to Diamond Harbour in a boat sent for them by Captain Cowles, and saw in the way thither not less than 700 dead bodies. All the communications we have seen are of a similar tenour.

Since the beginning of January, 1830, four Calcutta houses have failed for the sum of about 12,000,000*l.* sterling; one Bombay house for the sum of 250,000*l.*, and two London houses connected with the former for the amount of nearly 3,000,000*l.* more; making in all 15,000,000*l.*; an amount of debt which, a little more than a century ago, would have shaken the government of this country with the fear of bankruptcy, and which even now few of the second or third-rate nations could borrow on the mortgage of half their revenues.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Parliamentary evidence on the condition of Nova Scotia gives some curious details of the way in which emigrants get on and acquire property, although they may begin the world without a penny. In the first place, they go to a farmer and hire the use of a cow for twenty shillings; that cow they get in the spring of the year in calf; they keep that cow through the summer, and they keep it the next winter, for the sake of the produce the cow will have, and then they pay the owner of the cow twenty shillings, and return him his cow in the ensuing spring in calf, as they got it. They begin with that calf which is in the cow for their stock; that calf in time becomes a cow; and they hire a sheep and an ox in the same way; the produce of the ox is the use that he is of in harrowing in the corn. But now they have got a stock of their own; they have now got sheep, and cows, and oxen, and they have got horses, and they are living in a great degree of comfort; the original twenty shillings, although agreed to be paid in money, being generally taken by the farmer in labour. In the same manner, the colony is enabled to provide for all the children of emigrants when they reach the age of five and upwards. Any farmer will take them as apprentices, according to the terms detailed in the evidence. As the army and navy resort to Halifax, we have generally a very large portion of orphan children thrown upon the poor list; and our mode of disposing of these children is, that at four to five years of age we put them out apprentices to farmers, unless they choose a trade; if they choose a trade, of course they are bound to a trade. The stipulation that is made for those children with the person to whom each child is bound is, that the first year he is to give that child a sheep; the second year a heifer calf; and as long as that child is under indentures to him, he is bound to preserve and keep that sheep and heifer calf, and all the produce of it, till the child comes of age, and then it becomes a portion for that child to settle with. If a female, in marriage; or if a male, as farming stock; he will generally have a stock of five or ten head of grown-up cattle, and eight or ten sheep, by that means. In fact, we never can supply half the number of children that there is a demand for.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

A society has been formed at Sydney under the denomination of the "Australian Steam Conveyance Company," the object of which is to promote the more extensive application of steam machinery to conveyance,

both by water and by land. The first undertaking of the company was to establish a steam-packet of twelve-horse power between Sydney and Parramatta, the cost of which, including boat, engine, and all appurtenances, was estimated not to exceed two thousand pounds, and the whole was to be manufactured, as far as practicable, within the colony. The capital was to be raised by four hundred transferable shares of five pounds each, and no individual was to hold more than twenty shares. Three hundred shares were already taken up by the residents in Sydney. The Sydney college, in its main building, was fast approaching completion, and was expected, in a few weeks, to be available as a temporary school-house, with accommodation for a master. The Sydney agricultural report for April states, that the rain which had succeeded the protracted drought had produced a gratifying change, making the ground in excellent order for sowing wheat; and what was above ground was materially improved in appearance and promise. Much of the early maize had been gathered, and, apparently, the crop was more abundant than was anticipated. Tobacco plants had also produced a larger crop than was expected from the prevalence of extreme dry weather. Seed oats were in much request among the agriculturists. The pasturage was very scanty, and it was feared that the rains of the latter end of April were too late to effect its restoration before the winter frosts set in.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Accounts from Hobart Town state that the newly discovered land to the westward had proved one of the most luxurious and eligible tracts for all the purposes of grazing and agriculture ever yet discovered in Van Diemen's Land. It comprised a large proportion of upland, and some wet marshes, interspersed with undulating spots of excellent forest, well watered, the soil rich and the climate fine. The plains were extensive—2,000, 3,000, and 4,000 acres each, abounding with numerous herds of tame cattle, and fat as if stall-fed, and horses. A road from the south-west to Spring river, an admirable port near South-West Cape, is spoken of as practicable. An exploring and clearing party had proceeded in that direction, and it was understood that twenty houses were to be built on the newly discovered land by the Governor, it being intended to form a settlement here of the pensioners recently arrived.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

An expedition into the interior, on a considerable scale, is announced to have been undertaken by a Dr. Smith: 600*l.* has been subscribed towards defraying the expense. Sir J. Herschel is on the eve of departure for the same colony, in order to carry on his astronomical observations on the fixed stars, &c. &c. in another hemisphere.

The number of persons who emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland during the year 1832, amounted to 103,140 souls, being an excess of 19,980 over the emigration of 1831. Of the above number, 66,339 went to the British colonies in North America, 196 to the Cape of Good Hope, 3,733 to the Australian colonies, and 32,872 to the United States. Since the establishment of the Board of Emigration, 397 families, consisting of 1,538 persons, have received loans from Government, to the amount of 7,830*l.* to enable them to emigrate to New South Wales; and 422 families, consisting of 1,571 persons, have received 8,436*l.* for the purpose of emigrating to Van Diemen's Land. The number of unmarried females who have emigrated to New South Wales, and have accepted the bounty offered by Government, is 761, the amount of money granted them, 9,812*l.*; to Van Diemen's Land, number of females, 509, money granted, 7,114*l.*

FOREIGN STATES.

AMERICA.

The President of the United States, on the 18th ult., read to the Cabinet a long statement of his reasons for making a public avowal of the feelings and views which had induced him to assume the responsibility of directing the government deposits to be withdrawn from the Bank of the United States, and to be placed in that of the States. It embodies very grave and serious charges against the administration of the bank in question; but much doubt appears to have been felt whether the charges, even if proved, were of such a nature as to warrant the President in withdrawing the deposits before the meeting of Congress, which was so soon to assemble. The Secretary of the Treasury, it appears, declared there was no necessity for such a course, and rather than lend his aid to the President's resolution he would resign his appointment.

SPAIN.

There has been no change of ministry consequent upon the death of Ferdinand; but some alteration is expected. The King's will bears the date of June 1830, and appoints the Queen Regent during his daughter's minority; it also names a Council of Regency, but without conferring on it any restrictive powers on the authority of the Regent. The majority of the members of this Council is, however, said to be composed of men who are known to entertain political sentiments of a liberal kind. Extensive measures are taken by the French Government to prevent the risk of its being compromised by the proceedings of the Spanish refugees who are now residing in France, among whom there are Carlists as well as Liberals. The Queen Regent has issued a Royal Decree ordering the persons appointed by the will of Ferdinand to act as a Council of Regency, to assemble and to give their advice respecting the measures most expedient to be adopted. The course of policy which the Queen Regent intends to pursue, as indicated in her Manifesto, is stated to be injurious to the cause of the young Queen, as it will be the means of her losing the support of the liberal part of the nation, without enabling her to gain the confidence of the absolutists. The accounts from the Spanish provinces are very unsatisfactory, and but little dependence is to be placed on them.

The following is a note on the persons composing the Council: Cardinal Don Francisco Marco y Catalan, a man of no political importance, but attached to the privileges of the clergy—Marquis de Santa Cruz, Ambassador from the Cortes to Paris, of a liberal tendency—Duke of Medina Cœli, the head of the first family of Spain, with pretensions to the Crown, in support of which he makes an hereditary protest at the accession of each Sovereign; he was the Constitutional Alcade of Madrid under the Cortes, and is of a liberal tendency—Don Xavier Castagnos, the oldest General in Spain, not known as a politician, but principally remarkable for his conversational powers and brilliant wit—the Marquis de las Amarillis, Captain-General of Andalusia, Constitutional Minister of War in 1820; of a very moderate liberal tendency, having abandoned the cause of the Constitution on the refusal of the Chambers to modify such parts of it as he considered too liberal—Don J. M. Puig, Chief of the Council of Castile, a firm and upright magistrate, who was the principal means of defeating the intrigues of Calomarde to substitute the name of Don Carlos for that of the young Princess in the will of Ferdinand; his political opinions are not much known,—a remark which applies also to the remaining member of the Council, Don Xavier Caro, a man of American extraction, and owing his nomination solely to his situation as chief of the Council of the Indies. The supplementary members are:—Don Thomas Arras de Rota, an ecclesiastic unknown in public affairs—the Duke del Infantado, the Minister representing the Absolutist party, and of great wealth and influence—the well-known Count d'Espagne—Don José de la Cruz, the

present Minister of War, the right hand of Zea Bermudez; and Don Nicolas Garoli and John Jose Heria, neither of whom are much known.

The Queen Regent has directed her Minister to quit the head-quarters of Don Miguel, and has formally acknowledged Donna Maria as Sovereign of Portugal.

The accounts from Madrid are favourable to the Queen. The insurrection in Biscay has, however, gained strength; and symptoms of disaffection had appeared in Navarre. We shall probably soon have decisive news from the seat of the insurrection, as the Queen's troops had advanced in considerable force to the vicinity of Burgos.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

FERDINAND VII., KING OF SPAIN.

Ferdinand VII., King of Spain and the Indies, son of Charles IV., and of Maria Louisa of Parma, was born in the palace of St. Ildefonso, on the 14th of October, 1784; consequently, at the period of his demise, he had not quite completed his 49th year. At the age of six, he was proclaimed Prince of the Asturias. On the 19th of March, 1808, upon the abdication of his father (who lived till the 19th of January, 1819) he ascended the throne. Six or seven years previously to this, Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, undertook to bring about a marriage between Ferdinand and a Princess of England; but the rupture with Britain put a stop to the negotiation, and a double alliance was concluded between the heir of Spain with his cousin, Maria Antoinette, daughter of Ferdinand IV., King of the Two Sicilies, and between the Prince Royal (now King) of the Two Sicilies, and the Princess Maria Isabella, of Spain. The marriage took place in 1802. Ferdinand was devotedly attached to his wife; but she was hated by the King and Queen of Spain; and, after a life spent chiefly in melancholy retirement, she died childless, suddenly, and not without suspicion of poison.

Godoy proposed, as a second wife for Ferdinand, a French lady of the house of Beauharnois; but the Prince refused the connexion. It was not until the year 1816, that King Ferdinand again married. He was then united to his own niece, the Infanta Isabella, of Portugal, daughter of King John VI. She died on the 26th of December, 1818; and, in 1819, he married as his third wife, Maria Josephina, daughter of Prince Maximilian, of Saxony. Her Majesty died on the 17th of May, 1829. Shortly afterwards, he married his surviving Queen, Maria Christiana, (born April 27th, 1806), third daughter of Francis I., present King of the Two Sicilies, and, consequently, niece of Ferdinand. By her, he had a daughter, Donna Isabella, in favour of whose succession he obtained the sanction of the Cortes.

Ferdinand's eldest brother, Charles Maria Isidore, (by many still regarded as the rightful heir of the Spanish crown,) was born on the 29th of March, 1788; and he married, on the 29th of September, 1816, the Infanta Maria Frances, daughter of John VI. of Portugal; by whom he has three sons, the eldest of whom is in his sixteenth year.

"During the greater portion of Ferdinand's reign," says a writer in the 'Times,' "the Absolutist, or, what is synonymous with it, the Church faction, was engaged in frequent attempts to harden and exasperate the spirit of the existing administration against the friends of lawful and constitutional government, and to crush, by dint of universal terror, every principle and material of future resistance to the real supremacy of the priesthood, to be exercised through the forms of a temporal monarchy. Ferdinand had no scruple of conscience or honour about making the people slaves, but he dreaded the failure of a system so violent and revolting as that to which the monkish faction would have urged him; and even from its success he shrunk with dismay, lest the lion's share of the depotism, when accomplished, might

fall to his ecclesiastical allies. Cowardice and cunning, both in the extreme, were the keys to his entire administration. His reign was a shuffle from beginning to end. As compared with the church and with his brother Carlos, its superstitious and sanguinary but unflinching champion, Ferdinand affected a sort of *milieu* policy, with a little more tendency to the tyrannical or the forbearing as the influence of the arbitrary courts of Europe or of Great Britain might preponderate. The war in Portugal, had it been merely a contest, however unnatural, between two brothers for a neighbouring crown, might have been looked upon by Ferdinand, not only with indifference, but complacency, because it would help to distract and enfeeble a kingdom over which the Spanish branch of the House of Bourbon has at no time ceased to indulge the ambition of reigning. But the Portuguese war embraced more extensive and alarming objects. Its results were to be constitutional or arbitrary government in Portugal; and its sympathies, which pervaded the whole of Europe, acted upon Spain with a more immediate and trying pressure. From the outset of that struggle, the dearest object of the Spanish Court, and at one moment there is reason to believe its actual determination, was to interfere by force of arms and establish Miguel and the reign of murder in Portugal; but England threatened force for force, and, as usual, Ferdinand and his ignoble Ministers yielded, confining their unlawful support of Miguel to money and other fraudulent appliances. In the mean time, one strong measure resorted to by Ferdinand drew a more definite and lasting line of separation between the Spanish partisans of Carlos and the church and their opponents. By a formal act of State, that is, by the repeal of the Salic law, he opened the succession to his daughter, and excluded Carlos not only from the throne, but from all share in the regency. This has been, in fact, a declaration of war against the principle of despotism throughout the Peninsula, inasmuch as it seems obvious that after the death of Ferdinand there is no power capable of resisting the Carlist faction but a close and hearty union of Spaniards of all other denominations. Of these the ablest minds are to be found among the advocates of a free and representative government, and into their arms we apprehend the Regent must throw herself, if she entertains any rational hope of ensuring her daughter's succession. The army are said to be friends to constitutional freedom—if so, an important, though not infallible, auxiliary is added to the young Queen's cause; but, on the other hand, the accessible wealth of Spain is for the most part at the disposal of the clergy."

RAMMOHUN ROY.

This distinguished Brahmin died at Clifton on the 21st of October. He was a native of the province of Bengal, properly so called, and born in the district of Burdwan, the most fertile and the most populous of all British India. He was about 60 years of age; and as the district in question was ceded to the British Government as early as 1760, Rammohun was of course born a subject of the British Government. In Lower Bengal there are two distinct classes of Brahmins,—namely, those who trace their pedigree to the ancient priesthood of the country, and those who trace their descent from certain emigrants from the north-west of India, who planted themselves in Bengal shortly before the Mohammedan conquest of that country, or nine centuries back. The true Bengalee Brahmin is little respected, being neither esteemed for learning nor for purity of blood; those of western descent are highly venerated, and of this order was Rammohun Roy. Considerable pains appear to have been taken with the early education of Rammohun, long before he had formed any acquaintance with Europeans; for, in his own district, he was instructed in all the learning usually bestowed upon a Brahmin, and was afterwards sent to the celebrated seminary of Benares, where he remained several years, engaged in studying the Sanscrit language.

His first acquaintance with the English language he owed to the care and patronage of the late Mr. John Digby, collector of the land-tax in the district of Rungpore, one of the most easterly portions of Bengal. His merit soon raised him to the highest office which a native can hold, that of Dewan, or chief native superintendent. It was in this office that he acquired the little fortune which enabled him to become a zemindar, or proprietor, in the district of Hooghly, to no larger extent, however, than an income of 1000*l.* a year.

Of the earlier portion of his life, however, he has left an interesting account, (published in the 'Literary Gazette.')

"My ancestors," he says, "were Brahmins of a high order; and, from time immemorial, were devoted to the religious duties of their race, down to my fifth progenitor, who about 140 years ago gave up spiritual exercises for worldly pursuits and aggrandizement. His descendants ever since have followed his example, and, according to the usual fate of courtiers, with various success, sometimes rising to honour and sometimes failing; sometimes rich and sometimes poor; sometimes excelling in success, sometimes miserable through disappointment. But my maternal ancestors, being of the sacerdotal order by profession as well as by birth, and of a family than which none holds a higher rank in that profession, have up to the present day uniformly adhered to a life of religious observances and devotion, preferring peace and tranquillity of mind to the excitements of ambition, and all the allurements of worldly grandeur.

"In conformity with the usage of my paternal race, and the wish of my father, I studied the Persian and Arabic languages,—these being accomplishments indispensable to those who attached themselves to the courts of the Mohammedan princes; and, agreeably to the usage of my maternal relations, I devoted myself to the study of the Sanscrit and the theological works written in it, which contain the body of Hindoo literature, law, and religion.

"When about the age of sixteen, I composed a manuscript calling in question the validity of the idolatrous system of the Hindoos. This, together with my known sentiments on that subject, having produced a coolness between me and my immediate kindred, I proceeded on my travels, and passed through different countries, chiefly within, but some beyond, the bounds of Hindoostan, with a feeling of great aversion to the establishment of the British power in India. When I had reached the age of twenty, my father recalled me, and restored me to his favour; after which I first saw and began to associate with Europeans, and soon after made myself tolerably acquainted with their laws and form of government. Finding them generally more intelligent, more steady and moderate in their conduct, I gave up my prejudice against them, and became inclined in their favour, feeling persuaded that their rule, though a foreign yoke, would lead more speedily and surely to the amelioration of the native inhabitants; and I enjoyed the confidence of several of them even in their public capacity. My continued controversies with the Brahmins, on the subject of their idolatry and superstition, and my interference with their custom of burning widows, and other pernicious practices, revived and increased their animosity against me; and through their influence with my family my father was again obliged to withdraw his countenance openly, though his limited pecuniary support was still continued to me.

"After my father's death I opposed the advocates of idolatry with still greater boldness. Availing myself of the art of printing now established in India, I published various works and pamphlets against their errors, in the native and foreign languages. This raised such a feeling against me, that I was at last deserted by every person except two or three Scotch friends, to whom, and the nation to which they belong, I always feel grateful.

"The ground which I took in all my controversies was, not that of opposition to Brahminism, but to a perversion of it; and I endeavoured to show that the idolatry of the Brahmins was contrary to the practice of their ancestors, and the principles of the ancient books and authorities which they profess to revere and obey. Notwithstanding the violence of the opposition and resistance to my opinions, several highly respectable persons, both among my own relations and others, began to adopt the same sentiments.

"I now felt a strong wish to visit Europe, and obtain, by personal observation, a more thorough insight into its manners, customs, religion, and political institutions. I refrained, however, from carrying this intention into effect until the friends who

coincided in my sentiments should be increased in number and strength. My expectations having been at length raised, in November 1830 I embarked for England, as the discussion of the East India Company's charter was expected to come on, by which the treatment of the natives of India and its future government would be determined for many years to come, and an appeal to the king in council against the abolition of the practice of burning widows was to be heard before the Privy Council; and his majesty the Emperor of Delhi had likewise commissioned me to bring before the authorities in England certain encroachments on his rights by the East India Company. I accordingly arrived in England in April 1831."

In politics, Rammohun Roy was a republican. At Calcutta he seldom or ever visited the Government-house, and kept at a distance from all the chief functionaries of Government. Among Europeans he associated chiefly with the ultra-liberal party. In 1823, when the press was persecuted at Calcutta, he boldly wrote and printed a petition to his Majesty in Council against the government measure, one of the best written that that important topic ever gave rise to. In 1820, on the breaking out of the Spanish, Neapolitan, and Sardinian revolutions, Rammohun gave a public entertainment in honour of them. In England, being invested with a diplomatic character, his politics were less obtruded than in India, but still he never allowed an opportunity to pass of expressing his hearty approbation of all liberal institutions. The progress of the Reform question kept him in a perfect fever of anxiety; "he told me over and over again," says a writer in the 'Times,' "that, independent of its own merits, it afforded the only chance likely to occur in his days of procuring an improved government for his fellow-countrymen in India."

Considering that Rammohun may be looked upon in many respects as self-taught, the extent of his acquirements must be considered as remarkable. He was thorough master of the Sanscrit language—a very difficult one, and he was master of the Arabic, also a difficult one; then he was an exceedingly good Persian scholar, and quoted the Persian poets liberally, appropriately, and gracefully; of course he understood thoroughly the Hindee and Bengalee. He had read a great deal of English literature, chiefly historical, and, considering the late period of life at which he made this acquisition, the precision and grammatical accuracy which he had attained were remarkable. He wrote, of course, much better than he spoke. With a view of being able to read the Jewish Scripture without the medium of a translation, Rammohun entered upon the study of the Hebrew, his progress in which was facilitated by his previous acquaintance with the cognate Arabic, and I am told that his acquirement in that language was very considerable. Rammohun may, upon the whole, be considered as having been rather a clever and dexterous dialectician than a close or profound reasoner. He was a quick and a keen observer of character, and in the ordinary intercourse of life discreet and prudent. As far as his slender means enabled him, he was liberal and generous; indeed, he was too apt to listen to well-got-up tales of woe, and was repeatedly the victim of his credulity. His person will be familiar to many of your readers. He was about six feet high and large in proportion; but his person, though not wanting in apparent symmetry, was unwieldy and without activity. His features were large, manly, and fine, and such as are more frequently to be found in the paintings of the Italian masters than in the real condition of any nation.

During his residence in England he never had good health, evidently being oppressed by the climate, and appearing subject to bilious attacks from that disordered state of the stomach which resulted from our dense atmosphere, as compared with that of his native country. He was much sought by many distinguished individuals, but though he drove about in his carriage, he never altered his simple mode of living. He never embraced any form of Christianity, and it is a mistake to suppose that he was even an Unitarian. Bishop Heber denominated him and his followers "Atheistical Brahmins;" but this was a calumny. Rammohun was a pure Deist, or believer in God and his unity.

The chief object which brought Rammohun Roy to this country was a mission which he undertook from the King of Delhi. In fact, he was the ambassador in this country of the Great Mogul. This Prince had, by treaty, a good claim against the East India Company, to the extent of a full half million. During his whole residence in England Rammohun Roy, notwithstanding the many obstacles thrown in his way, had carried on the negotiation for his employer with great skill, firmness, and perseverance, and a few weeks previous to his death had the matter brought to a successful termination by a compromise. As the arrangement now stands, 30,000*l.* a year are to be added to the stipend of the Mogul, and from the latter Prince Rammohun was to receive, as the reward of his services, to him and to his heirs for ever, an annual sum of from 3000*l.* to 4000*l.* sterling. This was the best bargain which the East India Company could have made; for the transaction was of a nature little calculated to bear the light, and, indeed, the most discreditable to our policy of anything which has occurred in India since the rogueries of Clive and Hastings. The case was printed, but not published, by Rammohun, and there is a copy of it at this moment before your correspondent, as he is writing.

It may be added that the title of Rajah was formerly bestowed upon Rammohun by the Mogul, shortly before he entered upon his mission, and that, by the universal admission of all India, the Mogul is the only power that can bestow such a title. This is a matter of no great moment, for the title of Rajah is now more common in India than Baron in Germany, or Count in old France.

RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Richard Heber, Esq., was the son of Reginald Heber (who succeeded his elder brother as lord of the manors and patron of the rectories of Marton, in Yorkshire, and Hodnet, in Salop), and Mary Baylie his first wife, and was half-brother to the late amiable and pious Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, who was by a second wife. Towards his brother Reginald he always acted a most affectionate part. He was for some time M.P. for Oxford University, and distinguished himself in Parliament. After his travels on the Continent and the East he lived in almost total seclusion, in which retirement he employed himself in making a collection of the most costly books, and for a private gentleman possessed the most extensive and curious library ever known. Mr. Richard Heber, inheriting from his father the patronage of the living of Hodnet, instituted his brother Reginald in it, which was his first living.

We are indebted to a correspondent of the Sun Newspaper for the following interesting particulars:—Heber began to collect books when he was quite a youth; he never travelled in the East, as it has been erroneously stated in some of the journals, neither did he at any time seclude himself from public life. During all his trips to the continent he associated with the *savans* in the respective towns he visited. At the end of the revolutionary war he went to Paris for the first time, where he made extensive purchases of valuable books. Even then his classics and his English literature, in number and value, exceeded those of any other individual. His subsequent journeys to the Low Countries, Holland, some parts of Germany, and France, were evidently for the purpose of increasing his literary stores. Where there was a library to be sold, Heber was sure to be first in the field. He appears to have commenced purchasing books at auctions at the sale of the Pinelli Library, at Robson's Rooms, in Conduit-street, about the year 1789, after which period, under the wing of the little *squat*, but most intelligent and very learned Dr. Gossett, Heber usually took his seat on the Doctor's right hand at all the book auctions in London, where, at his outset, he was a liberal purchaser of sixpenny articles. Heber secured choice gems in the sales of the Duke of Bridgewater (where most rare and valuable English books were disposed of in baskets full to a lot),

Mr. Townley, Colonel Stanley, Mr. Dalrymple, Dr. Gossett, Dr. Heath, Mr. Willott, James Boswell, Garrick, Meermann (at the Hague), Hibbert,* John Kemble, Lang, Broadley, the Duplicates of the British Museum, and Hanrott's. Three years ago he purchased at Paris the remaining portion of the well-known Boularde Library, consisting of upwards of twenty thousand volumes, all of which, with the addition of many thousand more, some of them of high price, are still in the French capital, in his apartments at Madame Boularde's Hotel, where he resided when in Paris. In fact, Heber possessed a larger library in Paris, than any individual of France. His literary stores at Malines, in Belgium, are immense; and at Brussels, the intelligent biblioplist Verbest had unlimited commissions to purchase for Heber all fine copies of rare books. Heber's collection of Spanish literature is the most extraordinary out of Spain, and it has even been questioned whether it can be equalled by any individual library in that country. His books in the Portuguese language are unique. In modern Latin poetry, critical and classical history, local history, and voyages and travels, he is said to be nearly perfect. Heber confined his collection of autographs to the manuscript letters of learned men, poets, critics, statesmen, and philosophers, of every age and of every country. With eminent men of his own age he carried on an extensive correspondence during many years. Sir Walter Scott entertained a sincere friendship for him; he admired his learning, and lauded his liberality in the loan of his books and the usefulness of his literary communications. Heber received many valuable letters from Sir Walter Scott, which we hope his executors will communicate to Mr. Lockhart, to be inserted in the Life of that great man. Heber, although never in the secret of the Great Unknown, was regularly presented with his novels and tales as they appeared "from the author." He, however, never entertained the slightest doubt about their identity.

During the last seventeen years, Thorpe, the bookseller, of Bedford-street, has been the confidential London agent of Mr. Heber: nearly all his purchases at auctions and by private contract have been effected by this industrious and extensive biblioplist. Heber's single-sheet old ballads, in black letter, far exceed in value and curiosity the three large volumes in folio, sold for 477*l.* 15*s.*, in the Roxburgh Library, and which were at that time said to be the finest in England. Two or three years back his purveyor, Thorpe, made an invaluable addition to Heber's ballads, by purchasing from a private gentleman an immense number, in black letter, chiefly dated from 1545 to 1570. One item in the collection is a poem on the Death of Queen Elizabeth, written the year she died, in which remarkable mention is made of Shakspeare. Although Heber utterly disregarded large-paper books, he was peculiarly fastidious about fine copies. We have heard on good authority, that he purchased six copies of "Blomefield's History of Norfolk," before he could satisfy himself with the purity and fineness of the plates. He had an excellent and very expensive taste in the binding of his books; of late years that accomplished artist, George Lewis, of Duke-street, has been his principal operator. Heber, we repeat, was not a mere book-worm; in society of every class he played what is termed the "first fiddle," and enchanted everybody by his exquisite wit, smartness of conversation, literary anecdote, learning, and universal information. No person enjoyed a joke, even a practical one, more than Heber. The very learned and ingenious John Leyden, author of a volume of poems, called "Scenes in Infancy," and editor of the "Complaynt of Scotland," written in 1548, undertaken at the suggestion of Heber, inscribed it to him in testimony of sincere esteem and friendship. Leyden was originally introduced to Heber by Sir Walter Scott. On Leyden's first arrival in London from Scotland, he engaged chambers in one of the inns of Court, where Heber

* Evans sold Hibbert's Library for 22,500*l.*, and the Roxburgh Library for upwards of 23,000*l.*

regularly visited to talk over the works of the poets in olden time. The well-remembered, eccentric, and most erudite antiquary, Joseph Ritson, was just then writing vehemently against the use of animal food, and Heber and Leyden were determined to practise a joke at the expense of Ritson's humanity. Leyden gave a literary breakfast, to which Ritson, Heber, and another gentleman were invited. Soon after the party had assembled, the *scout*, or laundress, brought in the viands, and when Leyden had poured out the tea, the *scout* again entered the room, with an immense raw beef steak, which was placed on the table immediately before Ritson, and of which John Leyden ate voraciously. Heber tasted it likewise, and they both pronounced the steak a feast for an epicure. Ritson rose from his seat, left the room in a violent passion, loudly denouncing what he called the cannibalism of the party; for some days he remained inexorable, but at length the persuasive manners of Heber brought him round, by representing the matter to him as a mere joke. Heber for several years participated once a week in the "Attic nights" of Dr. Raine, at the Charter-house, where Professor Porson and the late Mr. Beloe were constant guests; and the venerable Dr. Rowth, Master of Maudlin College, Oxford, and Dr. Parr, joined in these learned libations as often as they visited London. Heber was the confidential friend of the late William Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly Review," with whom he generally took tea at midnight. On the very evening Gifford retired from the "Quarterly," which he had conducted from its commencement, he took his farewell in a long and interesting letter which he addressed to Heber, in which he recapitulates the various gratifications that he had experienced in the progress of his management of that popular journal. Lord Grenville has constantly acknowledged his infinite obligations to Heber, in his election of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, when his Lordship was opposed by Lord Eldon and the *thick* and *thin* Tory *clique* of that day. Lord Grenville rewarded the University for their choice of him, by presenting them with an *unique* and unrivalled edition of Homer. Heber was the frequent guest of Lord Grenville, in his rural retreat at Dropmore, where his Lordship's brother, the Right Honourable and most accomplished Thomas Grenville, generally made a third at the literary banquet. Some time before Heber left England, which we believe was in 1825, and on his last visit to Dropmore, Lord Grenville gave him a specimen of his poetry in Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, neatly written on one sheet of paper. When Dr. Hodgson, the Principal of Brasennose College, and Rector of Ewell, proposed Heber to represent the University in Parliament, he stated that Heber was able to construe Sophocles when he was eight years old; "Is there," said Dr. Hodgson, "any other person at that age now living able to do so?" Heber and Dr. Hodgson were staying with the Duke of Buckingham, at Stowe, when Dr. Hodgson was seized with the illness that terminated in his death. This excellent man left Heber the trustee and guardian of his children. In addition to the celebrated persons already mentioned, Heber numbered among his friends and associates Lord Stowell, George Ellis, Sir Egerton Bridges, Chantry, Croker, Dr. Heath, the Bishop of Exeter, Wordsworth, Sotheby, Sir Henry Ellis, Sir Frederick Maddan, Dr. Dampiere (late Bishop of Ely), George Steevens, Isaac Reed, Joseph Ritson, Professor Millman, George Hibbert, Sir Mark Sikes, Rev. Mr. Todd, Mr. Park, Mr. Edw. Littledale, Mr. Justice Littledale.

It is impossible to form any estimate of the number of his books, or the time they would occupy should they be destined to come to the hammer; but the most seemingly exaggerated accounts which have hitherto been published far underrate their extent. The sale of this enormous assemblage of books, to do them justice, must spread over several years. We omitted to mention that Heber bought many of the very rare jewels in Messrs. Longman's Bibliotheca Poetica. Here this hasty and undigested memoranda must close; an "old book collector" was unwilling that Richard Heber should drop into the grave without a slight but friendly tribute to his memory.

MR. GEORGE ROBSON.

The late George Robson was a native of Durham, and son of Mr. John Robson, wine merchant of that city. His taste for drawing displayed itself at a very early age; at three or four years old he made bolder efforts, and attempted to draw from memory the objects he had observed while walking with his mother in the fields. This propensity to imitation was not checked by his school exercises. His vacant hours and holidays were occupied in drawing. At length he was put under Mr. Harle, the only drawing-master the city furnished, but he refused to take money for the lessons he gave, saying the boy had already got beyond his instruction. Before he was 20 he came to London, and was soon known as a most active and persevering student. His first publication was a view of his native city, the profits of which enabled him to visit the Highlands of Scotland, a visit which he had long ardently desired. In the habit of a shepherd, with his wallet at his back, and Scott's poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in his pocket, he wandered over the mountains, winter and summer, till he became familiar with the various aspects they presented under the different changes of season, and laid up a stock of materials which lasted him his life. On his return he published *Outlines of the Grampian Mountains*. In 1813 he first appeared as an exhibitor in the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and was elected a member the following year. But it was not till the exhibition of 1815 that his works commanded that public attention which gained him extensive and abundant patronage. From this time his interests became identified with the interests of the Society. As an artist, Mr. Robson was remarkable for vigour of execution. His conception of form might be sometimes wanting in grandeur, but his effect and colour were always powerful. The Scottish hills had strongly impressed their awful character on his imagination. One of his last and best pictures was a view of London from the Bridge before sunrise, "when all that mighty heart is lying still." All must lament that such a man should be cut off in the vigour of his age, and in the full tide of his usefulness.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—Captain Pulteney, 12th Lancers, to Emily, daughter of C. T. Tower, Esq., M.P.

Captain Yorke, R.N. and M.P. for Cambridgeshire, to the Hon. Susan Liddell.

The Archdeacon of Dromore, to Caroline, daughter of H. H. Simpson, Esq. of Bath.

W. Glover, Esq., 89th Regiment, to Hannah, daughter of the late J. Sheen Downes, Esq., Plymouth.

In Dublin, by special license, Lieutenant-General Sir R. H. Vivian, bart., Commander of the Forces in Ireland, to Letitia, third daughter of the late Rev. J. Agnew Webster.

The Rev. J. Beauchamp, rector of Crowell and vicar of Sherborne, Oxford, to Margaret, sister of Sir G. Beaumont, Bart.

The Hon. William Edwardes, eldest son of Lord Kensington, to Laura, fourth daughter of Cuthbert Ellison, Esq., of Hebburn-hall, in the county of Durham.

At Twickenham, G. Beauchamp Cole, Esq., son of Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Cole, to Julia, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Espinasse, of Twickenham.

At Newton, Hants, by the Rev. P. C. Law, Wm. Chatteris, Esq., to Anne, daughter of the late Right Rev. Alexander Arbuthnot, Lord Bishop of Killaloe.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Bishop, 7th Dragoon Guards, to Eleanor, daughter of the late Lieut. Markland, 33d regt., and granddaughter of Sir E. Nightingale, Bt., of Cambridgeshire.

Died.—In Dublin, the Lady Frances Vaudeleur, widow of the late Right Hon. J. O. Vaudeleur.

In Bedford-place, Arthur Onslow, Esq., sergeant-at-law, aged 75.

At Strokestown, aged 76, the Very Rev. Wm. Dolan, Catholic Dean and Vicar-General for the Diocese of Elphin.

At Hill Hall, in the county of Essex, Sir T. Smyth, Bart., aged 45.

The Rev. J. Johnson, rector of Welborne and Yoxham, Norfolk, the friend of Cowper the poet.

In Salisbury-street, Strand, Major-General W. Binks, late Royal Marines, Woolwich.

In Ireland, Mrs. Ellis, relict of T. Ellis, Esq., Master in Chancery.

At Stutgard, Sir Charles Henry Colville, Knt., of Duffield-hall, Derbyshire, a Deputy-Lieutenant, and late High-Sheriff of that county.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

Expedition of Captain Ross.—The following letter from Captain Ross to the Secretary of the Admiralty, details the principal occurrences of his voyage; and will be found highly interesting to all who can admire enterprising courage and perseverance:—

On board the Isabella, of Hull, Baffin's Bay, Sept. 1833.

Sir,—Knowing how deeply my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty are interested in the advancement of nautical knowledge, and particularly in the improvement of geography, I have to acquaint you, for the information of their Lordships, that the expedition, the main object of which is to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, particularly by Prince Regent's Inlet, and which sailed from England in May, 1829, notwithstanding the loss of the foremast and other untoward circumstances, which obliged the vessel to refit in Greenland, reached the beach on which his Majesty's late ship *Fury's* stores were landed on the 13th of August.

We found the boats, provisions, &c., in excellent condition, but no vestige of the wreck. After completing in fuel and other necessaries, we sailed on the 14th, and on the following morning rounded Cape Garry, where our new discoveries commenced, and keeping the western shore close on board, ran down the coast in a S.W. and W. course, in from 10 to 20 fathoms, until we had passed the latitude of 72° north in longitude 94° west; here we found a considerable inlet leading to the westward, the examination of which occupied two days. At this place we were first seriously obstructed by ice, which was now seen to extend from the south cape of the inlet, in a solid mass, round by S. and E. to E.N.E.: owing to this circumstance, the shallowness of the water, the rapidity of the tides, the tempestuous weather, the irregularity of the coast, and the numerous inlets and rocks for which it is remarkable, our progress was no less dangerous than tedious, yet we succeeded in penetrating below the latitude of 70° north in longitude 92° west, where the land, after having carried us as far east as 90° , took a decided westerly direction, while land at the distance of 40 miles to southward was seen extending east and west. At this extreme point our progress was arrested on the 1st of October by an impenetrable barrier of ice. We, however, found an excellent wintering port, which we named Felix Harbour.

Early in January, 1830, we had the good fortune to establish a friendly intercourse with a most interesting consociation of natives, who, being insulated by nature, had never before communicated with strangers; from them we gradually obtained the important information that we had already seen the continent of America, that about 40 miles to the S.W. there were two great seas, one to the west, which was divided from that to the east by a narrow strait or neck of land. The verification of this intelligence either way, on which our future operations so materially depended, devolved on Commander Ross, who volunteered this service early in April, and, accompanied by one of the mates, and guided by two of the natives, proceeded to the spot, and found that the north land was connected to the south by two ridges of high land, fifteen miles in breadth, but taking into account a chain of fresh-water lakes, which occupied the valleys between, the dry land which actually separates the two oceans is only five miles. This extraordinary isthmus was subsequently visited by myself, when Commander Ross proceeded minutely to survey the sea-coast, to the southward of the isthmus leading to the westward, which he succeeded in tracing to the 99th deg. or to 150 miles of Cape Turnagain of Franklin, to which point the land, after leading him into the 70th degree of north latitude, trended directly: during the same journey he also surveyed 30 miles of the adjacent coast, or that to the north of the isthmus, which, by also taking a westerly direction, formed the termination of the western sea into a gulf. The rest of this season was employed in tracing the sea-coast south of the isthmus leading to the eastward, which was done so as to leave no doubt that it joined, as the natives had previously informed us, to Ockullee, and the land forming Repulse Bay. It was also determined that there was no passage to the westward for 30 miles to the northward of our position.

This summer, like that of 1818, was beautifully fine, but extremely unfavourable

for navigation; and our object being now to try a more northern latitude, we waited with anxiety for the disruption of the ice, but in vain: our utmost endeavours did not succeed in retracing our steps more than four miles, and it was not until the middle of November that we succeeded in getting the vessel into a place of security, which we named "Sheriff's Harbour." I may here mention that we named the newly-discovered continent, to the southward, "Boothia," as also the isthmus, the peninsula to the north, and the eastern sea, after my worthy friend Felix Booth, Esq., the truly patriotic citizen of London, who, in the most disinterested manner, enabled me to equip this expedition in a superior style.

The last winter was in temperature nearly equal to the mean of what had been experienced on the four preceding voyages, but the winters of 1830 and 1831 set in with a degree of violence hitherto beyond record, the thermometer sunk to 92 degrees below the freezing point, and the average of the year was 10 degrees below the preceding; but, notwithstanding the severity of the summer, we travelled across the country to the west sea by a chain of lakes, 30 miles north of the isthmus, when Commander Ross succeeded in surveying 50 miles more of the coast leading to the N.W., and, by tracing the shore to the northward of our position, it was also fully proved that there could be no passage below the 71st degree.

This autumn we succeeded in getting the vessel only 14 miles to the northward, and as we had not doubled the Eastern Cape, all hope of saving the ship was at an end, and put quite beyond possibility by another very severe winter; and having only provisions to last us to the 1st of June, 1833, dispositions were accordingly made to leave the ship in her present port, which (after her) was named Victory Harbour. Provisions and fuel being carried forward in the spring, we left the ship on the 29th of May, 1832, for Fury Beach, being the only chance left of saving our lives: owing to the very rugged nature of the ice, we were obliged to keep either upon or close to the land, making the circuit of every bay, thus increasing our distance of 200 miles by nearly one-half; and it was not until the 1st of July that we reached the beach, completely exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

A hut was speedily constructed, and the boats, three of which had been washed off the beach, but providentially driven on shore again, were repaired during this month; but the unusual heavy appearance of the ice afforded us no cheering prospect until the 1st of August, when in three boats we reached the ill-fated spot where the *Fury* was first driven on shore. It was not until the 1st of September that we reached Leopold South Island, now established to be the N.E. point of America, in latitude $73^{\circ} 56'$, and longitude 90° west. From the summit of the lofty mountain on the promontory we could see Prince Regent's Inlet, Barrow's Strait, and Lancaster Sound, which presented one impenetrable mass of ice, just as I had seen it in 1818. Here we remained in a state of anxiety and suspense, which may be easier imagined than described. All our attempts to push through were in vain; at length, being forced, by want of provisions, and the approach of a very severe winter, to return to Fury Beach, where alone there remained wherewith to sustain life, there we arrived on the 7th of October, after a most fatiguing and laborious march, having been obliged to leave our boats at Batty Bay. Our habitation, which consisted of a frame of spars, thirty-two feet by sixteen feet, covered with canvass, was during the month of November enclosed, and the roof covered with snow, from four feet to seven feet thick; which, being saturated with water when the temperature was fifteen degrees below zero, immediately took the consistency of ice, and thus we actually became the inhabitants of an iceberg during one of the most severe winters hitherto recorded. Our sufferings, aggravated by want of bedding, clothing, and animal food, need not be dwelt upon. Mr. C. Thomas, the carpenter, was the only man who perished at this beach; but three others, besides one who had lost his foot, were reduced to the last stage of debility, and only thirteen of our number were able to carry provisions in seven journeys of sixty-two miles each to Batty Bay.

We left Fury Beach on the 8th of July, carrying with us three sick men, who were unable to walk, and in six days we reached the boats, where the sick daily recovered. Although the spring was mild, it was not until the 15th of August that we had any cheering prospect. A gale from the westward having suddenly opened a lane of water along shore, in two days we reached our former position, and from the mountain we had the satisfaction of seeing clear water almost directly across Prince Regent's Inlet, which we crossed on the 17th, and took shelter from a storm 12 miles to the eastward of Cape York. The next day, when the gale abated, we crossed Admiralty Inlet, and were detained six days on the coast by a strong north-east wind. On the 25th we crossed Navy Board Inlet, and on the

following morning, to our inexpressible joy, we descried a ship in the offing, becalmed, which proved to be the *Isabella*, of Hull, the same ship which I commanded in 1818. At noon we reached her, when her enterprising commander, who had in vain searched for us in Prince Regent's Inlet, after giving us three cheers, received us with every demonstration of kindness and hospitality which humanity could dictate. I ought to mention also that Mr. Humphreys, by landing me at Possession Bay, and subsequently on the west coast of Baffin's Bay, afforded me an excellent opportunity of concluding my survey, and of verifying my former chart of that coast.

I now have the pleasing duty of calling the attention of their Lordships to the merits of Commander Ross, who was second in the direction of this expedition. The labours of this officer, who had the departments of astronomy, natural history, and surveying, will speak for themselves in language beyond the ability of my pen; but they will be duly appreciated by their Lordships, and the learned bodies of which he is a member, and who are already acquainted with his acquirements.

My steady and faithful friend, Mr. Wm. Thom, of the Royal Navy, who was formerly with me in the *Isabella*, besides his duty as third in command, took charge of the meteorological journal: to the distribution and economy of provisions, and to his judicious plans and suggestions, must be attributed the uncommon degree of health which our crew enjoyed; and as two out of the three who died in the four years and a half were cut off early in the voyage, by diseases not peculiar to the climate, only one man can be said to have perished. Mr. M'Diarmid, the surgeon, who had been several voyages to these regions, did justice to the high recommendation I received of him; he was successful in every amputation and operation which he performed, and wonderfully so in his treatment of the sick; and I have no hesitation in adding, that he would be an ornament to his Majesty's service.

Commander Ross, Mr. Thom, and myself, have, indeed, been serving without pay; but, in common with the crew, have lost our all, which I regret the more, because it puts it totally out of my power adequately to remunerate my fellow-sufferers, whose case I cannot but recommend for their Lordships' consideration. We have, however, the consolation, that the results of this expedition have been conclusive, and to science highly important, and may be briefly comprehended in the following words:—The discovery of the Gulf of Boothia, the continent and isthmus of Boothia Felix, and a vast number of islands, rivers, and lakes; the undeniable establishment that the north-east point of America extends to the 74th degree of north latitude; valuable observations of every kind, but particularly on the magnet; and, to crown all, we have had the honour of placing the illustrious name of our most gracious Sovereign William IV. on the true position of the magnetic pole.

I cannot conclude this letter, Sir, without acknowledging the important advantages we obtained from the valuable publications of Sir Edward Parry and Sir John Franklin, and the communications kindly made to us, by those distinguished officers before our departure from England. But the glory of this enterprise is entirely due to HIM whose divine favour has been most especially manifested towards us; who guided and directed all our steps; who mercifully provided, in what we had deemed a calamity, his effectual means of our preservation; and who, even after the devices and inventions of man had utterly failed, crowned our humble endeavours with complete success. I have, &c.

JOHN ROSS, Captain R.N.

To Captain the Hon. George Elliott, &c.

Secretary, Admiralty.

London Cattle Market and Abattoirs.—That which public bodies, aided by the influence of public opinion, have been unable to effect, has actually been accomplished by a private individual, at his own exclusive cost. This splendid undertaking, pregnant with so many advantages, and so consistent with the philanthropic views of those friends of humanity who have witnessed the cruelties practised towards the unfortunate animals driven, at all hours of the night, into the confined area of Smithfield, and its adjoining streets, is situated in the Lower-road, Islington. The new mart stands upon an area of twenty-two acres, immediately abutting upon the Lower-road. The situation is airy and healthful, and is peculiarly appropriate for the purpose, as it is on the high road from the Northern and

Eastern parts of the country, from whence the principal supply of cattle for the London market comes. An immense square is enclosed by high walls, around which are erected a continuous range of slated sheds, supported by no less than 244 plain Doric pillars, under which cattle may at all times be protected from the severity of the weather. These sheds are subdivided into numerous compartments with layers enclosed by oak paling in front, to which the beasts may be either fastened, or allowed to be at liberty, so as to be conveniently subject to the examination of the purchasers. In each lair there is a water-trough, constantly supplied with fresh water, by means of pipes passing underground, from two immense tanks, which are kept filled by machinery from capacious wells, which have been sunk for the purpose. The average length of each shed is 330 feet, and they are capable of accommodating at least 4000 beasts, which may remain from one market day to the other, or till such times as it may be convenient for the purchasers to remove them,—an advantage wholly impracticable in Smithfield. The open space in the centre is divided into four quadrangles, intersected by wide passages; and in these quadrangles are to be erected sheep pens (the materials for which are all ready), capable of holding 40,000 sheep, so placed as to be approached with perfect facility. Other pens are constructed for calves, pigs, and such animals as are usually brought for sale to the cattle market, upon an obviously simple classification, so as to avoid confusion or irregularity of any sort. Every necessary office for the salesmen and clerks of the market will be erected in a large area in the centre, and the ingress is obtained through a large arched passage under the market-house—a fine substantial building, with appropriate offices on each side for check clerks—and with accommodation up stairs, either for the counting-houses of bankers, or public meetings connected with the business of the establishment. Adjoining the market it is intended to erect *abattoirs* for slaughtering cattle of every description, in which persons may either be accommodated with private slaughter-houses, or have the animals slaughtered under appointed inspectors, at a certain fixed and moderate rate; so that all the expense, inconvenience, and mischief arising from the present mode of driving cattle through the crowded streets on the market day may be avoided.

Re-opening of Mr. Brookes's School of Anatomy.—The school of anatomy and surgery which was conducted for many years by the late Joshua Brookes, Esq., F.R.S. has been re-opened by Mr. King. He stated that, with regard to the order of an introductory course on the study of anatomy, he should recommend a similar classification to that which M. de Blainville had adopted for the whole animal kingdom. His (M. Blainville's) divisions were, Zoonomia, which taught the arrangement of animals after their external form; Zootomia, or the study of their internal structure; Zoobiologia, that of the action of the different organs composing the animal; Zooéthiqua, to which belonged the study of the mode of life and habits of the creature; Zooatria, which comprised the alterations or morbid changes to which the organs are subject, and the means of counteracting them; and, finally, Zoonomica, the science of managing and governing animals so as to obtain the greatest possible amount of good from them. Those which related to the course of instruction to be followed in that school were Zootomia, Zoobiologia, Zooatria; but the investigation would be confined as much as possible to man.

DEVONSHIRE.

A very rich vein of copper has lately been discovered beneath the site occupied by the gasometer at Tavistock. In excavating a portion of the ground, in order to form a cellar for the reception of coal, the workman employed found the soil, a short depth below the surface, so extremely hard as almost to defy his utmost strength and skill in removing it. Upon examination, however, it was found that several of the pieces he had detached were strongly impregnated with copper; and upon still further prosecuting the discovery, a fine rich vein has been detected, which has since yielded not less than 400*l.* worth of this valuable metal.

LANCASHIRE.

Commerce of Liverpool.—The total number of vessels which entered Liverpool and Runcorn, from the 25th of August to the 24th of September, was 936, with a burden of 151,899 tons. Of those which entered Liverpool, 775 were British and 107 foreign. The arrivals from Ireland during the month were 257, from British America 51, from the East Indies 7, from the Isle of Man 16, from Russia 30,

from South America 16, from the United States 33, from the West Indies 26, and coastwise 384. During the same period, only seven vessels entered from France, two from Portugal, one from Spain, three from Belgium, and seven from Sweden. There were two arrivals from the rising colonies in New South Wales.

MIDDLESEX.

The revising barristers for the county of Middlesex have decided that trustees in receipt of rents and profits of trust property are entitled to vote in right of such property ; but they were not prepared to say that trustees of chapels, the ministers of which received the pew-rents, had the same right.

NORFOLK.

The Norwich Musical Festival has been very successful : the total receipts, for tickets only, amounted to about 4570*l.*, exclusive of liberal donations from several persons.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Birmingham Steam-Carriage.—Messrs. Heaton, in a letter to the Editor of the "Mechanic's Magazine," gives the following account of the performances of their steam-drag :—"On Wednesday morning, Aug. 28, at six minutes past ten o'clock, we set out from our manufactory in Shadwell-street, with a stage-coach, fifteen hundred weight, attached to our steam-drag, with fifteen people thereon, and took up five others on the Bristol road. With this load we arrived at the Bell Inn, Northfield, near seven miles, in fifty-six minutes ; stopped there nine minutes for water, and reached the Rose and Crown, at the foot of the hill, eighteen minutes before twelve o'clock ; remained there four minutes, and commenced ascending the hill, which is about seven hundred yards long, and rises, on an average, one yard in nine, and in some places one yard in eight. In many places, too, the ground is so soft, that the wheels carried a hill of sand before them of near three inches deep. This hill was ascended by the machine, taking the coach and nine persons to the summit in nine minutes. We then took up the friends we had taken from Birmingham, with five in addition, and proceeded to the market-place in Bromsgrove, and turned the machine and coach round without stopping, and returned back to the Crab Mill Inn, having travelled about fifteen miles, where we arrived twenty-seven minutes before one o'clock. We halted there thirty-five minutes, and set off home. On descending the hill, we thought proper to show our friends, twenty-five in number riding, that the machine was manageable on the most hilly roads, by making a stand-still on the steepest part of the hill. We proceeded on to the Rose and Crown Inn at the foot of the hill, where we halted twenty-five minutes, elated that we had, by ascending and descending one of the worst hills in the kingdom, established the fact that our machine would travel on any road, however bad. We halted again at the Bell Inn, at Northfield, eight minutes, and took three other friends up, and proceeded on to Birmingham, taking up Worcester-street, an ascent of one yard in twelve, thirty-two persons, and arrived at the manufactory at thirty-five minutes past four o'clock, having consumed eleven bushels of coke, value 2*s.* 6*d.*, and travelled in all about twenty-nine miles."

SUSSEX.

The published plan of the London and Brighton Railway makes the line as nearly as possible direct from Kennington Common to the entrance of Brighton, a distance of about 47 miles, and the passage is to be made in two hours. The line of road runs to Streatham, east of Mitcham and Sutton to Merstham, leaving Reigate about four miles to the west, on to Horley and Worth, passing Crawley about a mile westward, to within a mile of Cuckfield, and on through Hurstperpoint and Patcham to Brighton. Branch roads are contemplated ; one from near Cuckfield to Lewes and Hastings ; another, commencing at Horley, through Crawley, a little south-east of Horsham, and, passing close to Steyning and Bramber, on to New Shoreham. There is a third line laid down along the Sussex coast, through Shoreham, Worthing, Little Hampton, Chichester, Havant, Cosham, Fareham, and ending at Southampton. The estimated expense is 350,000*l.* It appears that at present about 600 persons pass daily, upon the average of the year, from London to Brighton ; they calculate on being able to carry passengers for about 8*s.*, or 2*d.* a mile. The coaches at present are taking people for 7*s.*, so great is the competition on the road.

YORKSHIRE.

Wakefield Education Return.—This document, prepared by the parochial authorities, pursuant to an order of the House of Commons, has just been forwarded to the Home Secretary, by which it appears that there are 2649 children under instruction at the different schools within the township, viz.:—

No.		Males.	Females.
1	Free Grammar (endowed) School	30	0
1	National (so called) ditto	210	180
1	Lancasterian ditto	193	136
1	Green Coat (endowed) ditto	70	50
1	Infant ditto	69	76
19	Other Daily ditto	426	202
8	Boarding ditto	17	159
4	Sunday ditto	406	420
36		1426	1223
Total		2649.	

Of the above number of schools, four are confined to the Established Church, and two to the Dissenters. Fourteen have been established since 1818.

IRELAND.

Irish Tobacco.—The commissioners for the purchase of Irish tobacco are now at Drogheda, where 17,031 lbs. had been collected by the Excise, of which 12,000lbs. were forwarded to the King's stores, where they were classified and burnt, like the former quantities. The only three growers in the Drogheda district having quantities on hand were Baron Foster, Henry Smith, Esq., of Athboy, county of Meath, and Thomas Brodigan, Esq., of Piltown, in the same county: The total quantity on hand in Ireland, as returned from the different excise collections on the 1st of July last, was 1,152,802 lbs., a quantity fully equal to 1000 hogsheads, the duty on which, at 3s. per lb., would amount to 172,920*l*. The largest returns are from Kilkenny and Wexford; that from Dublin amounted to 171,000 lbs., of which 101,017 lbs. have been burnt; 20,000 lbs. are in the hands of a merchant who has a negotiation pending with the Treasury; and 35,000 lbs. are supposed to remain unconsumed in the hands of manufacturers.

Allotment of Land to Labourers.—The following letter of the Duke of Bedford is from “Facts and Illustrations,” published by the Labourers’ Friend Society:—

“London, July 27, 1833.—Sir,—I have received the communication from the Labourers’ Friend Society of the 13th ult. I am happy to say the more I see of the effects attending the allotment and cottage-garden system, the more I am persuaded of the advantages derived from it by the labouring classes. I am convinced that in a short time there will be scarcely a parish in Bedfordshire that has not adopted the system; and I am so satisfied with its beneficial results in the parishes where I possess property, that I am giving encouragement to it in other counties—Devonshire, Bucks, &c. &c.”

Private Bills.—For the Session 1833 it appears, by the list just published, that there were in the whole 212 petitions for private bills presented. Of these, 18 immediately fell to the ground, no bill founded upon them having been read even a first time; and 26 more did not get far enough to receive the Royal Assent. The nature of the private bills now most petitioned for is somewhat indicative of the spirit and features of the times. A few years back, what most struck everybody was the vast number of *Inclosure Bills* annually petitioned for and passed. The list of the Sessions just concluded presents only 17. On the other hand, a species of bills have begun to make their appearance which, it requires no great prophetic power to say, will very shortly outnumber all others, albeit utterly unknown to the period to which we allude: we speak of *Railway Bills*. These, last Session, amounted to 14 petitioned for; and 10 actually passed. The number of common *Road Bills* petitioned for was 80.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FRENCH LIBELS ON THE ENGLISH*.

“THE English have realized the fable of living with a window in their bosom.” So says Madame de Stael. How, then, comes it to pass that they are so ill understood by foreigners, and that those who are nearest to them in proximity comprehend them the least? This is a problem that a little attention will enable us to solve. We shall attempt, at least, to throw some light upon it.

In the first place, it does not always happen that those who undertake the ambitious task of portraying the character of a people, of whose government, laws, institutions, and manners, they are practically ignorant, are the best qualified to perform it. They may be very ordinary personages in their own country, and the last on whom that country would devolve the honour of making it known to the rest of the world; yet they never doubt their own competency to describe the phenomena, and to lay open the hidden springs of the social system in large and powerful communities among whom, for a few months or years at farthest, they have merely sojourned as aliens and strangers.

In the second place, the very facts on which Madame de Stael founds her observation have deceived travellers of no mean capacity into the persuasion that everything in England may be seen at a glance; that because mystery is repugnant to the spirit of her government and the habits of her people, all the great principles of her civil constitution may be easily ascertained. There cannot be a greater fallacy. The transparency which seems to admit the most superficial observer into the knowledge of the national heart, which bares everything to public view, is the effect of causes which it requires the greatest subtlety to detect, and which, when discovered, operate with so strange a complexity, and so apparently in opposition to each other, that even the profoundest sagacity is often at a loss to account for the uniformity of the result, and the practical benefits which it confers. Of this even Mr. Rush, a very enlightened and liberal expositor of our national peculiarities, was not at first aware. The revelation came upon him slowly and by degrees. On his arrival, he imagined that, in the institutions, manners, and social habits of America, he possessed a key which would enable

* 1. Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, by Richard Rush, Esq., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary for the United States of America from 1817 to 1825.

2. Great Britain in 1833, by Baron D'Haussez.

him to understand whatever might appear to be incomprehensible in our civil and domestic economy ; that being alike in so many particulars, it would be easy to trace the lines by which the one country diverged from the other, and thus clearly to mark their distinctive characters. But he was, at last, reluctantly convinced that Great Britain has no parallel,—that she stands alone a colossal miracle among nations, an inexplicable wonder even to those most conversant with her history. His remarks are ingenious and striking. It is thus he introduces the fourteenth chapter of his exceedingly interesting narrative :—

“ A country is not to be understood by a few months residence in it. So many component parts go to make up the grand total, where civilization, and freedom, and power, are on a large scale, that the judgment gets perplexed. It pauses for examination. It must be slow in coming to conclusions if it would be right. Often it must change them. A member of the diplomatic corps, an enlightened observer, said to me, a few days ago, that, at the end of the first year, he thought he knew England very well ; when the third had gone by, he began to have doubts ; and that now, after a still longer time, his opinions were more unsettled than ever. Some he had changed entirely ; others had undergone modification ; and he knew not what fate was to befall the rest.

“ There was reason in his remark. If it be not contradictory, I would say that he showed his judgment in appearing to have at present no judgment at all. The stranger sees in England prosperity the most amazing, with what seems to strike at the root of all prosperity. He sees the most profuse expenditure, not by the nobles alone, but large classes besides ; and throughout classes far larger the most resolute industry supplying its demands and repairing its waste ; taxation strained to the utmost, with an ability unparalleled to meet it ; pauperism that is startling, with public and private charity unfailing to feed, clothe, and house it ; the boldest freedom with submission to law ; ignorance and crime so widely diffused as to appal, with genius, and learning, and virtue to reassure ; intestine commotions predicted, and never happening ; constant complaints of poverty and suffering, with constant increase in aggregate wealth and power—these are some of the anomalies which he sees. How is he at once to pass judgment on them all—he, a stranger, when the foremost of the natives, after studying them a lifetime, do nothing but differ ?”

If these observations are entitled to any weight, what value can we attach to nine-tenths of the foreign literature of which our country is made the subject ? especially to the productions which have recently issued from the press ? We may, indeed, be amused by the German Prince ; his coxcombry and his sentimentalism, his affectation and his vanity, may help us to while away a tedious hour,—that is, if time hang heavy on our hands ;—under the momentary influence of bile, we may threaten our Italian libeller with the knout ; and when we wish to impose upon ourselves a severe penance, sit down to the hopeless task of enumerating the countless blunders of the French Baron. But as for information, or anything approaching to just and enlarged views on any subject connected with the professed object which these writers have undertaken to elucidate, there is not the slightest evidence.—The tourist, the traveller, and the exile, have given us their distorted and isolated facts ; they have gossiped, indeed, on every possible topic of interest suggested by the scenes and circumstances around them ; they have favoured us with their lofty and their little speculations, and

have contrived to make us acquainted with a philosophy of their own—the philosophy of ignorance: all this they have done, and it was gratuitous. But where is England? Where is the Great Britain of whose politics, statistics, government, laws, and customs their pages were to render us familiar? The people on the continent may read these works, and know just as much of our national character and institutions as before.

A third reason why continental authors, and especially those of France, so often fail when they attempt to describe Great Britain, is to be found in their political prejudices. The Liberals see in our constitution an imaginary despotism, at total variance with all their notions of popular freedom. The Ultras regard our democratic tendencies with equal aversion, and denounce our free institutions as the nurseries of anarchy and revolution; thus reading, as they fondly believe, “a great moral lesson” to the innovators at home, who, in their insane violence, have successfully opposed a constitutional government to a legitimate and worn-out tyranny. To writers of this latter description it is in vain that Britain lays open the fair and ample page of her prosperity; that she lives with “the window in her bosom,” and invites the scrutinising inquiry of all who wish to understand the secrets of her political and moral greatness; they read, indeed, only to be the more perplexed. The light shines upon their darkness, but they comprehend it not. Some are wilfully blind, resolved to pervert and misrepresent all they see and hear, imagining that they exalt their own country by depreciating ours. Every nation has its Mrs. Trollope. We do Baron D’Haussez, however, the justice to admit, that while breathing the spirit of his party, he has written with perfect honesty, and with a more generous feeling than belongs to many of his class. His work is just such an one as might have been expected from an Ultra Royalist, and a member of the Polignac administration. Mr. Rush’s narrative at once convinces us, that the free alone can justly appreciate freedom. The same objects presented themselves to his observation and elicited his comments, to which Baron D’Haussez has given prominence in his volumes, but through what a different medium are they contemplated—what opposite impressions do they produce!

The American Envoy writes like a statesman who considers the happiness of mankind as the grand end to be pursued by those who govern them, and regards the privileged orders as invested with their immunities not for their own sakes, but solely that they may advance the true interests of the communities over which they preside and on which they depend. The Bourbon minister, on the contrary, cherishes towards kings a devout and superstitious reverence; every appendage of royalty is, in his eyes, sacred. All that appertains to thrones is to be approached with the awe inspired by the presence of a divinity. Monarchs, legitimate monarchs, however base and plebeian their remote origin—whatever contempt they may pour upon the slaves, too happy in being permitted to breathe under their august sovereignty—are to play their fantastic tricks before high heaven, and to be adored at the very moment they are trampling on the rights of outraged and insulted humanity. The Baron is of opinion, that the English princes of the blood are unmindful of their dignity when they deign to mingle with the people at their festivals of charity; and from this circumstance augurs the ultimate degradation of the royal house. He does not, or will not, under-

stand, that in England loyalty is devotion to the laws, and that the monarch holds his sceptre by the same tenure which secures to his meanest subject his place in the social system; that to bind themselves up with that system is the best policy of those who have the greatest stake in its prosperity; and that where the people as well as the sovereign are the makers of the laws, there should be a community of interests between them, an interchange of human kindness and fellowship, where, regardless of factitious distinctions, they can occasionally associate as members of the same great family. What fills the Baron with alarm inspires Mr. Rush with confidence, and he views with complacency what the other dreads as the presage of all evil.

The ex-minister of an ex-sovereign ought surely to remember, that revolutions do not overturn constitutional, but legitimate thrones; and that the victims of popular commotions have ever been those who have lived above, and not with the people. The will of an autocrat is a slight barrier when opposed to the will of a nation; but laws which control both, preserve both within their proper limits. Mr. Rush comprehends this; the Baron does not; it is easy to divine the reason.

The first part of "Great Britain in 1833" is devoted to the consideration of the lighter manners of the class of society in which the writer moves; and as this portion of the work does not involve principles, but simply regards matters of taste, we shall content ourselves with merely pointing out some of its most obvious discrepancies with facts which have fallen under our own cognizance.

We are certainly not among the number who look upon the *cuisine* of a domestic establishment with indifference. Meals are with us an affair of some moment, and though not gourmands in the offensive sense of the term, we think that to dine is something more than to eat. We give to France its deserved pre-eminence in the science of cookery, and have sometimes been inclined to the opinion of Gouverneur Morris, of American and diplomatic celebrity, that if "the French had revolutionized the kitchens of Europe instead of its courts, they would have rendered a service that no party would have called in question." Still we think Baron D'Haussez has most unreasonably depreciated the *matériel* and the arrangements of an English dinner. Can he refer to the elegant entertainments of our *noblesse*, or even of our wealthy commoners, when he says, "to cover a table with immense pieces, boiled or roasted, and to demolish them in the confusion in which chance has placed them, appears to be the whole gastronomic science of the country"?

The description that follows is equally unsupported by truth; his complaints are utterly groundless;—families of any consideration have their French cooks—fish are not always boiled—eggs are not excluded from English dinner-tables—omelettes are much more in vogue than roast beef—and the "*entremets*" are neither scantily supplied, nor are they exclusively composed of creams and insipid jellies. We know not in what circles the Baron was regaled, but really we were never present at an entertainment where a considerable time was lost in fetching our plate for any dish of which we wished to partake. The account of the wine-drinking after dinner—the ladies waiting for the gentlemen till the coffee was cold—with all the other train of circumstances which Baron D'Haussez tells us is descriptive of Great Britain in 1833—may apply

to *parvenus*, but assuredly not to persons distinguished by their birth or station.* The Baron thinks that English dinners are not sufficiently *à la Française*. Mr. Rush, who had the best opportunities of forming a judgment, intimates that the imitation of French fashions at the entertainments of the English nobility almost amounts to a fault. “On one occasion,” he says, “we had French cookery in perfection; this I find at English as well as foreign tables.” And when speaking of his first dinner at Lord Castlereagh’s, he says, “Here, at the house of an English minister of state, French literature, the French language, French topics, were all about me; I add, French *entrées*, French wines.” “By my longer residence in England,” he further adds, “I discovered that the enlightened classes were more ready to copy from the French what they thought good, than the same classes in France to copy from England.”

The chapter under the head of “The Drawing-room” is out of all keeping. The Baron must certainly have mistaken Whitechapel for Grosvenor-square. He thus describes a party formed of those invited for the evening, and subsequently joined by the dinner guests.

“The latter,” we are informed, “enter the drawing-room one after another; they approach the ladies; they take coffee or tea, and sometimes *liqueurs*. Some talk politics—others play at cards—others approach the *piano*—albums are inspected or yawned over till the moment when the solid appetite is again stimulated by the display of *cold meats*, confectionery, and fruits, in an adjoining room. Sometimes the sound of the *piano* provokes a *country-dance*, wherein figure those pretty persons who have at last borrowed from France the graces which have always distinguished their dancers.”

This is *ton* with a vengeance—country-dances in London in 1833! “The Ball” again carries us eastward, for the town exhibits nothing like it. “A staircase which two people could scarcely ascend abreast” must be a novelty as well as a nuisance at Apsley or Devonshire House, or even the inferior mansions of the nobility and gentry. The following is graphic:—“Having made my appearance at half-past ten o’clock, I found the master and mistress of the house alone, seated near the principal entrance of the *salon*, waiting the company, which did not arrive till eleven.” This is too *outré*. Whoever saw his lordship and her ladyship stationed at the door-posts to receive their guests! But we have neither space nor inclination to follow the Baron through all his *étourderie* about balls, concerts, amusements, and numerous other topics on which there is ample room for remark and censure. His statements regarding

* Speaking of the private dinners in parties not exceeding twelve or sixteen, Mr. Rush differs essentially from the Baron—“Sully, after Paulus Æmilius, said that to marshal an army and an entertainment were equally difficult. Those of which I would speak present no discordant feelings or topics. All obey forms with which all are familiar. Conversation moves along under common contributions and restraints. There is no ambition of victory; to give pleasure, not try strength, is the aim. You remark nothing so much as a certain simplicity, the last attainment of high education and practised intercourse. Such are some of the characteristics of these private dinners. Beginning with such, I must proceed a little farther. The servants are so trained as to leave to the master and mistress no care but of looking to the guests. The arrangements of the table are orderly and beautiful. All are alike, yet vary; alike in general conformity; varying as taste varies, where there is self-confidence in its indulgence, where all have large means, and all are on the same level.”

family connexions and marriage, however true in their particular application in certain instances, are by no means just if they are meant to convey an idea of the general manners. The household affections are of no country;—they may be disguised, but they cannot be extinguished; there may be heartless parents, and children who feel themselves strangers in their father's house, but the number must be comparatively small. The somewhat bitter sarcasm which closes the brief notice of separations and divorces has, in some glaring cases, we doubt not, been deserved; but English women and English wives have not their equals upon the face of the earth. Ours is not the country of *cavalier serventes*; adultery is not with us a privileged vice almost amounting to a virtue; and, judging from the notoriety which always accompanies its detection, we should say it is of rare occurrence. Those disgraceful legal proceedings, by which a husband obtains a pecuniary award as a compensation for the loss of his wife's virtue, are far less frequent than heretofore. This the Baron admits, but he resolves to be malignant if he cannot be witty—"Shall we," says he, "seek the cause of this in improved manners, or ascribe it to a progress in immorality? Opinions are very much divided on this subject, and I shall not declare mine." Baron D'Haussez, alas! is not a philosopher, yet he persuades himself that he is a perfect master in the science of politics. Let the following stand as a specimen of the accuracy and extent of his self-knowledge. All the greatness of England, it seems, is the product of the defects and vices of the individuals and classes which form its community. This, at least, has the merit of being a new discovery.

"From the want of courage in the common people result the maintenance of order; from the pride of the better classes, national pride; from the thirst after riches, public wealth; from the sluggishness of imagination, the hatred of change and consequent stability of institutions; from the mania to distinguish oneself, strange but useful institutions; from the severity of the religion, a severity of manners; from a spirit of propagandism, the extension of English commerce in all quarters of the globe; from the distress of the parent state, the establishment of useful colonies; from the sale of public places, even of seats in the national representation, more aptitude and stronger guarantees on the part of those who devote their fortune to the pursuit of such objects; from the revolting inequality in the division of property, a hierarchy which connects the state and private individuals in a common bond of union."

Can any thing be more profound? and we have a great deal of the same sort in various parts of these volumes. If any, after this, are disposed to question the Baron's claim to *foolosophising*, we have no inclination to dispute with them. What a pity that nearly two years before the ex-minister of France published his work, "Great Britain in 1833," the nation had got rid of one of its mightiest safeguards—the Borough-mongering system—that prolific source of national prosperity!

If among ourselves political writers commit strange errors, and run into the wildest extravagances on the commonplace subjects of the British constitution, and the public opinion to which it has given existence and which is at once its offspring and its safeguard, we ought not to be surprised if foreigners fall into a thousand blunders when they attempt either to understand or discuss them.

These portions of the Baron's work are at least amusing. Constitution, he tells us, we have none; and public opinion is the press;

especially the newspapers, which it seems are all in alliance with radicalism, a word of most alarming import, which he has picked up since his residence among us, and which means not only opposition to every thing that is established, but hatred of every individual who possesses wealth or influence in the state. He sneers and triumphs as he assures us that our so-much vaunted constitution is not in Magna Charta ; that it does not exist in the Act of Settlement, signed by William the Third ; that it has no place in what he is pleased to call our shapeless code of laws. But is it necessary to contradict a writer, or even to reason with him for a moment, who does not see that the constitution, the existence of which he denies, produced all the liberty which these instruments and institutes have secured ; and that it is that something which, in our earlier history, said to monarchical tyranny, “ thus far shalt thou go, and no farther ; ” and which has at different periods restrained the conflicting powers of the aristocracy and the commonalty, when they threatened each other or endangered the throne. To what but our constitution are we to attribute the slow and gradual advance which freedom has made over the remnants of that tyranny which grew to its height during the reign of the Tudors, and was effectually thrown down by the exile of the last of the Stuarts ? It is this constitution that enables us to record on the historic page changes that would have convulsed other nations to their centre, effected without violence, or any very marked excitement of the popular mind. Mobs without massacres, and bloodless revolutions, are the boast of England and England alone. Baron D’Haussez makes himself very merry with “ a Radical procession ; ” talks facetiously of his majesty the mob ; the bellowing, howling sovereign, who not only shouted himself, but compelled the bystanders to shout, and who advanced in four or five files ; for you must know, adds the witty statesman, “ he is a many-bodied being.” Now, supposing, as was the case in France at the time of her first Revolution, we had known only an iron despotism, and had been, at the crisis to which the Baron refers, equally destitute of a constitution, what would have been the result ? Has he not heard of a sovereign people who went to the palace of royalty, not simply to tell the king that they had just discovered the constitution needed modification, but to drag that king, and his beautiful and high-minded consort, from the throne, only to hurry them to a mock tribunal, and then to execution ? The Baron may retort, perhaps, that Englishmen once did the same. It is true a similar event happened, but with this difference as to the causes : Louis XVI. was sacrificed by the sheer madness of anarchy—our Charles I. violated every principle of right, and instead of ruling by the Parliament and the laws, he acted in open and haughty defiance of both. “ Public opinion ” is, with the Baron, a matter of some perplexity ; but it has puzzled wiser heads than his. Few give themselves the trouble to inquire how it is formed and expressed ; they are equally at a loss to define or to trace it to its origin. The dominant clamour of Parliament is not public opinion—the decisions of the legislature are not public opinion—the press, with its ten hundred tongues, is not public opinion—public opinion is not changing and shifting like the wind—it is the aggregate wisdom of ages, working its way slowly and silently through each successive generation ; it is the under-current, which moves on in spite of

all the tumult and noise upon the surface. Nothing is done in haste; we have no *mouvement*, no torrent, that rushes onward, bearing down every thing in its fury—no heedless excitement, which destroys in an hour the work of centuries, without having any thing solid and useful to raise on its ruins. Public opinion is with us the settled conviction of a whole people, who are taught to discuss every subject which involves the well-being of the state, and which is never arrived at till it has been viewed in all its practicable and possible relations. It is the mind of the community enlightened and well grounded in all the great principles of civil policy; and it is the moral heart—the seat of life and energy. Baron D’Haussez thinks the press is its principal, if not its exclusive organ; and by the press, as we have said, he means the newspapers. How much more luminous and just are the views of Mr. Rush:—

“Some will suppose,” he observes, “that the newspapers govern the country. Nothing would be more unfounded. There is a power not only in the government, but in the country itself, far above them; it lies in the educated classes. Now, the daily press is of the educated class; its conductors hold the pens of scholars—often of statesmen. Hence you see no editorial personalities, which, moreover, the public would not bear; but what goes into the columns of newspapers, no matter from what sources, comes into contact with equals, at least, in mind among readers, and a thousand to one in number. The bulk of these are unmoved by what such newspapers say, if opposite to their own opinions, which, passing quickly from one to another, in a society where population is dense, make head against the daily press, after its first efforts are spent upon classes less enlightened. Half the people of England live in towns. This augments moral and physical power;—the last, by strengthening rural parts, through demand for their products,—the first, by sharpening intellect, through opportunities of collision. The daily press could master opposing mental forces, if scattered; but not when they can combine. Then, the general literature of the country reacts against newspapers. The permanent press, as distinct from the daily, teems with productions of a commanding character. There is a great class of authors always existent in England, whose sway exceeds that of the newspapers as the main body the pioneers. Periodical literature is also effective: it is a match, at least, for the newspapers, when its time arrives. It is more elementary, less hasty. In a word, the daily press in England, with its floating capital in talents, zeal, and money, can do much at an onset. It is an organized corps, full of spirit, and always ready; but there is a higher power of mind and influence behind that can rally, and defeat it. From the latter source it may also be presumed that a more deliberate judgment will, in the end, be formed on difficult questions, than from the first impulses and more premature discussions of the daily journals. The latter move in their orbit by reflecting also, in the end, the higher judgment by which they have been controlled.”

The Protestant Episcopal Church of England affords the Baron, who is “*un bon Catholique*,” an opportunity of pronouncing an eulogium at its expense upon the French clergy and the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood. We really are not disposed to enter the lists with him; but how easy would it be to establish the superior morality of men who obey the dictates of nature and the law of Heaven to those who, in denying to themselves domestic enjoyments, become selfish and ascetic, or profligate and debauched! The great wealth of the English clergy is another question. As contrasted with the poverty of those of France, the dignitaries of the Protestant hierarchy are very natural objects of

Catholic envy. We do not wish the Church of England less wealthy ; we only desire to see its wealth more equally distributed.

Baron d'Haussez manifests very strongly the spirit in which foreigners delight to indulge, and in which they seem to emulate each other,—that of depreciating the state of the arts in England, and British taste, especially in reference to music and painting. Where there is confessedly much to censure, or rather to regret, a generous mind would have found something to commend. Of music we shall say nothing, except that we must be dull indeed, if, after paying the best musicians of Germany, Italy, and France, the most enormous salaries, and listening to them year after year, we discover no symptoms of improvement. Nor can we now discuss the question whether we have among us artists fully able to compete with the most celebrated of their foreign contemporaries. Be this as it may, we cannot yet believe that it is impossible for the arts to flourish among us. We are better pleased with the liberal anticipations of Mr. Rush than with the sombre and somewhat ungenerous conclusions of the Baron.

“ In going through the rooms (at the Royal Academy) it was not easy,” says this American stranger, “ to avoid the reflection that a day of fame in the arts awaits Britain. She is still in her youth in them ; she has made hardly any efforts. Busy in climbing to the top of everything else, she has not had time : the useful arts have occupied her. At the head of these in Europe, she is now at a point for embarking in the fine arts. To suppose the English climate not favourable to their cultivation is strange ;—a climate where beautiful appearances of nature abound ; that has been favourable to every kind of mental eminence ; where the inferior animals are seen in full size and strength, and the human form in all its proportions and beauty,—not a climate for painters and sculptors ! But it is said there must be a certain delicacy of thought and feeling to appreciate the world of nature, and deck it with the glories of art. Is not, then, the country of Shakspeare and Scott, of Milton, and Byron, and Moore, one for painters ? How came the Dutch with a school of painting of their own, and an eminent one ? Is their sky more genial ? and will not the English, with political institutions and social manners of their own, try new fields of art ? An American adopts the anticipation the rather, because he clings to the belief that his own country, like republics of old, is, by and by, to take her stand in the arts.”

In so large a field for speculation, and among such a multitude of topics, it would be surprising were there not to be found some which call for animadversion ; and where there is a disposition to find fault with the best things, there will be little difficulty in turning the scale to the disadvantage of what is equivocal, and in exaggerating that which confessedly is worthy of censure. We wish we were not obliged to acknowledge that there are evils in our political condition which admit not of palliation or excuse ; and we care not with what severity they are assailed, with what burning indignation they are denounced. Evils which, in other states and countries, have no prominence, because all is bad, stand out, in our political system, as monstrous and intolerable. The worst of them, and which Baron d'Haussez has condemned in no measured terms, thanks to that reforming spirit which makes him tremble and turn pale, will soon be swept away. The state of the law is undergoing revision, and must be changed ;—the impressment of seamen—

the system of factory slavery, the most cruel and shameless abuse of human rights that has ever disgraced any age or country,—and the crimes and miseries of Ireland, the effect of misgovernment and horrible oppression,—will ere long vanish before a spirit of just and benign legislation. We thank even foreigners for their deserved reproaches ; and doubt not that the public mind, awakened into energy, will promptly remove the causes which have provoked and justified them.

WORDS FOR MELODIES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

DIRGE AT SEA.

SLEEP!—we give thee to the wave,
 Red with life-blood of the brave ;
 Thou shalt find a noble grave,—
 Fare thee well !

Sleep!—thy billowy field is won !
 Proudly may the funeral gun,
 Midst the hush at set of sun,
 Boom thy knell.

Lonely, lonely is thy bed !
 Never there may tear be shed,
 Marble rear'd, or brother's head
 Bow'd to weep.

Yet thy record on the sea,
 Borne through battle high and free,
 Long the red-cross flag shall be,—
 Sleep, oh ! sleep !

SISTER ! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister ! since I met thee last,
 O'er thy brow a change hath pass'd ;
 In the softness of thine eyes
 Deep and still a shadow lies ;
 From thy voice there thrills a tone
 Never to thy childhood known ;
 Through thy soul a storm hath moved,—
 Gentle sister ! thou hast loved !

Yes ! thy varying cheek hath caught
 Hours too bright from troubled thought ;
 Far along the wandering stream
 Thou art followed by a dream ;

In the woods and valleys lone,
Music haunts thee, not thine own.
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?—
Sister! thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower;—
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted,
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Bring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest,—
Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

FAR AWAY.

Far away!—My soul is far away,
Where the blue sea laves a mountain shore;
In the woods I see my brother play;
Midst the flowers my sister sings once more,—
Far away!

Far away!—My dreams are far away,
When, at midnight, stars and shadows reign;
“Gentle child,” my mother seems to say,
“Follow me where home shall smile again,”—
Far away!

Far away!—My hope is far away
Where Love's voice young Gladness may restore:
O thou Dove! now soaring through the day,
Lend me wings to reach that brighter shore,—
Far away!

ECHO SONG.

In thy cavern-hall,
Echo, art thou sleeping?
By the fountain's fall
Dreamy silence keeping?
Yet one soft note borne
From the shepherd's horn
Wakes thee, Echo, into music leaping!
Strange, sweet Echo! into music leaping?

Then the woods rejoice,
Then glad sounds are swelling,
From each sister-voice
Round thy rocky dwelling;
And their sweetness fills
All the hollow hills
With a thousand notes, of *one* life telling,—
Softly-mingled notes, of *one* life telling.

Echo! in my heart
 These deep thoughts are lying,
 Silent and apart,
 Buried, yet undying;
 Till some gentle tone,
 Wakening, haply, one,
 Calls a thousand forth, like thee replying!—
 Strange, sweet Echo! e'en like *thee* replying!

THE LYRE AND FLOWER.

A lyre its plaintive sweetness pour'd
 Forth on the wild wind's track;
 The stormy wanderer jarr'd the chord,
 But gave the music back.
 Oh! child of song,
 Bear hence to heaven thy fire!
 What hop'st thou from the reckless throng?
 Be not like that lost lyre—
 Not like that lyre!

A flower its leaves and odour cast
 On a swift-rolling wave;
 Th' unheeding torrent darkly pass'd,
 And back no treasure gave.
 Oh! heart of love,
 Waste not thy precious dower!
 Turn to thine only home above!
 Be not like that lost flower—
 Not like that flower!

PILGRIM'S EVENING SONG TO THE EVENING STAR.

O soft star of the West!
 Gleaming far,
 Thou'rt guiding all things hence,
 Gentle star!
 From rock and foaming wave
 The sea-bird to her nest;
 The hunter from the hills,
 The fisher back to rest.
 Light of a thousand brooks,
 Gleaming far!
 O soft star of the West,
 Blessed star!

No bowery roof is mine,
 No hearth of love and rest,
 Yet guide me to my shrine,
 O soft star of the West!
 There, there my home shall be,
 Heaven's dew shall wet my breast,
 When prayer and tear gush free;
 O soft star of the West!

O soft star of the West,
 Gleaming far,
Still guide the weary home,
 Gentle star !
Shine from thy rosy heaven ;
 Pour joy on earth and sea !
Shine on ! though no sweet eyes
 Look forth to watch for me.
Light of a thousand brooks,
 Gleaming far !
O soft star of the West,
 Blessed star !

THE LONELY BIRD.

From a ruin thou art singing,
 O lonely, lonely bird !
The soft blue air is ringing
 By thy summer-music stirr'd ;
But all is dark and cold beneath,
 When harps no more are heard ;
Whence winn'st thou that exulting breath ?
 O lonely, lonely bird !

Thy song flows richly swelling
 To a triumph of glad sounds,
As from its cavern-dwelling
 A stream in glory bounds !
Though the castle echoes catch no tone
 Of human step or word,
Though the fires be quenched, and the feasting done,
 O lonely, lonely bird !

How can that flood of gladness
 Rush through thy fiery lay,
From the haunted place of sadness,
 From the bosom of decay ?
While dirge-notes in the breezes moan
 Through the ivy garland heard,
Come, chant with thy rejoicing tone,
 O lonely, lonely bird !

Yet I know a heart, wild singer !
 Like thy forsaken tower,
Where joy no more may linger,
 Whose love hath left his bower ;
And I know a spirit e'en like thee,
 To mirth as lightly stirr'd,
Though it soar from ruin in its glee—
 O lonely, lonely bird !

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

BY LADY BLESSINGTON. NO. XI.*

“THERE are two blessings of which people never know the value until they have lost them, (said Byron,) health and reputation. And not only is their loss destructive to our own happiness, but injurious to the peace and comfort of our friends. Health seldom goes without temper accompanying it; and, that fled, we become a burden on the patience of those around us, until dislike replaces pity and forbearance. Loss of reputation entails still greater evils. In losing caste, deservedly or otherwise, (continued Byron,) we become reckless and misanthropic: we cannot sympathize with those, from whom we are separated by the barrier of public opinion, and pride becomes the scorpion, girt by fire, that turns on our own breasts the sting prepared for our enemies. Shakspeare says, that ‘it is a bitter thing to look into happiness through another man’s eyes;’ and this must he do (said Byron) who has lost his reputation. Nay, rendered nervously sensitive by the falseness of his position, he sees, or fancies he sees, scorn or avoidance in the eyes of all he encounters; and, as it is well known that we are never so jealous of the respect of others as when we have forfeited our own, every mark of coldness or disrespect he meets with arouses a host of angry feelings that prey upon his peace. Such a man is to be feared (continued Byron); and yet how many such have the world made! how many errors have not slander and calumny magnified into crimes of the darkest dye! and, malevolence and injustice having set the condemned seal on the reputation of him who has been judged without a trial, he is driven without the pale of society, a sense of injustice rankling in his heart; and if his hand be not against each man, the hand, or at least the tongue, of each man is against him. The genius and powers of such a man (continued Byron) act but as fresh incitements to the unsated malice of his calumniators; and the fame they win is but as the flame that consumes the funeral pile, whose blaze attracts attention to the substance that feeds it. Mediocrity is to be desired for those who lose caste, because, if it gains not pardon for errors, it sinks them into oblivion. But genius (continued Byron) reminds the enemies of its possessor, of his existence, and of their injustice. They are enraged that he on whom they heaped obloquy can surmount it, and elevate himself on new ground, where their malice cannot obstruct his path.”

It was impossible not to see that his own position had led Byron to these reflections; and on observing the changes in his expressive countenance while uttering them, who could resist pitying the morbid feelings which had given them birth? The milk and honey that flowed in his breast has been turned to gall by the bitterness with which his errors have been assailed; but even now, so much of human kindness remains in his nature, that I am persuaded the effusions of wounded pride which embody themselves in the biting satires that escape from him are more productive of pain to him who writes, than to those on whom they are written. Knowing Byron as I do, I could forgive the most cutting satire his pen ever traced, because—I know the bitter feelings and violent reaction which led to it; and that, in thus avenging some

real or imagined injury on individuals, he looks on them as a part of that great whole, of which that world which he has waged war with, and that he fancies has waged war with him, is composed. He looks on himself like a soldier in action, who, without any individual resentment, strikes at all within his reach, as component parts of the force to which he is opposed. If this be indefensible, and all must admit that it is so, let us be merciful even while we are condemning; and let us remember what must have been the heart-aches and corroding thoughts of a mind so sensitive as Byron's, ere the last weapons of despair were resorted to, and the fearful sally, the forlorn, hope attack, on the world's opinions, made while many of those opinions had partisans within his own breast, even while he stood in the last breach of defeated hope, to oppose them. The poison in which he has dipped the arrows aimed at the world has long been preying on his own life, and has been produced by the deleterious draughts administered by that world, and which he has quaffed to the dregs, until it has turned the once healthful current of his existence into deadly venom, poisoning all the fine and generous qualities that adorned his nature. He feels what he might have been, and what he is, and detests the world that has marred his destiny. But, as the passions lose their empire, he will think differently: the veil which now obscures his reason will pass away, like clouds dispelled by the sun; he will learn to distinguish much of good, where he has hitherto seen only evil; and no longer braving the world, and, to enrage it, assuming faults he has not, he will let the good qualities he has, make themselves known, and gain that good will and regard they were formed to conciliate.

"I often, in imagination, pass over a long lapse of years, (said Byron,) and console myself for present privations, in anticipating the time when my daughter will know me by reading my works; for, though the hand of prejudice may conceal my portrait from her eyes, it cannot hereafter conceal my thoughts and feelings, which will talk to her when *he* to whom they belonged has ceased to exist. The triumph will then be mine; and the tears that my child will drop over expressions wrung from me by mental agony,—the certainty that she will enter into the sentiments which dictated the various allusions to her and myself in my works,—consoles me in many a gloomy hour. Ada's mother has feasted on the smiles of her infancy and growth, but the tears of her maturity shall be mine."

I thought it a good opportunity to represent to Byron, which this thought alone should operate to prevent his ever writing a page that could bring the blush of offended modesty to the cheek of his daughter; and that, if he hoped to live in her heart, unsullied by aught that could abate her admiration, he ought never more to write a line of *Don Juan*. He remained silent for some minutes, and then said, "You are right; I never recollected this. I am jealously tenacious of the undivided sympathy of my daughter; and that work, (*Don Juan*,) written to beguile hours of *tristesse* and wretchedness, is well calculated to loosen my hold on her affection. I will write no more of it;—would that I had never written a line!"

There is something tender and beautiful in the deep love with which poor Byron turns to his daughter. This is his last resting-place, and on her heart has he cast his last anchor of hope. When one reflects that he looks not to consolation from her during his life, as he believes her mother implacable, and only hopes that, when the grave has closed

over him, his child will cherish his memory, and weep over his misfortunes, it is impossible not to sympathize with his feelings. Poor Byron! why is he not always true to himself? Who can, like him, excite sympathy, even when one knows him to be erring? But he shames one out of one's natural and better feelings by his mockery of self. Alas!

“ His is a lofty spirit, turn'd aside
From its bright path by woes, and wrongs, and pride;
And onward in its new, tumultuous course,
Borne with too rapid and intense a force
To pause one moment in the dread career,
And ask—if such could be its native sphere?”

How unsatisfactory is it to find one's feelings with regard to Byron varying every day! This is because he is never two days the same. The day after he has awakened the deepest interest, his manner of scoffing at himself and others destroys it, and one feels as if one had been duped into a sympathy, only to be laughed at.

“ I have been accused (said Byron) of thinking ill of women. This has proceeded from my sarcastic observations on them in conversation, much more than from what I have written. The fact is, I always say whatever comes into my head, and very often say things to provoke people to whom I am talking. If I meet a romantic person, with what I call a too exalted opinion of women, I have a peculiar satisfaction in speaking lightly of them; not out of pique to your sex, but to mortify their champion; as I always conclude, that when a man over-praises women, he does it to convey the impression of how much they must have favoured him, to have won such gratitude towards them; whereas there is such an abnegation of vanity in a poor devil's decrying women,—it is such a proof positive that they never distinguished him, that I can overlook it. People take for gospel all I say, and go away continually with false impressions. *Mais n'importe!* it will render the statements of my future biographers more amusing; as I flatter myself I shall have more than one. Indeed, the more the merrier, say I. One will represent me as a sort of sublime misanthrope, with moments of kind feeling. This, *par example*, is my favourite *rôle*. Another will pourtray me as a modern Don Juan; and a third (as it would be hard if a votary of the Muses had less than the number of the Graces for his biographers) will, it is to be hoped, if only for opposition sake, represent me as an *amiable*, ill-used gentleman, ‘more sinned against than sinning.’ Now, if I know myself, I should say, that I have no character at all. By the by, this is what has long been said, as I lost mine, as an Irishman would say, before I had it. That is to say, my reputation was gone, according to the good-natured English, before I had arrived at years of discretion, which is the period one is supposed to have found one. But, joking apart, what I think of myself is, that I am so changeable, being every thing by turns and nothing long,—I am such a strange *mélange* of good and evil, that it would be difficult to describe me. There are but two sentiments to which I am constant,—a strong love of liberty, and a detestation of cant, and neither is calculated to gain me friends. I am of a wayward, uncertain disposition, more disposed to display the defects than the redeeming points in my nature: this, at least, proves that I understand mankind, for they are always ready to believe the evil, but not the good; and there is no crime of

which I could accuse myself, for which they would not give me implicit credit. What do you think of me?" (asked he, looking seriously in my face.)

I replied, "I look on you as a spoilt child of genius, an epicycle in your own circle." At which he laughed, though half disposed to be angry.

"I have made as many sacrifices to liberty (continued Byron) as most people of my age; and the one I am about to undertake is not the least, though, probably, it will be the last; for, with my broken health, and the chances of war, Greece will most likely terminate my mortal career. I like Italy, its climate, its customs, and above all its freedom from cant of every kind, which is the *primum mobile* of England; therefore it is no slight sacrifice of comfort to give up the tranquil life I lead here, and break through the ties I have formed, to engage in a cause, for the successful result of which I have no very sanguine hopes. You will think me more superstitious than ever (said Byron) when I tell you, that I have a presentiment that I shall die in Greece; I hope it may be in action, for that would be a good finish to a very *triste* existence, and I have a horror of death-bed scenes; but as I have not been famous for my luck in life, most probably I shall not have more in the manner of my death, and that I may draw my last sigh, not on the field of glory, but on the bed of disease. I very nearly died when I was in Greece in my youth; perhaps, as things have turned out, it would have been well if I had; I should have lost nothing, and the world very little, and I should have escaped many cares, for God knows I have had enough of one kind or another; but I am getting gloomy, and looking either back or forward is not calculated to enliven me. One of the reasons why I quiz my friends in conversation is, that it keeps me from thinking of myself. You laugh, but it is true."

Byron had so unquenchable a thirst for celebrity, that no means were left untried that might attain it: this frequently led to his expressing opinions totally at variance with his actions and real sentiments, and *vice versâ*, and made him appear quite inconsistent and puerile. There was no sort of celebrity that he did not, at some period or other, condescend to seek, and he was not over-nice in the means, provided he obtained the end. This weakness it was that led him to accord his society to many persons whom he thought unworthy the distinction, fancying that he might find a greater facility in astonishing them, which he had a childish propensity to do, than with those who were more on an equality with him. When I say persons that he thought unworthy of his society, I refer only to their stations in life, and not to their merits, as the first was the criterion by which Byron was most prone to judge them, never being able to conquer the overweening prejudices in favour of aristocracy that subjugated him. He expected a deferential submission to his opinions from those whom he thought he honoured by admitting to his society; and if they did not seem duly impressed with a sense of his condescension, as well as astonished at the versatility of his powers and accomplishments, he showed his dissatisfaction by assuming an air of superiority, and by opposing their opinions in a dictatorial tone, as if from his fiat there was no appeal. If, on the contrary, they appeared willing to admit his superiority in all respects, he was kind, playful, and good-humoured, and only showed his own sense of it by familiar jokes, and attempts at hoaxing, to which he was greatly addicted.

An extraordinary peculiarity in Byron was his constant habit of disclaiming friendships, a habit that must have been rather humiliating to those who prided themselves on being considered his friends. He invariably, in conversing about the persons supposed to stand in that relation to him, drew a line of demarcation, and Lord Clare, with Mr. Hobhouse and Moore, were the only persons he allowed to be within its pale. Long acquaintance, habitual correspondence, and reciprocity of kind actions, which are the general bonds of friendship, were not admitted by Byron to be sufficient claims to the title of friend; and he seized with avidity every opportunity of denying this relation with persons for whom, I am persuaded, he felt the sentiment, and to whom he would not have hesitated to have given all proof but the *name*, yet who, wanting this, could not, consistently with delicacy, receive aught else.

This habit of disclaiming friendships was very injudicious in Byron, as it must have wounded the *amour propre* of those who liked him, and humiliated the pride and delicacy of all whom he had ever laid under obligations, as well as freed, from a sense of what was due to friendship, those who, restrained by the acknowledgment of that tie, might have proved themselves his zealous defenders and advocates. It was his aristocratic pride that prompted this ungracious conduct, and I remember telling him, *apropos* to his denying friendships, that all the persons with whom he disclaimed them must have less vanity, and more kindness of nature, than fall to the lot of most people, if they did not renounce the sentiment which he disdained to acknowledge, and give him proofs that it no longer operated on them. His own morbid sensitiveness did not incline him to be more merciful to that of others; it seemed, on the contrary, to render him less so, as if every feeling was concentrated in self alone, and yet this egotist was capable of acts of generosity, kindness, and pity for the unfortunate; but he appeared to think, that the physical ills of others were those alone which he was called on to sympathize with; their moral ailments he entered not into, as he considered his own to be too elevated to admit of any reciprocity with those of others. The immeasurable difference between his genius and that of all others he encountered had given him a false estimate of their feelings and characters; they could not, like him, embody their feelings in language that found an echo in every breast, and hence he concluded they had neither the depth nor refinement of his. He forgot that this very power of sending forth his thoughts disburthened him of much of their bitterness, while others wanting it felt but the more poignantly what is unshared and unexpressed. I have told Byron, that he added ingratitude to his other faults, by scoffing at, and despising his countrymen, who have shared all his griefs, and enjoyed all his biting pleasantries. He has sounded the diapason of his own feelings, and found the concord in theirs, which proves a sympathy he cannot deny, and ought not to mock. He says, that he values not their applauses or sympathy; that he who describes passions and crimes touches chords which vibrate in every breast: not that either pity or interest is felt for him who submits to this moral anatomy; but that each discovers the symptoms of his own malady, and feels and thinks only of self, while analyzing the griefs or pleasures of another.

When Byron had been one day repeating to me some epigrams and lampoons, in which many of his friends were treated with great severity, I observed that, in case he died, and these *proofs of friendship*

came before the public, what would be the feelings of those so severely dealt by, and who previously had indulged the agreeable illusion of being high in his good graces!

“ That (said Byron) is precisely one of the ideas which most amuses me. I often fancy the rage and humiliation of my quondam friends at hearing the truth (at least from me) for the first time, and when I am beyond the reach of their malice. Each individual will enjoy the sarcasms against his friends, but that will not console him for those against himself. Knowing the affectionate dispositions of my *soi-disant* friends, and the mortal chagrin my death would occasion them, I have written my thoughts of each, purely as a consolation for them in case they survive me. Surely this is philanthropic, for a more effectual means of destroying all regret for the dead could hardly be found than discovering, after their decease, memorials in which the surviving friends were treated with more sincerity than flattery. What grief (continued Byron, laughing while he spoke) could resist the charges of ugliness, dulness, or any of the thousand nameless defects, personal or mental, to which flesh is heir, coming from one *ostentatiously loved, lamented, and departed*, and when reprisals or recantations are impossible! Tears would soon be dried, lamentations and eulogiums changed to reproaches, and many faults would be discovered in the dear departed that had previously escaped detection. If half the observations (said Byron) which friends make on each other were *written* down instead of being said, how few would remain on terms of friendship! People are in such daily habits of commenting on the defects of friends, that they are unconscious of the unkindness of it, which only comes home to their business and bosoms when they discover that *they* have been so treated, which proves that *self* is the only medium for feeling or judging of, or for, others. Now I *write down*, as well as speak, my sentiments of those who believe that they have gulled me; and I only wish (in case I die before them) that I could return to witness the effect my posthumous opinions of them are likely to produce on their minds. What good fun this would be! Is it not disinterested in me to lay up this source of consolation for my friends, whose grief for my loss might otherwise be too acute? You don't seem to value it as you ought (continued Byron, with one of his sardonic smiles, seeing that I looked, as I really felt, surprized at his avowed insincerity). I feel the same pleasure in anticipating the rage and mortification of my *soi-disant* friends, at the discovery of my real sentiments of them, that a miser may be supposed to feel while making a will which is to disappoint all the expectants who have been toading him for years. Then only think how amusing it will be, to compare my posthumous with my previously given opinions, one throwing ridicule on the other. This will be delicious, (said he, rubbing his hands,) and the very anticipation of it charms me. Now this, by your grave face, you are disposed to call very wicked, nay, more, very mean; but wicked or mean, or both united, it is human nature, or at least my nature.”

Should various poems of Byron that I have seen ever meet the public eye, and this is by no means unlikely, they will furnish a better criterion for judging his real sentiments than all the notices of him that have yet appeared.

Each day that brought Byron nearer to the period fixed on for his departure for Greece seemed to render him still more reluctant to undertake it. He frequently expressed a wish to return to England, if

only for a few weeks, before he embarked, and yet had not firmness of purpose sufficient to carry his wishes into effect. There was a helplessness about Byron, a sort of abandonment of himself to his destiny, as he called it, that commonplace people can as little pity as understand. His purposes in visiting England, previous to Greece, were vague and undefined, even to himself; but from various observations that he let fall, I imagined that he hoped to establish something like an amicable understanding, or correspondence, with Lady Byron, and to see his child, which last desire had become a fixed one in his mind. He so often turned with a yearning heart to his wish of going to England before Greece, that we asked him why, being a free agent, he did not go. The question seemed to embarrass him. He stammered, blushed, and said,—

“ Why, true, there is no reason why I should not go; but yet I want resolution to encounter all the disagreeable circumstances which might, and most probably would, greet my arrival in England. The host of foes that now slumber, because they believe me out of their reach, and that their stings cannot touch me, would soon awake with renewed energies to assail and blacken me. The press, that powerful engine of a licentious age, (an engine known only in civilized England as an invader of the privacy of domestic life,) would pour forth all its venom against me, ridiculing my person, misinterpreting my motives, and misrepresenting my actions. I can mock at all these attacks when the sea divides me from them, but on the spot, and reading the effect of each libel in the alarmed faces of my selfishly-sensitive friends, whose common attentions, under such circumstances, seem to demand gratitude for the personal risk of abuse incurred by a contact with the attacked delinquent,—no, this I could not stand, because I once endured it, and never have forgotten what I felt under the infliction. I wish to see Lady Byron and my child, because I firmly believe I shall never return from Greece, and that I anxiously desire to forgive, and be forgiven, by the former, and to embrace Ada. It is more than probable (continued Byron) that the same amiable consistency,—to call it by no harsher name,—which has hitherto influenced Lady B.’s adherence to the line she had adopted, of refusing all explanation, or attempt at reconciliation, would still operate on her conduct. My letters would be returned unopened, my daughter would be prevented from seeing me, and any step I might, from affection, be forced to take to assert my right of seeing her once more before I left England, would be misrepresented as an act of the most barbarous tyranny and persecution towards the mother and the child; and I should be driven again from the British shore, more vilified, and with even greater ignominy, than on the separation. Such is my idea of the justice of public opinion in England, (continued Byron,) and, with such woeful experience as I have had, can you wonder that I dare not encounter the annoyances I have detailed? But if I live, and return from Greece with something better and higher than the reputation or glory of a poet, opinions may change, as the successful are always judged favourably of in our country; my laurels may cover my faults better than the bays have done, and give a totally different reading to my thoughts, words, and deeds.”

With such various forms of pleasing as rarely fall to the lot of man, Byron possessed the counter-balance to an extraordinary degree, as he could disenchant his admirers almost as quickly as he had won their

admiration. He was too observant not to discover, at a glance, the falling off in the admiration of those around him, and resented as an injury the decrease in their esteem, which a little consideration for their feelings, and some restraint in the expression of his own, would have prevented. Sensitive, jealous, and exigent himself, he had no sympathy or forbearance for those weaknesses in others. He claimed admiration not only for his genius, but for his defects, as a sort of right that appertained solely to him. He was conscious of this *foiblesse*, but wanted either power or inclination to correct it, and was deeply offended if others appeared to have made the discovery.

There was a sort of mental reservation in Byron's intercourse with those with whom he was on habits of intimacy that he had not tact enough to conceal, and which was more offensive when the natural flippancy of his manner was taken into consideration. His incontinence of speech on subjects of a personal nature, and with regard to the defects of friends, rendered this display of reserve on other points still more offensive; as, after having disclosed secrets which left him, and some of those whom he professed to like, at the mercy of the discretion of the person confided in, he would absolve him from the best motive for secresy—that of implied confidence—by disclaiming any sentiment of friendship for those so trusted. It was as though he said, I think aloud, and you hear my thoughts; but I have no feeling of friendship towards you, though you might imagine I have, from the confidence I repose. Do not deceive yourself: few, if any, are worthy of my friendship; and only one or two possess even a portion of it. I think not of you but as the first recipient for the disclosures that I have *le besoin* to make, and as an admirer whom I can make administer to my vanity, by exciting in turn your surprise, wonder, and admiration, but I can have no sympathy with you.

Byron, in all his intercourse with acquaintances, proved that he wanted the simplicity and good faith of uncivilized life, without having acquired the tact and fine perception that throws a veil over the artificial coldness and selfishness of refined civilization, which must be concealed to be rendered endurable. To keep alive sympathy, there must be a reciprocity of feelings; and this Byron did not, or would not, understand. It was the want of this, or rather the studied display of the want, that deprived him of the affection that would otherwise have been unreservedly accorded to him, and which he had so many qualities calculated to call forth. Those who have known Byron only in the turmoil and feverish excitation of a London life, may not have had time or opportunity to be struck with this defalcation in his nature; or, if they observed it, might naturally attribute it to the artificial state of society in London, which more or less affects all its members; but when he was seen in the isolation of a foreign land, with few acquaintances, and fewer friends, to make demands either on his time or sympathy, this extreme egotism became strikingly visible, and repelled the affection that must otherwise have replaced the admiration to which he never failed to give birth.

Byron had thought long and profoundly on man and his vices,—natural and acquired;—he generalized and condemned *en masse*, in theory; while, in practice, he was ready to allow the exceptions to his general rule. He had commenced his travels ere age or experience had rendered him capable of forming a just estimate of the civilized world he had left, or the uncivilized one he was exploring: hence

he saw both through a false medium, and observed not that their advantages and disadvantages were counterbalanced. Byron wished for that Utopian state of perfection which experience teaches us it is impossible to attain,—the simplicity and good faith of savage life, with the refinement and intelligence of civilization. Naturally of a melancholy temperament, his travels in Greece were eminently calculated to give a still more sombre tint to his mind, and tracing at each step the marks of degradation which had followed a state of civilization still more luxurious than that he had left ; and surrounded with the fragments of arts that we can but imperfectly copy, and ruins whose original beauty we can never hope to emulate, he grew into a contempt of the actual state of things, and lived but in dreams of the past, or aspirations of the future. This state of mind, as unnatural as it is uncommon in a young man, destroyed the bonds of sympathy between him and those of his own age, without creating any with those of a more advanced. With the young he could not sympathize, because they felt not like him ; and with the old, because that, though their reasonings and reflections arrived at the same conclusions, they had not journeyed by the same road. They had travelled by the beaten one of experience, but he had abridged the road, having been hurried over it by the passions which were still unexhausted, and ready to go in search of new discoveries. The wisdom thus prematurely acquired by Byron, being the forced fruit of circumstances and travel acting on an excitable mind, instead of being the natural production ripened by time, was, like all precocious advantages, of comparatively little utility ; it influenced his words more than his deeds, and wanted that patience and forbearance towards the transgressions of others that is best acquired by having suffered from and repented our own.

It would be a curious speculation to reflect how far the mind of Byron might have been differently operated on had he, instead of going to Greece in his early youth, spent the same period beneath the genial climate, and surrounded by the luxuries of Italy. We should then, most probably, have had a “ Don Juan ” of a less reprehensible character, and more excusable from the youth of its author, followed, in natural succession, by atoning works produced by the autumnal sun of maturity, and the mellowing touches of experience,—instead of his turning from the more elevated tone of “ Childe Harold ” to “ Don Juan.” Each year, had life been spared him, would have corrected the false wisdom that had been the bane of Byron, and which, like the fruit so eloquently described by himself as growing on the banks of the Dead Sea, that was lovely to the eye, but turned to ashes when tasted, was productive only of disappointment to him, because he mistook it for the real fruit its appearance resembled, and found only bitterness in its taste.

There was that in Byron which would have yet nobly redeemed the errors of his youth, and the misuse of his genius, had length of years been granted him ; and, while lamenting his premature death, our regret is rendered the more poignant by the reflection, that we are deprived of works which, tempered by an understanding arrived at its meridian, would have had all the genius, without the immorality of his more youthful productions, which, notwithstanding their defects, have formed an epoch in the literature of his country.

SEASONABLE DITTIES.—NO. IV.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

ALL HAIL TO THEE, HOARY DECEMBER!—A DECEMBER PASTORAL.

ALL hail to thee, hoary December!

All hail! (except mizzle and sleet)—
Dark month, if one half I remember,
A list of thy charms I'll repeat:
Though roses are faded, and mute is
The nightingale's song in the grove,
Thou art, among candlelight beauties,
The one of all others I love.

Now mulligatawny is chosen
For luncheons, both wholesome and nice;
And, Grange, thy brisk trade is quite frozen,
For nobody purchases ice!
There's ice on the Serpentine River,
Where ladies and gentlemen skate,
And whilst on the margin I shiver,
They flourish a figure of eight!

Oh come with thy thousand ingredients
For making an exquisite feast,
Oh come with thy countless expedients
For fattening up a prize beast!
Thy cooks, whose perpetual work is
To mince meat, shall hail thy approach;
And oh, what uncommon fine turkeys
From Norwich fly up by the coach!

Oh! all love December with reason;—
For while Hospitality feeds
Her guests, she well knows 'tis the season
For Charity's holier deeds:
And thus rich and poor have to thank it
For gifts which impartially flow;
The pauper, when wrapp'd in his blanket,
Sighs not for a *blanquette de veau*.

Oh come with thy Christmas vagaries,
Thy harlequin pantomime jumps,
Grim ogres, and beautiful fairies,
In gossamer trousers and pumps!
Oh come with thy clownish grimaces,
Thy pantaloon practical wit;
And, tier above tier, merry faces
In gallery, boxes, and pit!

Oh come with George Barnwell and Millwood,
A drama of practical force,
Which, were we disposed to do ill, would
Soon make us good people of course!
Young Barnwell—the author alleges—
Got rid of his money too fast;
And, bothered with pawnbroker's pledges,
He murdered his *uncle* at last!

Come hither with fun and with folly,
Bring icicle gems on thy brow,
The bright coral heads of the holly,
And pearls from the mistletoe bough.
Oh come with thy shining apparel,
Thy robe like the snow on the hill;
And come, above all, with a barrel
Of *something* to take off the chill!

NOTES ON PERIODICALS.

THIS is the true millennium of the printers. Oh! that those typographical heroes of the fifteenth century, Faust, Guttenberg, and Peter Schoeffer, could burst the marble monuments in which they are enshrined, and just take a peep at one of our steam-engines, which deliver to Fame, or to the cheesemongers, as many sheets in an hour as they, with infinite labour, though with ingenuity laudable for such an age, brought forth in a month! Doubtless every department of the press will henceforth be subjected to the same law of periodicity, which prevails throughout every region of the heavens. The earth is at once an Annual, laden with all the accumulated treasures of the year; a Quarterly Review, delighting us with the varieties of each succeeding season; and a daily Newspaper, teeming with new events which keep us, its readers, in a state of constant excitement. The moon, what is it but a perpetual "New Monthly Magazine?" In the higher firmament of the skies, we hear of systems which require for their periodical completion some five hundred years. What prodigious periodicals the people in those remote planets must possess! Their weeks must be longer than our years, their hours than our days. "Paradise Lost" they would look upon as a trifle. It would scarcely fill the space which they dedicate to the "Poet's Corner." As for this article, upon which we are at present engaged for the edification of our much-beloved readers, whoever they may be, we fear that it would be scarcely perceptible in a page of the "New Monthly" which illuminates and exalts the good folk who bask in the rays of Bellatrix or Betelgeux. Heaven defend us from being appointed, some fine morning, for our sins, editor of the Times in the head of the Ram, or the tail of the Great Bear!

Indeed, matters are in a sufficiently deplorable state on the petty planet to which we happen at present to belong. Behold us obliged, —the thing is so cheap we cannot help it,—to take in, or be taken in by, "Johnson's Dictionary," converted into a neat periodical. For the same irresistible reason we renew our acquaintance every Saturday with the beauties of "Guthrie's Gazetteer," and the pleasantries of that Grammar, which goes under the renowned name of Lindley Murray. We next turn with enthusiasm to four pages of law, made easy to the most obtuse mind, and beguiling to the most phlegmatic. Astronomy comes before us, clothed in the garb of romance; and History looks so gay with all her embellishments, that we hand out our penny for her with rapture. We have already become perfect geologists for the sum of three-pence; and for a groat we received in exchange such a degree of enlightenment in the mysteries of anatomy, that we hereby undertake to kill any man in such a really agreeable and expeditious way, that he shall know nothing at all of the process. To determined suicides we shall be found invaluable, and we take the liberty to recommend ourselves to their attention. Paganini spent fourteen years and all his fortune in learning to play on *one* string. We played excellently on *four*, in two weeks, by the aid of the "Musical Magazine," for which we paid the sum of three halfpence. We may say, without vanity, that we shine in botany, divinity, zoology, and horticulture, having made ourselves perfect masters

in these branches of useful knowledge, at the rate of two-pence half-penny per branch. In short, we expect that, before Christmas, we shall be, in our proper person, a complete animated Encyclopædia, at the sum total expense of half-a-crown. When the holidays come, however, we shall repay our poor soul for the heavy burthens which we at present hebdomadally impose upon it. We are all Minerva now,—then we shall be Bacchus.

Look at the illustrations,—their perfection,—their brilliancy,—the number of them that we can buy for a trifle! Portraits,—landscapes,—still life,—dogs,—horses,—game,—Landseer,—Turner,—Martin,—Cruikshank,—all you may have almost for nothing. Montgomery the Second is gone to Pandæmonium to collect materials for landscapes, which he has undertaken to describe in a most tremendous poem. The ever-to-be-lamented Rosa Matilda is already awakened from her tomb, for the purpose of lending her never-to-be-forgotten verses to the prints of Charles Tilt. We are soon to have, not only a new edition of Robert Burns, but charming sketches of every individual whiskey-house which he honoured by getting particularly drunk therein. The Findens threaten to make even Crabbe popular!

What is to become of all the paper which is now in constant process of typo-impressment? What are we to do with it? Where is it to find room in some half-dozen years? We observe, indeed, more than one Encyclopædia in progress, which is likely to be concluded about the year of our Lord 2000. As we do not intend to live so long as that, we leave the said Encyclopædia to shift for itself. But, mercy on us, how are we to dispose of the “National Library?” Here is a collection “intended to place *all* the most useful, instructive, moral, and entertaining works, comprising the standard literature of *all* countries, within the means of *all* the families in the three kingdoms!” We are kindly informed, lest our natural feelings should be alarmed at the prospect of paying for such a number of books, still more of perusing them, that all this is to be accomplished “without taxing *too* heavily, at one and the same time, either the pocket or the head of the reader.” Infinite are the obligations of the happy subscriber to the editors, for thus dividing the inflictions which they are resolved to heap upon his devoted head. After being nicely wrecked on the rocks of Scylla, most comfortably will he be swallowed up in the whirlpool of Charybdis.

It is not long since we came home one day from the Bank with our dividends in one pocket, and about a hundred weekly journals in the other, which we purchased in the fragrant purlieus of Fetter Lane. We were seduced by the show which they made, all embellished with cuts as they were, in a shop-window. There shone “The Cab,” price one halfpenny, addressed to gentlemen of aspiring notions, but limited means; and offering them, in return for a small annual subscription, not only the Cab itself, but the occasional use of a chariot, with horses quiet to drive, ride, or run in tandem, and also the loan of boxes at Covent Garden and the Opera, as well as of ladies of fashion,—only for the purpose of gracing the said boxes by their appearance. They were to present themselves in *moustaches à la porcupine*, to talk loud during the opera or the play, to smell of cigar, and to take snuff in abundance. It was a necessary condition of their periodical felicity that they should, in all externals, be men of *ton*, whatever their previous habits might

have been in the mystery of picking pockets. "The Halfpenny Magazine" had already, by some accident, arrived at a seventh number,—a fatal one, we fear, for the editors were fain to confess, "We have no *cut* this time." "The Halfpenny Library" had the singular merit of manufacturing a new adage out of an old one. There is an ancient saying, "Truth lies in a well." "May not the modern adage," quoth the said Library, "run thus,—'The most certain charity is at a pump?'" "The Magnet," after admitting candidly that periodicals had increased beyond the possibility of purchase, or perusal, had the courage to add one more to the number, and the conscience to promise that it would print the essence of the whole in its own pages. "The Squib" threatened to blow up all its rivals. Forgetting that it was itself of inflammable materials, it became the first victim of its own temerity. "The Sunday Chronicle" came to proclaim the comfortable doctrine that all the world was mad, and that, as things went, Miss Baxter would have made a capital *Lord* Mayor. The editor gave demonstrative proof of his own wisdom, by departing spontaneously from such a world almost as soon as he came into it. Among the prescriptions of "The Doctor" and "The Penny Lancet," we looked in vain for a remedy capable of being administered to a young periodical diseased. We never beheld two medical practitioners, who stood more in need of assistance from their own "damnable compounds." "The New Penny Magazine" must have been assuredly under their care, as the editor commenced a notice, intended for a very different purpose, by confessing, "With reluctance we decline." "The Tourist" had pledged himself to travel from Wellington Street, in the Strand, all over the civilized and savage world. After crossing over Waterloo Bridge, and disporting himself amid the pleasant retreats of Lambeth, he returned by Blackfriars to the place of Wellington once more, where we found him ruminating in the following penitential strain:—"Human hopes are frequently falsified by experience. No sooner are they submitted to an infallible criterion, than they have been proved defective and illusory;—the offspring of self-conceit or of partial knowledge. We are free to acknowledge that we have failed to realize our own expectations." "Rude Boreas" Dibdin! What is it really Tom? It is, in good truth, the same concoctor of immortal songs, pouring, with all his might, the tones of a heart still buoyant after every vicissitude, through a "Penny Trumpet," in the character of one Doctor Blow. Alas! poor Tom!—he was soon destined to realize the converse of a story, which he himself tells of Schmidt, one of the late King's band. The German having been once asked to sustain a note of forty minims' duration, replied, "You may find ears, but who the devil is to find *vindt*?" Dibdin was copious in wind, but, after essaying a few blasts, he found an appalling deficiency of ears.

Plagiarism is the order of the day in all these publications. We bought for one penny the whole essence of Cyrus Redding's book on wines, which we found concentrated by the digestive pen of Mr. Craik in the pages of Charles Knight's magazine. By the by, what a glorious humbug this said magazine is upon the reading portion of the operatives! They think, poor devils, that the matter doled out to them weekly, through the medium of the "Penny Magazine," has been really got up "under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful

Knowledge." The Society know just as much about it as the Mandarins of the Celestial Empire. Does anybody in his senses believe that the Lord Chancellor, or Lord John Russell, or Sir Henry Parnell, has time to correct the proofs of a penny journal? The history of this publication may be thus concisely stated: Mr. Hill, member for Hull, and one of the committee of the Diffusion Society, is a particular friend of Charles Knight. Knight bethought himself of a penny magazine, on the plan of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal." Says Knight to Hill, "This would be a capital speculation, if you could get me the name of the Society." Says Matthew Hill, "I will." And he succeeds, and the magazine is published under the fiction of its being the property of the Society, whereas, in truth, it is the property of Charles Knight and Co. The consequence of which has been, that this weekly sheet, called the Society's magazine, brings in Knight some thousands per annum, although, if it had been publicly known to be what it truly is,—nothing more than a bookseller's speculation,—it would have been at the bottom of the Lethean lake by this time. It is, in fact, a very feeble compilation of poor Craik's abridgments of all sorts of matter—an *olla podrida* which he dishes up at some small pay *per diem*. We pity him much; but more do we lament the fate of the unhappy authors, whose lucubrations it is his business to melt down into a retail shape, and whose expectations of a reasonable reward for their labours he contributes to baffle by his abominable epitomization. We know of no difference in this respect between the "Penny Magazine" and the "Thief." The motto of the latter, "Ex rapto vivens," (living by plunder,) is equally applicable to the former, and, indeed, to all the publications of the Diffusion Society, who have not, during the nine years of their existence, produced a single original volume, appertaining to any one of the hundred departments of science and art with respect to which they have undertaken to enlighten the world.

Peace be to the shades of the many "Gleaners," "Spies," "Investigators," "Scrap-books," "Caskets," "Correctors," "Schoolmasters," "Guardians," and "Devils," which we have consigned to the tender mercies of our *scout*, in order to save the expense of wood for the ignition of our fires. We were about to add to them a whole volume of the "Crisis," when the ghost of Robert Owen, its patron, stared us in the face, mildly reproving us for our consummate ignorance of the disorders which prevail throughout all classes of society, and for which he, Robert, believes that he has discovered a most effectual remedy. The "Crisis" is, it seems, intended to prepare the way for the new terrestrial Paradise, which he has been labouring for many years to create. Having been quietly bowed out of the factory at New Lanark, where he had been for some time managing clerk, but where he had contrived, by his inspirations, to introduce most admired confusion, he came to London to dissipate his chagrin, and diffuse his principles. But here he toiled in vain. He found no associates to assist him in the scheme of rendering property common, in order that he might come in for a share of a commodity of which he happened then, as he happens still, to be rather in need. He next, like many other speculators who have been sadly disappointed at home, turned his eyes towards America, and, having purchased a dim forest in the back settlements, for a few dollars, he 'cycloped it "New Harmony." But old Discord was too strong for even that sweetly-

sounding title, the concern was dissolved, and he returned once more, resolved on fresh speculations, to this Babylon. He took up his residence near the pastoral glades of Burton-crescent, put up a brick and composition portico to a little, low house which he called "The Institution for the removal of Ignorance, and the regeneration of the World." Here he preached and lectured, gaining a few shillings now and then, by way of admission-money, and informing his slender audience that he was charged with an express mission (from whom or whence we never could learn) for the purpose of turning the whole fabric of society exactly upside down.

It has been our good fortune to meet with him sometimes in our matutinal perambulations. Strange to say, if it rained, he held an umbrella over his head like any common mortal. Nay, more, we have actually seen this great reformer of our bad habits eating beef, and drinking bottled beer!—although he is indisputably (according to his disciples) the identical person referred to by the sybils of yore, the long-expected of nations, at whose birth

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum naseitur ordo:
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto."

With him the age of iron is to cease, that of pure gold to begin. Every trace of ancient sin and sorrow is to disappear at his command from earth. The lion shall gambol with the lamb, and every field shall spontaneously grow yellow with golden harvests. There will be no necessity for public worship, as in the new order of things everybody is to pray in secret, if he have any disposition that way. If not, he can sing or whistle if he like, instead of going to church, for no church there is any longer to be. The lawyers may sell their wigs and gowns, for law is to come to an end. Order is to be altogether dispensed with, as a beautiful confusion is to prevail in its place. A young man shall meet a young maiden in the streets, and, without asking her how she does, without saying "A fine day, my dear," or anything else of that bashful tendency, he is straight to pop the question, "Will you marry me?" and she will! They are to live together from that moment, without further ceremony, just as long as they choose; they may then separate, and their children, if any there be, are to receive maintenance from the public treasury. Here will be a glorious state of things for all the bucks of Cambridge!

"They who give themselves to the study of just and good works," says the Cumæan sybil, "and to piety and holy thoughts, shall be carried by the angels through the flaming river, into a place of light, and a life without care, where the immortal path of the great God is, and where three fountains of wine, milk, and honey, flow without cessation. And the earth shall be equal to all, not divided by walls or partitions, but shall bear much fruit spontaneously; and all shall live in common, and their wealth shall be undivided; neither poor nor rich shall be there, nor tyrant, nor servant, nor one greater or less than another; no king, nor leader; all shall enjoy all things in common, and none shall say the night is come, nor to-morrow, or yesterday is past; and no care shall be for many days. There shall be no spring nor summer, no winter nor autumn; nor marriage, nor death; nor buying, nor selling; nor setting nor rising of the sun, for there shall be a long day."—"This is a highly

figurative description of heaven upon earth, in the usual hyperbolical style of prophecy," quoth the "Crisis:" "but it is evident, when stripped in part of its mystical character, that it describes such another state of things as we propose to establish by the adoption of the new system of society!"

Now observe the wonderful process by which the new system has been already, in part, carried into effect. Among the various speculations upon which Mr. Maberly, unluckily for himself, bestowed, some years ago, his time, together with a princely fortune, was an immense edifice, which he erected near the top of Gray's Inn Road, intending the lower part thereof for a horse-bazaar, the upper for a mart, in which all things whatever, from a kitchen-range to a doll's-eye, were to be exposed for sale. Exposed, indeed, many articles of utility and finery were upon neat stalls, peeping cagerly behind which were numbers of the prettiest faces which that quarter of the metropolis could turn out; but, by some fatality, no purchasers appeared. Indeed, who that could afford to buy even a tetotum was to guess that a bazaar existed in Gray's Inn-road? We have not, at present, the most remote idea how we ever chanced to hear of such a thing. Of course, it was soon shut up.

The time was now near at hand, when the true regenerator of mankind was to step forth upon a more public stage than the small institution in Burton-place enabled him to enjoy. Having converted the landlord of the said Horse Bazaar to his principles, he prevailed upon the man to give him the use of the empty premises for nothing. He then collected together numbers of poor mechanics from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, formed them into a society *pro bono publico*, appointed himself their father, and set about knocking into their heads his magnificent principles in a series of grave lectures. In the course of his labours, he had the good fortune to receive the most valuable assistance from Miss Macauley, a lady some time out of her teens, and not unknown to fame as an actress, a teacher of enunciation, a reader of plays and poems, a head of a new religion, in which capacity she preaches, and as an author of pamphlets upon the currency, the poor-laws, agricultural distress, the Factory Bill, and a variety of other subjects, equally poetical and enchanting. She has also a horse, or rather a mule, to which is appended a little omnibus. Within the omnibus sits a lad. On the front, the back, and the sides of this machine are painted, in gigantic letters, three mystic words—"Miss Macauley's Repository." "A repository of what?" we asked the lad,—for in our ignorance we deemed it a public vehicle, and flattered ourselves with the hope that it would carry us for a penny from Finsbury, where it then stood, to the rural groves of Paddington. "Sir," replied the urchin, smiling, "of Miss Macauley's pamphlets,—will you buy one? you may have it for a penny." When her store of literature shall have been disposed of, it is Miss Macauley's intention to convert her ingenious shop into a Thespian cart, and to act tragedies all along the New-road.

The mirror-like serenity with which this fair associate of Mr. Owen delivered herself of the new doctrines was marvellous. The Messiah, she declared, was a very good sort of a person in his way, considering the manner in which he was brought up; and was tolerably well informed too, remembering the dark age in which he lived; but he knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the evils of society, or of the real remedies which they

required. These were matters wholly unrevealed to the world until the—Owen made his debüt. She was proud to be one of his most zealous disciples, and was ready, as far as she was concerned, to carry all his principles into practice. To her inventive genius the patriarch is indebted for the establishment of what are called social festivals, at which the mechanics, their wives, their sons and daughters, together with a galaxy of beauties from the virtuous precincts of Shire-lane, assemble periodically, and sing, and dance, and take tea, and enter into those temporary engagements which are to form the principal felicity of the new system.

So much for the instruction and amusement of the disciples—and thus far they go in common with the St. Simonians of France, who have recently despatched missionaries to this country, in order to assist in the propagation of the doctrine. But the practical remedy for the real evil of society,—that is to say, for the poverty of the lower orders,—the secret hitherto unknown to all men save Robert Owen,—stands disclosed in the most admirable invention of modern times, the “*Equitable Labour Exchange*.” Through the instrumentality of this institution, the labour of the industrious is instantly converted into gold. Knowledge is power. Give the ignorant education, and they will therefore be the rulers of the country. Labour is wealth. Let the poor labour, and they must in consequence become the proprietors of all the land and money in the empire. This is the logic of these grand reformers. But how are syllogisms to be transformed into loaves of bread and roast beef? That is the question. We shall see.

There was an abundance of room to spare, as we have already mentioned, in the bazaar in Gray’s Inn Road. Thither the distressed shoemaker was invited by the patriarch to send such part of his stock as lay upon his hands. To the same receptacle the cabinet-maker was advised to commit his tables and chairs, the hatter his hats, the cooper his tubs, the nailer his nails, the tinman his pans, the musical instrument-maker his fiddles, and flutes, and tambourines, the toyman his dolls, the milliner her caps, the baker his bread, the butcher his meat, the market gardener his vegetables. Upon such of these articles as were transmitted to the bazaar, a certain valuation was fixed, according to the proportion of labour supposed to have been bestowed upon the production of them; and that labour was estimated, in every case, at sixpence per hour. Thus a table or a dog-collar, for instance, was valued at twenty hours; and to the owner thereof, a nicely printed slip of paper, resembling a country bank-note, was given, stating the number of hours at which his deposit was estimated. This note he had then an opportunity of presenting to one of the attendants behind the counter of the bazaar, and from that officer he was entitled to receive any other article then in store, which was valued at the same amount. Unfortunately, however, nobody could get exactly the thing he wanted. The nailer presented his note for some coals; but there were none, as yet, in the bazaar. An umbrella or a fife was very much at his service; but he needed not the one, and had neither time nor disposition to play on the other. The weaver who had deposited a piece of cloth, the labour of a whole week, required some bread. But the bakers were not yet disciples of the new system,—would he have any objection to a tambourine? The cabinet-maker, who had placed in the store a capi-

tal chest of drawers, looked forward with considerable glee to a series of legs of mutton. But when he was told that the butchers had not yet become Owenites, and that the market-gardeners continued incredulous,—when he looked around and discovered that he could only obtain in exchange for his said chest, a flute or an old coat, or some dozens of list shoes, or half a ton of dog-collars, or a case of dried beetles, or a picture of a shipwreck, or coral necklaces, or merry-andrews, or some piles of Miss Macauley's pamphlets,—he naturally enough kicked up a row. Complaint became contagious among the disciples, riot the order of the day, and the Bazaar the scene of tumult which demanded the interposition of the police. The plain sense of Clerkenwell revolted at the gross imposture of the new Messiah, the Bazaar was shut up once more, and the precious institution was transferred to the West End. Thus the rogue, who is detected in the city, puts on a new coat and renews his enterprizes in Portman-square. The "Crisis" is still the organ of the gang, assisted by "The Destructive," "The Pioneer," and several other periodical publications, which, though unstamped, comprize all the ordinary topics of newspapers, and are attaining a wide circulation amongst the industrious orders of our population. There is a rude energy in their style, added to a profligate dereliction of morality in their principles, which renders them acceptable to all the discontented men in the country—a numerous as well as an active race of idle libertines, who, having neither character nor property to lose, are fervently looking forward to new revolutions, by which they hope, if they cannot ameliorate their condition, to reduce the happier orders of society to the level of their own wretchedness.

C. H.

ELEGY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

THOU art not dead, my son ! my son !
 But God hath hence removed thee :
 Thou canst not die, my buried boy,
 While lives the sire who loved thee.
 How canst thou die, while weeps for thee
 The broken heart that bore thee,
 And e'en the thought that thou art not
 Can to her soul restore thee ?
 Will grief forget thy willingness
 To run before thy duty ?
 The love of all, the good and true,
 That fill'd thine eyes with beauty ?
 Thy pitying grace, thy dear request,
 When others had offended,
 That made thee look as angels look,
 When great good deeds are ended ?
 The strength with which thy soul sustain'd
 Thy woes, and daily wasting ?
 Thy prayer to stay with us, when sure
 That from us thou wert hasting ?
 And that last smile, which seem'd to say,
 " Why cannot ye restore me ?"
 Thy look'd farewell is in my heart,
 And brings thee still before me.

What, though the change, the fearful change,
 From thought, which left thee never,
 To unremembering ice and clay,
 Proclaim thee gone for ever?
 Thy half-closed lids, thy upturn'd eyes,
 Thy still and lifeless tresses;
 Thy marble lip, which moves no more,
 Yet more than grief expresses;
 The silence of thy coffin'd snow,
 By awed remembrance cherish'd;
 These dwell with me, like gather'd flowers,
 That in their April perish'd.
 Thou art not gone, thou canst not go,
 My bud, my blasted blossom!
 The pale rose of thy faded face
 Still withers in my bosom.
 Oh, Mystery of Mysteries,
 That took'st my poor boy from me!
 What art thou, Death? all-dreaded Death!
 If weakness can o'ercome thee?
 We hear thee not! we see thee not,
 Even when thy arrows wound us;
 But viewless, printless, echoless,
 Thy steps are ever round us.
 Though more than life a mystery
 Art thou, the undeceiver,
 Amid thy trembling worshippers
 Thou seest no true believer.
 No!—but for life, and more than life,
 No fearful search could find thee:
 Tremendous shadow! who is He
 That ever stands behind thee?
 The power who bids the worm deny
 The beam that o'er her blazes,
 And veils from us the holier light
 On which the seraph gazes,
 Where burns the throne of Him, whose name
 The sunbeams here write faintly;
 And where my child, a stranger stands,
 Amid the blest and saintly,
 And sobs aloud,—while in his eyes
 The tears, o'erflowing, gather,—
 “They come not yet! until they come,
 Heav'n is not heav'n, my Father!
 Why come they not? why comes not she
 From whom thy will removes me?
 Oh, does she love me, love me still?
 I know my mother loves me!
 Then, send her soon, and with her send
 The brethren of my bosom!
 My sisters, too! Lord, let them all
 Bloom round the parted blossom!
 The only pang I could not bear,
 Was leaving them behind me;
 I cannot bear it. Even in heaven
 The tears of parting blind me!”

Sheffield, 9th November, 1833.

MRS. JOHN JONES'S PIC-NIC.

I LIKE a pic-nic. I don't care what anybody says, but *I like* a pic-nic. It is the only remnant of pastoral life as it was practised in the ancient Arcadia—it is the poetry of dinner-parties—it is Mr. Owen's system of reciprocal supply set to music, if I may be allowed to speak so poetically. Whenever I hear of a pic-nic going forward, I always make a point of calling on some of the parties a day or two previously, in hope of being invited; and in most cases I am successful; for I believe I may say without vanity—mind! I don't wish to set up for a wit, or a genius, or a scholar, or a man of fashion—but I do say that I consider myself a very nice sort of young man for a pic-nic party.

Every man has his hobby, and a pic-nic is mine. I have pic-nicked all over England. There is scarcely a park, forest, ruined abbey, or heaven-kissing hill in the kingdom that I have not visited *à la Boccaccio*. I have been splashed by the fountains at Chatsworth; I have taken tea *al fresco* in Windsor Park; I have lunched off the cromlech at the summit of Snowdon. But of all the pic-nics—and of all the pic-nics it has ever been my lot to participate in—nothing for originality of design and felicity of execution ever came up to that I had the honour to attend in June last, under the auspices of my excellent friend, Mrs. John Jones of Wood-street, Cheapside.

I'll tell you all about it. But before I begin, I must let you know that Mrs. John Jones is a bit of a relation of mine, having been grafted into the family-tree through the medium of a certain great (ass of an) uncle of mine, who ran away with his servant-maid. Somehow or other I had gained intelligence that Mrs. John Jones had “issued circulars,” as they say in the city, for a pic-nic, which was to be conducted on a plan entirely novel and very striking. All that was known about it was that it was fixed for St. Paul's day, (June the thirtieth,) but why for St. Paul's day more than any other day, no one could guess. Her husband was not a Paul, and she had no son of that name: there was a John, a Thomas, a William, a James, a Robert, an Augustus, and a *Decimus*—but no Paul. Perhaps it was her birth-day: what if it were? it was no concern of mine; and without bothering my brains any more about the matter, I bent my steps to Wood-street forthwith, in order to give myself an opportunity of being invited to the fête.

I knocked in the quickest manner possible, and stood close up against the door, lest the lady should get a peep through the parlour window, and be frightened by the gentility of my appearance into a “not at home.” The maid appeared in due time, and, as usual, wanted to swear an *alibi*,—but I knew too much of such matters to be bamboozled by a foolish kitchen-wench, and at length obtained a promise from her that she would go and see, “though really she didn't believe missis was anywhere about.” Meantime I insinuated myself into the snug little parlour on the left hand, (Mr. John Jones's office is on the right,) where I had often been before; and there I found pins and scissors, and balls of cotton, and little three-cornered bits of muslin, and a pair of spectacles lying on the floor, and a footstool turned topsy-turvy by its

side—all sufficiently indicative of a sudden retreat; and at a little distance from the table, in the direction of a side-door which stood half open, lay a pocket-handkerchief, thereby showing pretty clearly which way the lady had effected her escape. As I stood here, gathering up the spectacles, and setting the footstool on its legs again, I could plainly hear my friend, the servant-maid, giving a description of my person and appointments with an exactness that would not have disgraced a modern novel. Modesty forbids me to repeat the terms of this description; but I hope I shall not be considered as indulging in unjustifiable egotism when I say that Mrs. John Jones recognized me instantly from her maiden's sketches.

"Dear Mr. Swanquill," said she, entering by the side-door, and picking up her pocket-handkerchief, "I don't care for you."

"Madam," said I, "you flatter me."

"I know you're used to seeing ladies in their *dishabille*," shaking me by the hand, "and will excuse it—pray *set* down—though to say the truth I am a sad figure, to be sure."

"Madam," said I, "you're very nice,"—what *can* one say on such an occasion?—"and you know I'm always of the poet's opinion—when 'unadorned, adorned the most.'"

"Pho! pho! stuff and nonsense! you know better. But come, I wanted to speak to you—you're the very person I wanted to see. You like a pic-nic, I know, for I've heard you say so, and—but are you engaged for next Saturday?"

"Next Saturday! let me see—what *is* next Saturday?" and I pretended to cogitate upon it, though I knew well enough I had no engagement on Saturday—nor Sunday nor Monday neither—but it wouldn't do to make oneself too cheap, and I at length replied that I had a little affair on Saturday, but it was of no great consequence, and if I could be of any service to Mrs. John Jones in conducting a party of the nature she mentioned, I should be most happy."

"Oh! everything's arranged, thank'ee," said she, "much obliged, and we want nothing now but a fine day. Mr. Jones says the glass is getting up, and the almanack talks of fine weather, so we've every prospect. There will be twelve of us, six ladies and six gents.—for my plan will only admit of a limited number, and all the arrangements have been made under my directions. Nobody knows where we're going—only myself—and I mean to keep everybody in the dark till the time of starting. We are all to meet here—at ten o'clock *precizely*—and then our destiny will be declared. Now you musn't say you'll come, and then send an excuse just at the last moment; because, if you do, we shall have a lady over and above, and that would put us all out."

"My dear madam——"

"And with regard to bringing your share, we don't expect you young bachelors to find anything but a few bottles of wine, and any little matters in the way of dessert that you may think proper."

"My dear madam——"

"There's one thing I think it right to mention—cigars won't be allowed: not that I've any objections to the smell of tobacco, but they do spoil one's dresses so."

"Why, ma'am——"

"And I've determined to allow no servants but my own, for they only

eat up all the victuals, and break the plates, and get quarrelling among themselves, and drinking all the wine,—so, if you fall in with my plans, only say so, and the thing's settled; for you know I'm not a person of many words, and I must have my party made up to-day, come what will."

"Madam," I replied at length, "your plan, as much as I can see of it, seems excellent. I perfectly coincide with everything you have observed; and you may depend upon it, I will not desert you at the eleventh hour."

"Ten, Mr. Swanquill; ten is the hour—we sha'n't wait a moment for anybody; and if any one is so unhandsome as to stay behind and break our number, I'll never forgive them as long as I live."

Preliminaries being thus satisfactorily settled, I took an early opportunity of making my bow; knowing, as I said, that Mrs. John Jones must have many little things to engage her attention preparatory to such an arduous undertaking as that of conducting a pic-nic party.

Well, the thirtieth of June arrived; and a finer morning I never beheld. It seemed made for a holyday; and people, as they went bustling along the bright streets, appeared all bent on pic-nic parties. As I walked through the various squares in my way to Wood-street, Cheapside, and saw the gossiping groups of nursemaids airing their tender charges in the midst of the shrubberies, I could not help regarding them as so many gipsy parties; and the poor fellows that I observed getting a snack at the street corners, showed to my view as so many gentlemen of pleasure indulging in a *déjeuné champêtre*. Yes, said I, becoming poetical as my spirits rose in the beams of that brilliant sun, the mind is as a glass, and on the colour of that glass depends the appearance of the world without—through this it looks all warm and bright; through that it becomes dark, cold, and dreary.

I was now at the house of Mr. John Jones in Wood-street; and as I passed the parlour window could plainly discern the high bows and enormous pokes of the ladies' hats and bonnets. Being desirous of giving some idea of my importance by a handsome preliminary knock, (John Jones has no bell,) I began to thump away at the lion's head with all my might; but, really, John Jones's knocker is such a stiff, rusty brute, that I defy the cleverest footman in all London to get a rattat out of it, and the attempt was a most miserable failure.

"Come, Mr. Swanquill," cried my amiable friend, Mrs. John Jones, before the door was well opened, "we began to think you late—it's gave warning to ten by our clock, and we're exactly with St. Paul's. But come, I must introduce you to your *pardner* for the day—your Diana, as I may say—for it's part of my plan to have you arranged in couples. Miss Smith, Mr. Sylvanus Swanquill—Mr. Sylvanus Swanquill, Miss Smith."

I bowed to my fair incognito, (for I cannot help viewing all the Miss Smiths in that light,) and began to make myself as agreeable as circumstances would allow.

"And now," continued Mrs. John Jones, "now that we're all gathered together, and time's getting on, I shall take this opportunity to tell you where I've settled for us to dine, and why I've chose this day of all others for the excursion. What think you, ladies and gentlemen, of THE BALL OF ST. PAUL'S?"

A burst of astonishment and delight rose from the assembly. "Capital!"—"Excellent!"—"Delightful!"—"You don't say so!"—"Well, really!"—and such-like exclamations, were heard in all parts of the room; and Mrs. John Jones's extraordinary genius was extolled in every figure of hyperbole that belle could conceive or beau could express. Was ever such a scheme? How could it have entered Mrs. John Jones's head? They'd have it in the newspapers. It would be a tradition among the guides to the ball till the crack of doom. And then a question arose,—Should we be allowed to carry our plan into execution?

"Oh yes!" broke forth Mrs. John Jones, "I've a friend at court," (a relation, I rather suspect, in one of the vergers,) "and we shall have it all to ourselves. I knew you'd like it! Mr. Jones has been up to see that all's right. No dust, no dirt, no damp; needn't be afraid of your dresses; and James and Janet (her domestic exclusives) have been going backwards and forwards all the morning to take the eatables and drinkables. Come, get your hats, gentlemen, delays are dangerous; mind, no smoking; and now, who leads the way?"

By unanimous consent, Mrs. John Jones was appointed to precede; and accordingly, leaning on the arm of Mr. Brown of Kentish Town, an old friend of the family, and an inveterate punster, the lady steered forth. By special invitation, Miss Smith and I followed the leaders; and after us came Mr. John Jones, a very sober, say-nothing sort of fellow, Mrs. Jones's "worser half," as she herself called him, escorting Miss Joanna Johnson, a terrible politician, conversant in Bank Charters and India Monopolies. After these marched Mr. Jonathan Crane, a Surrey foxhunter, chaperoning Miss Amelia Tibbs, (or Fibbs, I forget which,) a young lady out of a neighbouring street; according to Mrs. John Jones's account, an "extraordinary clever girl, but very reserved." A most interesting personage came next, Miss Winks, an elderly lady, who, in the good old days of lucky Bish, had won a ten thousand-pound prize in the lottery, and was now living on the proceeds in a snug, comfortable way somewhere over the water. Being without relatives, this lady was an object of deep solicitude to several worthy families, who invited her to all their parties, *solely* with a view to her amusement, and out of pity for her isolated situation in life. She was supported by Mr. Brown, a gentleman very proud of his figure, and, as you may suppose, with his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his trousers made very tight to his legs. During the early part of the day we were much perplexed by our two Mr. Browns—the punning Mr. Brown and the figurative Mr. Brown constantly answering one for the other, or both provokingly remaining silent, in the belief of each that the question was put to his neighbour. This, however, was soon rectified by Mrs. John Jones, who, with her wonted sagacity, arranged that *her* Mr. Brown should be called *Mister* Brown, and the other Mr. *William* Brown. The last couple were Mr. Wilkins, commonly called "Posey Wilkins," from the circumstance of his always having a bouquet in his buttonhole, and Miss Marianne Moore, a poetical genius, celebrated for her contributions to various feminine magazines, and as being the unraveller of a very puzzling pocket-book enigma, by which she obtained the prize of half a dozen splendidly-bound copies of "Gedge's Ladies' Annual Remembrancer." Rumour, and Mrs. John Jones, also whispered that

this young lady was the victim of an unrequited attachment to Mr. Posey Wilkins, her present partner.

Well, away we went. Wood-street had never before witnessed "such a cavalcade," as Mrs. John Jones turned round to observe. I said we should be taken for a wedding party. Mr. Brown observed, "that people would think it was a club walking." However, on we went, regardless of what people thought or said, and were soon lost in the vortex of Cheapside. As it was impossible now to communicate with our neighbours fore and aft, I took this opportunity to unravel the mystery at my elbow, and ascertain *what* Miss Smith it was that the Fates and Mrs. John Jones had thus particularly consigned to my protection. There always requires considerable delicacy in obtaining from a young lady in the city "the nature of her papa's engagements;" but, I flatter myself, this delicacy is peculiarly enjoyed by myself, and I had little difficulty in the task. Miss Smith's papa was a silk mercer in Fleet-street. I might have guessed as much, indeed, by the appearance of his daughter. She was all silk; silk hat, silk ribbons, silk shawl, silk frock, silk sash, silk gloves, silk stockings, silk shoes. We have been told that all mankind are but worms; if so, Miss Smith may at least be entitled to the distinction of a silk-worm. Besides all this, Miss Smith was a genius—a universal genius; the fine arts, the belles-lettres, the drama—she was conversant with them all; and if she knew little of philosophy, she made up for her paucity of knowledge by an ostentatious display of all she had, and was not over-nice in advancing as her own opinions those of the immortal big-wigs of antiquity. Now I hate a blue-socking, and, above all, a blue-socking of the name of Smith. Nay, I do own that the name of Smith alone is enough to put me into a state of very considerable nervousness, for, in my youth, I went to school to a man of that designation; and, as great geniuses are always great blockheads in their early days, I received much unmerited castigation, and have had a dislike towards the Smith family ever since. Willingly would I have effected a change—willingly would I have united myself to Miss Amelia Tibbs, *alias* Figs, (she *couldn't* be so clever as Miss Smith,) or with Miss Winks, the holder of the lucky number. Fain would I have entered into a political union with Miss Joanna Johnson, or a poetical one with Miss Marianne Moore. Nay, I would have put up with the vulgarity and volubility of Mrs. John Jones herself, rather than have sacrificed myself (I can call it no less) to the abominable, all-accomplished Miss Smith. Whatever were my feelings, however, I conducted myself towards my fair partner with such an *appearance* of good humour, that she was evidently "very much taken with me," as Mrs. John Jones kindly hinted, and did me the honour to contradict me in everything I advanced. I must excuse her, she said, for opposing my views so frequently, but really she loved an argument, and was like Doctor Johnson (!), for she confessed that she often talked for victory rather than mere matter of fact. But it was in the collision of minds that the sparks of wit and the scintillations of eloquence were produced; and then she brought in the old simile of the flint and steel, which, since the percussion system had become so prevalent, I had hoped was altogether exploded.

But to go on with my tale. We crossed into St. Paul's Churchyard without one of us being run over, and entered the Cathedral through the

north door. Mr. Figaro Brown proposed that we should stay to look over the monuments, and began to hold forth on the Apollo-like symmetry of one of Bacon's figures ; but we resisted Mr. Brown's invitation, as we did that of the guide to the crypts, Mr. Double-entendre Brown wittily observing, that "our excursion not being a botanical one, we had nothing to do with *Cryptogamia*." Well, on we went—up and up—round and round that interminable staircase, till we were fairly brought to a dead stand-still, and glad to take refuge in the Whispering Gallery. Mrs. John Jones, in particular, being "rather jolly," as she herself acknowledged, exhibited symptoms of great distress, and observed, as well as she could for puffing and blowing, that it was "a terrible way (*puff*), and she thought (*puff*) that the Dean (*puff*) and Chapter (*puff*) ought to have (*puff*) a machine (*puff, puff*), such as they have (*puff, puff, puff*) at the Colosseum, in the Regency Park." Mr. Brown acknowledged it would be a very good way of making the ascent, but thought the Dean and Chapter would not be very ready to give their *assent* to it.

The Whispering Gallery then became the subject of discussion, and three of us young fellows were sent round to the other side to exhibit the phenomenon. Mr. Jonathan Crane wanted to know if it would be considered improper to give a view-halloo. We were decidedly of opinion that it would, and consequently confined ourselves to mere—"How do you do?" and "What o'clock is it?" and "A fine day for a pic-nic party!"—only Mr. Brown, who made a pun or two upon the subject, and said that "this was a most extraordinary place, for it was customary to use none but *very low* language, and whispering in company was always *aloud*." "Hear, hear!" cried the Parliamentary Joanna Johnson. "Hark to him!" exclaimed the Surrey foxhunter, and the rest of the gentlemen and ladies laughed and tittered till the whole gallery was in a roar. Some one now proposed that we should make a digression to see the clock, telling a marvellous tale about the weight of the pendulum and the length of the minute finger ; but this was soon overruled, Mr. Brown declaring, that if we went there we should certainly get into the newspapers, as, the last time he went to see the hands in that department, he spied a *Times reporter taking minutes*.

"Well, I do declare," cried Mrs. John Jones, still panting and looking very red in the face, "I never was so tired in all my born days. I had no conception it was such a way up ; my legs ache to my very heart. I'm sure I don't know how I shall get back again, if going down's as hard as coming up. I don't seem to have any strength left, and my heart beats to that degree! But I see you're all anxious to be getting forward, and I won't bore you any longer with my complaints."

"Oh! dear Madam," interrupted friend Brown, "don't mention it, pray! it's a pleasure to hear 'em."

Miss Smith and I had, by this time, got into a warm discussion on the doctrine of sounds, Miss Smith contending that sound was an actual substance, existing, more or less, in all known bodies, and capable of elicitation by the forcible collision of those bodies ; not a mere effect of the displacement of air, acting upon a certain organ in the human machine, as I endeavoured to maintain. Aristotle, Euler, D'Alembert, Perrault, Newton, and a dozen others, were called in by the lady as auxiliaries ; and the end of it was that I hadn't a word to say for myself.

"I yield, dear Miss Smith," cried I; "yours is the true philosophy, and I only wonder that I could have been so blind as not to perceive at once what you have now made so plain. Doubtless sound *is* an actual substance."

"You think so? You are convinced?"

"Most certainly, my dear Miss Smith."

"Then, let me tell you, you are as much in the dark as ever you were. The hypothesis, I acknowledge, is an ingenious one: it is one of my own: but though *you* may not perceive its fallaciousness, *I* can; and now, if you will take the other side of the argument, I will prove to you,—nay, I will demonstrate,—that sound neither does, nor ever can exist *per se*."

"My dear Miss Smith you are very kind:—but, really, this twirling round and round has made me so giddy,—I feel that my head is not so clear as it should be;—and if you will excuse me till we get into the open air, I shall feel obliged."

"Well, I consent to the armistice; and, in the interim, summon all your arguments, and weigh each particular *pro* and *con*; for I shall take very strong ground, I assure you, and fight like an Amazon to support my opinion."

Not with me, I promise you, thinks I; and as soon as an opportunity offered, I took our directress aside. "Dear Mrs. John Jones," I began, "far be it from me to disturb the arrangements of this harmonious company; but if I am not speedily billeted on some other lady than *that* Miss Smith, I must be under the painful necessity of feigning sickness to retire altogether. The reasons, I assure you, are urgent, but I cannot now enter upon them. Hereafter I will do so. For the present I have only to ask the favour of your dissolving the firm of Smith and Co., or suffering me to plead giddiness in the head."

"Well, well! we'll see what can be done: we can't afford to lose you; and I think I know a plan that will put all straight in a twinkling. But mum's the word; so only you take no notice, and keep your eye on me."

Accordingly I watched Mrs. John Jones with the most intense anxiety, and it was not long before she put in practice her really ingenious scheme.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said she, "I liberate you all from your engagements, and every gentleman is at liberty to offer his arm to any lady he thinks proper."

Immediately, Mr. Jonathan Crane, whom I afterwards found was a staunch admirer of Miss Smith, (there certainly *is* no accounting for tastes,) made her an offer of his arm; and, without waiting to ascertain the result, I bolted up to Miss Amelia Tibbs, his late copartner, and politely tendered my services. The gods be praised, our stratagem succeeded! Jonathan Crane and I obtained a satisfactory exchange: the rest of the party politely remained as they were. For myself, I felt in a positive Elysium. I remembered, too, what Mrs. John Jones had said about the reserve of my fair companion. What a treat her modest conversation would be! "Very clever, but reserved;"—those were Mrs. John Jones's very words. And she was pretty, too,—pale, but pretty; and with an aspect of such captivating mildness, that, at that moment, with the too, too animated countenance of Miss Smith in my recollec-

tion, I could have taken her down to the altar below, and vowed the vows of eternal fidelity.

"Delightful day for our excursion, Miss Tibbs."

"Delightful!" sweetly echoed the clever but reserved Miss Tibbs.

"The ascent has been difficult."

"Very."

"But I hope we've passed the worst."

"I hope so."

"Were you ever so far before?"

"Never."

"This is *my* first appearance on these boards," (endeavouring to be witty).

"Indeed!"

"I couldn't help laughing at our friend Mrs. John Jones's idea of a machine to wind us up."

Miss Tibbs made no reply; but on consideration, I found it required none. It was more a remark than a query, and perhaps Miss Tibbs, so clever and so reserved as she was, might be delicate in passing a judgment on the opinion of our worthy patroness.

"Mr. Brown," I resumed, "is a very entertaining companion."

"Very."

"Some of his puns are exceedingly droll."

"Exceedingly."

I paused to think what I should say next. "Have you seen the last 'New Monthly'?"

"No, Sir."

"The 'Court Magazine'?"

"No, Sir."

"I suppose you are above reading anything so trifling as periodical publications?"

"Oh no!"

"You draw, I believe?"

"A little."

"Ah! you ladies always say so: if you handle the pencil of Praxiteles, your modesty will never allow you to acknowledge it."

Miss Tibbs was again dumb; and now, for the first time, it came across my mind that I had fallen into the hands of one of those monsters of humanity,—a silent woman. I had often heard of them, but never met with one before. I was dismayed. My vivacity again forsook me, and I looked on all around with envy. There was Mr. Brown cracking his jokes with his Wood-street *Dulcinea*, both as happy as *Arabia Felix*. Posey Wilkins and Miss Marianne Moore, the poetess, were indulging in their flowers of speech; Mr. Jones and Miss Joanna Johnson were amicably discussing the vote by ballot; Mr. *William* Brown was holding forth to Miss Lottery Winks on the superiority of figure over face; and Mr. Jonathan Crane was disputing with Miss Smith (I never knew her worth till this moment) on the superiority of the breed of Norway foxes. Alas! thought I, man never is, and never is *to be* blest! I have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire with a vengeance; and I inly vowed never to "make one" at a metropolitan *pic-nic* again as long as I lived.

We had now arrived in the gallery at the foot of the lantern; and, assuming an extacy, I let go the arm of my dumb belle, and poured

forth a volume of admiration. My companions seemed little struck with the view,—less with my eloquence,—but immediately proceeded to pick out their respective houses, and show one another neighbour such-a-one's skylight. Miss Joanna Johnson had expected to find spy-glasses fixed all round, “the same as they have at the Colosseum;” and took this opportunity of observing that the affairs of the church had been sadly neglected, and called loudly for reform. Mr. Jonathan Crane said it was a rare place for viewing a fox away, and wished the Surrey gentlemen would shake one some day in St. Paul's Churchyard. Miss Marianne Moore observed that she felt her soul expand under the skyey influences, and seemed to have sighed an eternal adieu to terrestrial troubles, and to have domiciliated herself among the starry homes, far, far above the smoke and stir of that dim spot which men call London. Miss Lucky Winks was pointing out Bish's Lottery Office to her muscular chaperon, Mr. William Brown; who, in his turn, was trying to catch a glimpse of his friend Achilles in Hyde Park. Miss Smith was disserting upon the rarefaction of the air; Mr. Jones and my clever but reserved Miss Tibbs were gazing about them in mute amazement; while poor Posey Wilkins, who, in leaning over the parapet, had dropped his dearly-beloved nosegay, was making the best of his way down stairs again to attempt its recovery.

At this moment a servant approached with a large covered basket, and I believe I may be allowed to say that a universal flash of joy appeared in the eyes of the whole party: for those only who have clambered to the top of St. Paul's dome, and have been exposed to the skyey influences, as Miss Marianne Moore calls them, can conceive how hungry we all were.

“Oh! that's right,—that's right!” exclaimed our guardian angel, Mrs. John Jones. “I began to think you had been run away with;” and Mrs. John Jones took the basket into her own hands; and what, gentle reader, do you think it contained? Why, half-a-dozen telescopes, which the poor soul had hired for the occasion from an optician in Holborn!

“There; what do you say to that! Would any of you have been so providential? Come, help yourselves, and mind you don't *scrat* the outsides, or else I shall be obliged to keep 'em; and I'm sure I don't know what I should do with six spying-glasses, for I never go to the Opera.”

Of course we were all in extacies,—all but Mr. Jones, who was in the secret, and Miss Amelia Tibbs, who was so reserved. There were only two of us, however, who could “find the focus,” and those two were Mr. Whims-and-Oddities Brown and the gentle reader's very humble servant. Miss Smith, who had already begun a lecture on optics, and was holding forth about the aqueous humour and the schlorotic coat, had thrown hers aside, declaring that the optician ought to be ashamed of himself for turning out such an instrument, which she was certain was deficient in one or two plano-convex lenses. At this moment a burst of laughter came upon our ears from the other side of the gallery, mingled with cries of “Capital!”—“Excellent!”—“Well, that's a good one, however!” We all hastened to the spot. “*What's capital?*” —“*What's excellent?*”—and we found that it was Mr. Brown, who had been passing off as his own the old joke about hearing Camberwell clock tick by means of his spy-glass.

After we had all satisfied our panoramic propensities, and tired our eyes and arms with "the wonders of the telescope," Mrs. John Jones proposed that we should "ascend up into the dining room." Never was proposition so cordially received, never was command so joyously obeyed. "Whoo! tahllo! hark forward!" chanted Mr. Jonathan Crane. "Come along, my hearties!" cried Mr. Brown. "But won't you wait for Mr. Wilkins?" inquired that prize of a woman, Miss Winks. "Oh! Wilkins—Wilkins!" exclaimed Brown, "where is he? Oh! here he comes!" (poor Posey just then made his appearance, with his nosegay in his hand, puffing and blowing like a stuck grampus) "Come, Wilkins, my lad! we were just going without you—come along!"

The stairs being now rather narrow, it was considered necessary that the gentlemen should precede the ladies; though Mr. William Brown protested strongly against it, saying that nobody need be ashamed of a good ancle, and he thought such squeamishness was quite unbecoming the nineteenth century. Mr. William Brown, however, "took nothing by his motion," and we made the ascent as proposed by the ladies. When we got to the top, we found Mrs. John Jones's two servants, James and Janet, mounted guard over half a dozen huge baskets, the contents of which they proceeded to lay open under Mrs. John Jones's immediate superintendence.

"Come, sit yourselves down—no ceremony—sit yourselves down in a round ring, and don't be afraid of your clothes, for it's as clean as a penny. Here, Janet, give me them glasses—Jem, you reach round the plates—Mr. Brown, be so good to decanter those bottles of wine—they're champagne, I believe—Mr. Swanquill sent 'em—and Mr. Jones, my dear, have the kindness to reach me them *nabkins*. Janet, where's the knives?"

"I don't know, ma'am. James, where did you put the knives?"

"Nay, I'd nothing to do with 'em. I packed 'em up and laid 'em on the dresser, and left you and missis to put 'em in the basket."

"Why, good heavenlies!" exclaimed my fifteenth cousin, (and the exclamation, we believe, is peculiar to that lady,) "we've left the knives on that unlucky dresser as sure as my name's Jones!"

"But where's the forks?" interrogated her sagacious spouse.

"The forks, you ass!—God forgive me for saying such a thing!—but really this unfortunate accident—why, where should they be but along with them stupid, provoking knives!"

We attempted to console her—accidents would happen in the best regulated pic-nics—it was no great matter—it might have been worse—one of us might have tumbled neck and heels into Paternoster Row;—and our efforts were not without success. The gentlemen now began to pull out their pen-knives: they could "make very good shift" with them, they said. But then, the ladies! they couldn't make shift with pen-knives; and we were reduced to the painful necessity of postponing the banquet a while. "Well, it's no use crying for shed milk," philosophically ejaculated my cousin Jones; "so, Jem, do you run like a plate horse into Wood-street, and *fatch* these nasty knives. And mind and make haste, for I'm nearly perishing with hunger."

By this time we had squatted ourselves down in a round-robin within the ball, and agreed that all we had to do was to laugh at Fortune, and wait patiently for the arrival of the Sheffield whittles; for, as Mr.

Brown good-humouredly observed, "We can't eat our dinners without *whittles*."

"There are many blanks to a prize in life's lottery," exclaimed Miss Ten-thousand-pound Winks.

"It's only a slight check," observed the Surrey Nimrod; "and we shall hit off the scent again when the whip comes up with the tail hounds."

There was a pause of some seconds, and nobody seemed inclined to break the silence. The half hour preceding dinner is always tedious enough, under the most propitious circumstances; but in the ball of St. Paul's, with a company of hungry wretches like ourselves, to whom each word that was uttered seemed to bring an increase of appetite, the moments appeared to move with peculiar sluggishness. Mr. Brown at length broke the charm with a conundrum—"Why is this ball like a Good Friday bun?" Of course we all found it out readily enough, and waxed merry on the strength of it.

"A good thought!" exclaimed Mrs. John Jones, "have a sea biscuit: here," (handing round the paper) "it will act as a whet."

"A *dry whet*, I think," said Brown, crushing his with his knuckles.

"It seems to me," observed Miss Marianne Moore, "as if we were in fairy land, with all these many-coloured clouds careering about us; or taking a voyage through the blue empyrean in the planet Mercury, the smallest of all the heavenly bodies."

"I beg your pardon Miss Moore," interrupted my old coadjutor, Miss Smith, "Mercury is *not* the smallest of all the heavenly bodies: there are the asteroids and the satellites, all of 'em many millions of miles smaller than the planet Mercury. Galileo, Copernicus, Helvetius, and Tycho Brahe would laugh at you, Miss Moore, to hear you call Mercury the smallest of the heavenly bodies."

"Come, come, ladies," said Brown, "since we've got among the spheres, suppose we have a little music—you know the old rule, 'no song, no supper.'"

"But this a'n't supper!" suggested the ingenious John Jones.

"A'n't it, Mr. Jones, but it's very likely to be, I think; and a very good thing too—a *ball and supper*, eh? There's one difference, 'tis true, instead of having *hands* across, we're obliged to change the figure to *legs* across. But come, who sings first?"

The ladies, of course, had all got violent colds, or they would have sung with pleasure; and after much fruitless solicitation, Brown himself volunteered one of Hood's parodies. It was received with uproarious applause; and Jonathan Crane, to use his own words, "whipped in to Brown" with Tom Moody. Mr. Posey Wilkins was "next turn," and commenced a long ballad out of Robin Hood's Garland, called, I think, "The King and the Tanner of Tamworth." He had scarcely begun, however, when we were agreeably surprised by Janet making her appearance with the knives, which she had accidentally discovered rolled up in a napkin. She was motioned to put 'em down in silence; and by other motions, the various viands were soon spread out before us. Gallantry dictated to serve the ladies—and accordingly, the choicest morsels were laid before them. Tantalus himself could not have resisted the temptation—and we helped ourselves. Poor Posey, meanwhile, with his eyes pathetically half shut, kept moving on with the burthen of

his song, either unconscious of our inattention, or in lofty disdain of our indecorum.

"Come, damn it, Wilkins, my good fellow," at length exclaimed Brown, "this is too bad: let the old miller go and drown himself in the Thames if he likes: there won't be so much as a pigeon's wing left for you, if you don't make haste; and as for the sequel, we'll hear it after dinner, or as we go down stairs, or when you like." Posey took the hint, and fell to.

"Who's coming now?" cried Mrs. John Jones, as she caught the sound of an ascending footstep. It was poor James, our emissary to earth, with a face like the red lion of Branstone, a large brown paper parcel under his arm, and

"———almost dead for breath, with scarcely more
Than would make up his message."

Poor James! what a tale he had to tell! He had proceeded to Wood-street, and looked the house over, high and low, but couldn't find the knives for the life of him. He was completely *nonpushed*—he didn't know what to do—but, not daring to come back again knife-less, had at last determined to buy a dozen; and there they were, a dozen of as good "sheer steel" blades and prongs as ever were crossed on a platter. Poor James! it was impossible to help laughing at him, the more as Mrs. John Jones declared with some warmth that she shouldn't pay for the knives; or, if she did, that the price should be deducted from his wages. After enjoying the poor man's perplexity (shame on us!) for some time, we made the *amende honorable* by entering into a subscription, and making James a present of them, "against he and Janet were married," as Brown humorously observed on delivering them into his hands.

Of our dinner I can say little but that we ate it all up. The dishes have entirely slipped down the throat of my memory: but, from my long experience of pic-nics, I have no hesitation in saying that there was a goodly store of pigeon pies, and no lack of ham sandwiches. This portion of the entertainment, indeed, has no charms for me. It is necessary, no doubt, but impertinent; like the winding up of a musical box, or prose notes to a beautiful poem. Talking of musical boxes puts me in mind of an amusing trick played off by our facetious friend Brown, who took an opportunity of slipping one of those ingenious little instruments under the lid of a pigeon-pie, and insisted that it was that celebrated "dainty dish" containing "four-and-twenty blackbirds" formerly so great a favourite at the royal table, but that not being quite baked enough, the birds had set a singing before their time.

"Well," cried Brown, as soon as we had made an end of the *substantials*, "this is what I call *high life*—Miss Tibbs, allow me to send you a *puff direct*."

"I think the wind's getting up," observed Mrs. John Jones.

"Then the scent won't lie," replied Mr. Jonathan Crane.

"Blow blow, thou wintry wind,"
exclaimed Miss Marianne Moore,

"Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude——"

with a sly look at Posey Wilkins.

"Pish!" cried lucky Miss Winks, who had no *turn* for poetry.

"Bish, you mean," said merry Mr. Brown, who was not to be baulked of his joke for the fear of an impertinence.

"Well, it *is* cold," remarked Miss Smith, the first time she had acquiesced in any proposition during the day; "or rather, I should say, to speak more philosophically, I am sensible of a considerable diminution of caloric."

Miss Amelia Tibbs said nothing, but she wrapped her shawl round her shoulders, and gave a shiver of assent.

"We must hark back," continued Jonathan Crane.

"We must, indeed, leave this dark terrestrial ball," resumed Miss Marianne Moore.

"Celestial, rather," suggested Miss Smith.

"It's ten thousand pities!" ejaculated Miss Winks.

"Oh, my hat!" cried poor Posey, who had popped out his head to see which way the wind blew; "there it goes, slap against the *doom*, and right over into Ivy-lane. What shall I do?"

"It's a most unlucky wind," said William Brown.

"It is, indeed," said *Mister* Brown. "It's an ill wind, that blows nobody good."

"I move an immediate adjournment," cried Miss Joanna Johnson.

"Well, I do declare," said Mrs. John Jones, "there's always a something. If ever I come out, there's sure to be no luck——"

"I never had a bird or flower,"

sighed Miss Marianna Moore illustratively.

"There's always something goes wrong," continued the first speaker. "Either it rains, and spoils my bonnet; or thunders and lightens, and frightens me out of my wits; or a great dog gets loose, and tears my dress all to bits. But to-day I thought we *should* have been comfortable; and now here's this confounded wind—that I should say such a thing! I declare I've no luck."

"It's not everybody as has," remarked Miss Winks.

"Well, there's this to be said"—Mrs. John Jones *loquitur*—"we can go back to Wood-street, and amuse ourselves somehow or other till supper-time; for I'm determined to make a day of it, wind or no wind."

Mrs. John Jones's proposition was acceded to, *nemine contradicente*: the hospitalities of Wood-street were extolled to the skies; and we had no doubt of spending the remainder of the day very agreeably on *terra firma*. Miss Marianne Moore said we could amuse ourselves with making *bouts rimées*, and finding out enigmas. Mr. Brown spoke in favour of conundrums, or "the plain Why and Because," as he termed them. Mr. William Brown was strenuous for gymnastics, which he kindly offered to teach the ladies, if they would condescend, and so forth. Mr. Jones and Miss Amelia Tibbs were for a quiet rubber at whist. Miss Winks was for "trying her luck" at a round game. Miss Joanna Johnson cared for nothing, so that they would give her the evening papers. Miss Smith had no choice; but she must say that she hated *bouts rimées*, and conundrums, and gymnastics, and whist, and round games, and trumpery newspapers. For my own part, I said nothing; for I had made up my mind to plead a prior engagement the very moment we got into Wood-street. I have no talent for cards, and am

very tortoise at gymnastics. As for enigmas, I never found one out in my life ; and the last time I engaged at *bouts rimées*, cudgelled my brains for two hours and a half, and couldn't get over chopsticks and mopsticks.

There is little to add. We got down without one sprained ancle ; and nothing was left behind except Mrs. John Jones's *vinegarette* and Mr. Brown's musical box. Of the evening party I can give no account, for I didn't "stop tea ;" and I know little of the present disposition of the *dramatis personæ*, except what Mrs. John Jones has been kind enough to communicate. Miss Smith, it seems, has *refused* (how like her !) her old swain, Jonathan Crane, in consequence, says report, of his having given it out, at a hunting meeting in Surrey, that his only object in marrying was to be enabled to keep an additional hunter. Mr. Brown still goes punning on through life, and making cons. where other men find cares. Posey Wilkins is yet to be seen with his accustomed nosegay—but no wife. Miss Joanna Johnson retains her attachment to politics, and is a more determined Whig than ever ; and Miss Winks still dreams of blue-coat boys and lucky numbers. Miss Marianne Moore, I believe, I once met in the Strand ; but she had been smuggling a contribution into one of the newspaper letter-boxes, and pretended not to see me. Miss Amelia Tibbs, too, I think I have since met in the Park ; but *she didn't speak*. James and Janet are the only two persons of that memorable party who have become man and wife,—the lady having consented to marry her fellow-servant (though there was somebody else she liked better) rather than give up her share in the knives and forks. May they be happy !

THE FINANCIAL STATE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BY R. MONTGOMERY MARTIN.

PART THE SECOND.

THE MAIT-TAX, AND EFFECTS THEREOF.

It is presumed to be necessary for the Finance Minister of Great Britain to raise annually, from twenty-five million mouths, fifty million pounds sterling. Three different modes present themselves for the purpose of levying the sum of money required :—

First,—A graduated tax on property.

Second,—A tax on the luxuries of life.

Third,—A tax on the necessities of the bulk of the people.

No person would be insane enough to attempt raising fifty million a-year on the property of the country : the attempt, even, could only be made through revolution ; and, if partially successful, it would lead to an entire confiscation of property. As an exclusive source of finance, the first, or *exclusive taxation on property*, is impracticable. Not less so, however, is the second ; for an endeavour to raise fifty million a-year on the *luxuries* of life is too absurd to be debated on for a moment in a

commercial country, independent of the unseen fact that an *exclusive taxation of luxuries* would be merely an *indirect* tax on property, with the attendant disadvantages of inequality; for the miser would escape “scot free,” while the generous and hospitable parent would be amerced in proportion to the extent in which he exercised the noblest qualities. Either, therefore, of the foregoing plans (the first being a direct, and the second an indirect tax on property) of finance, as a *sole resource* for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, need not consideration.

We now come to the third exclusive source, viz.—a tax on the necessities of the bulk of the people. It is evident that, from twenty-five million mouths, possessed of the comforts of life appertaining to a tolerable degree of civilization, fifty million pounds, or *ninepence-farthing a-week*, might more readily be raised than on either of the two foregoing plans. But, independent of the unjustness of endeavouring to make the noble and the peasant pay alike, it may be surmised that such a tax would prove, in the long run, grievously oppressive to the industry of the country. Now, although each system, taken separately, would be unjust, it is evident that a combination of them, judiciously managed, might be made advantageous to the prosperity of the country, the stability of the governing, and the tranquillity of the governed.

That some approximation should be made to the rational doctrine laid down by Lord Althorp (that a man should be taxed according to the amount of his property for the protection afforded him by Government) is now pretty generally admitted. This, however, could not be accomplished by a mere tax on luxuries; for the man with a million of money might, and does often, consume less luxuries than the man with little more than a bare competency. Hence the necessity of taxing wealth to a moderate extent, either by a per centage, by stamps on transfers, by legacy and probate duties, by settlements, or by a licensing tax, if it could be equally assessed.

Luxuries of every description are also fair objects of revenue, and subject to the highest rate of assessment which can be levied consistent with the interests of commerce, the prevention of smuggling, and the advantage of the Exchequer.

Necessaries of life must also pay a proportion of the taxes to the Exchequer, because every labouring man, every artizan, whose sole capital is his skill and industry, must contribute something for the preservation of internal peace, and for defence from foreign aggression, for it is on these contingents he is enabled to exercise profitably his labour and ingenuity.

This detail will make it apparent, that if the rich man is to be compelled, in a social community, to contribute to the state for the preservation of his property, so also is the poor man for the tranquillity necessary to the beneficial prosecution of his labour: the difficulty lies in proportioning the distribution between the different classes of society. At the present moment the lowest, or hand-to-mouth class, bear, in proportion to their means, the largest share of taxation; and the internal and maritime community of the country is grievously shackled by the duties now imposed on articles of home or colonial produce, (such as malt or sugar,) that enter largely into the diet and use of the mass of the people. This fact is thus exemplified:—

Malt and hops . . .	£ 5,000,000	Tobacco	£3,100,000
Sugar and sweets . . .	5,000,000	Rum and brandy . . .	3,500,000
Gin and whiskey . . .	5,300,000	Soap, glass, and paper	2,300,000
Tea	3,300,000	Coffee and corn . . .	1,250,000
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£18,600,000		£10,150,000

Thus, on a few items of the taxes on consumption, nearly 29,000,000*l.* are levied on the necessities and comforts of life. The result of this policy will be apparent on examining the influence of taxation over those articles which are in general use. We will first consider briefly the,—

TAXES WHICH DESTROY THE MORALS OF THE PEOPLE, OR LESSEN THEIR HEALTH.

Malt.—National character is mainly formed by the influence of climate, food, and drink; the latter exercising a most important part in the formation of the corporeal frame, and through that on the mental and moral qualities. That this is not a mere visionary doctrine will be seen by contrasting the characters of the English with the Irish, the Germans with the French, and the Dutch with the Portuguese. Among the English, Germans, and Dutch we find the most extensive consumers of malt liquors; and among the Irish, French, and Portuguese the consumers of ardent spirits, or thin, acid wines; the one proverbial for patience in labour, perseverance in purpose, and unwearied generosity of character, with hale constitutions, sturdy dispositions, and a phlegmatic temperament (these characteristics were strongly marked of yore in the brave English yeoman); the other quick in resolve and hasty in execution, but without sufficient endurance; sharp constitutions, volatile dispositions, and a sanguine temperament. That these peculiarities are governed by the *beverage* used as well as by food and climate, will be shown on another occasion; suffice it here to say, that good malt liquor, taken in moderation, is one of the most wholesome drinks which a nation can be addicted to, the saccharine principle of the barley, combined with the bitter quality of the hops, rendering it nutritious and tonic in the highest degree; it is therefore to be lamented that its consumption should ever have been checked by the fiscal exactions of the state.

From the earliest ages malt liquors have been the favourite beverage of Britons; one hundred and fifty years ago, the tax-gatherer stepped in to arrest the consumption of one of the most valuable products of our own soil, and his baneful influence has ever since continued; indeed, during more than an entire century, notwithstanding the augmented population of England, the consumption of malt was not only stationary but *actually retrograding*. The tax on malt was first imposed in England by the 7th Money Act, William III., Parliament 1, Session 2, at the rate of 6*d.* per bushel, or 4*s.* per quarter; the duty stole on from time to time, until, in 1787, it reached to 10*s.* 6*d.* per quarter; in 1791 to 12*s.* 6*d.*; in 1802 to 18*s.* 8*d.*; and in 1804 to 38*s.* 8*d.*; at which monstrous rate it continued until 1817. The consequences are thus seen at intervals of a century.

Malt consumed in England and Wales at two Periods.

			Qrs.
Annual consumption average of ten years, ending 1723	.		3,542,000
Do. do. ending 1823	.		3,182,776
Decreased consumption			359,224
			Gals.
Population, first period, 5,500,000—Malt per head	.		41
Do. second do. 12,000,000— do.	.		16
Decrease per head			25

The decrease thus exhibited is very remarkable, and the consequences to the agriculture of the country most disastrous; but let us look at another and more recent period. The following is the official return of the quantity of malt consumed in England at two periods of eighteen years each :—

Bushels.		Tax.	
From 1784 to 1801,	459,640,568	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.	per bush.
„ 1814 to 1831,	392,980,839	2s. 7d. to 4s. 4d.	do.

Decrease, 66,659,729 Increase, 1s. 7d. to 3s. 2d. do.

One more illustration will suffice to prove whether the assertion of Sir Henry Parnell is correct, namely, that “the duty of 20s. per quarter (it is 20s. 8d.) on malt is not one that can be justly objected to as too high.”

Malt consumed in England.

Bushels.		Tax.	Bushels.		Tax
1796	28,142,008	1s. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per bushel.	1828	25,099,336	2s. 7d. per bushel.
1797	30,923,419		1829	30,517,816	
1798	26,963,454		1830	23,428,072	
1799	31,751,645		1831	26,900,903	
117,780,526			105,946,127		

Thus, on the four last years, there was a *decrease* of nearly *twelve million* bushels as compared with four years of the last century!

Scotland exhibits equally disastrous results of the effects of taxation—one return will suffice :—

Scotch Consumption of Malt.

Bushels.		Tax.	
1802	2,014,526	0s. 7d.	per bushel.
1821	1,182,208	3s. 6d.	do.

Decreased consump. 832,381 Increased tax, 2s. 11d. do.

Subsequent years afford similar results.

Ireland is even worse than Scotland. In 1792 the tax per barrel on malt in Ireland was 2s. 6d.; raised in 1795 to 3s. 3d.—in 1796 to 5s. 3d.—in 1799 to 6s.—in 1801 to 6s. 6d., by which time the consumption of malt had decreased from 1,284,378 barrels to 173,900 barrels! What a striking instance of the effects of taxation?—In 1831, the consumption of malt in Ireland was less than that of 1792 to the extent of 3,129,370 bushels! But it is not merely the amount of taxation levied that affects the price and consumption; the vexatious manner in which the duty has been levied has doubled (and trebled sometimes) the price

to the buyer. The excise regulations compel the barley to be spread on the floor in a certain manner—to be wetted in a cistern, and in a certain quantity—then to be taken out of the cistern at a certain time,—all which restrictions, owing to the various sorts of barley, are very frequently fatal to the *quality* of the article produced: thus, though a quarter of barley might be converted without cost into a quarter of malt, owing to the swelling process, yet its natural price of 20s. or 25s. is thus raised to 40s., and then 20s. 8d. tax is levied. Nor are these the only evils; the tax falls on different places unequally, the quantity of malt consumed in the United Kingdom in 1831 being—

	Bushels.	£.
England . . .	26,900,903—	Net duty, 3,474,699
Scotland . . .	4,101,946	„ 505,651
Ireland . . .	1,959,606	„ 251,646
Total . .	32,963,455	4,331,996

England is therefore taxed out of all proportion to the other parts of the kingdom; but the inequality does not rest here, for the poorest counties in England, that is, those having the worst or most sandy soil, have to bear the greater part of the burden, barley being principally grown on those sandy soils which require considerable outlay, and frequently previous turnip cultivation, to render them at all productive. Hence, the tax on malt, so far as it checks the consumption of barley, throws those soils out of cultivation which employ the most labour, require the most skill, and which have been reclaimed, as it were, at the greatest expense to the owner.

Now, allowing the consumption of malt in the United Kingdom to be 33,000,000 bushels, and giving 10 bushels to every hogshead of beer, the quantity of beer which each individual would have would be little more than *one pint per week!* Were the tax taken off malt, we might safely calculate on the consumption rising to *seven pints* a-week, which, consuming 231,000,000 bushels of malt annually, would set afloat, in *one* ingredient of the beer alone, a capital of 39,600,000*l.* annually, at the rate of 4*s.* a bushel for the extra amount of malt consumed, independent of its effects on the health of the people in weaning them from the use of ardent spirits, contracted in consequence of their beer being so bad and so dear. Indeed, it is no exaggeration (as it could be proved by the writer in detail) to say, that the total abolition of the tax on malt would give circulation to a capital of full *fifty million sterling per annum!* But the *moral* effects resulting from the repeal now advocated would be incalculably far greater than the *pecuniary*. What has raised England, —a small island in the Atlantic,—to the lofty station she holds among the kingdoms of the earth? Has it not been the industry, skill, and moral integrity of her sons? of her people at large?—a people who are now sinking into an abyss of misery and vice, which hopeless, abject poverty inevitably engenders? The farmer's labourer no longer sits at the frugal but cheerful board in his master's cottage: if unmarried, he hies, with his diminishing pittance of pay, to the village gin-shop, and being without advantage in possessing a good character, and without a friend in a superior condition of life, station, or age, he is driven, as it were, by necessity into the company of the idle and profligate of the hamlet; and in one night of beastly intoxication, the hard-wrought

earnings of the week have vanished. It was not thus so when the farmer made his own malt, brewed his own ale, and housed his agricultural servants, who looked to him as a friend, and gloried in the boast of having lived as man and boy under the same roof for half a century.

It is not, however, a mere agricultural question, it is one which affects the condition of the whole of the labouring poor of the United Kingdom, the taxation on malt liquor* having contributed more than any other measure to demoralize and beget a desire for *gin*,† which, it is lamentable to think, will scarcely be eradicated from the existing generation : some taxes (as will be subsequently shown) press on the industry, others on the comforts, others on the luxuries of the mass of the people, but the tax on malt liquors has struck a deadly blow at temperance and social order—the main springs of society and the only real strength (under the guidance of Divine Providence) of a nation.

England may go on extending her cotton and woollen manufactures over the face of the habitable globe, while her famishing infants are doomed to suffer the horrors of a slavery which no civilized or uncivilized country ever before witnessed ;—her lands may be covered with rail-roads and machinery, and her warehouses overflowing with merchandise, —towers, and temples, and palaces may adorn her cities, and a glittering splendour surround the throne,—but if, in the midst of all these indications of national wealth, her people are becoming every day more and more unsettled, more impoverished, more dissolute, then, indeed, her very symbols of prosperity are but the gildings which adorn the sepulchre to conceal the rottenness which is within.

[The House and Window Taxes in our next.]

* The manner in which the price of malt has been enhanced, as taxation rose, is thus evinced in the Greenwich Hospital returns, which show the price paid for malt per Winchester quarter (including the duty) thus :—

Years.	Years.	Years.	Years.
1730.....20/0	1780.....31/1	1810.....84/5	1826.....65/1
1750.....24/6	1790.....35/6	1815.....69/7	182764/10
1760.. ...24/9	1800.....84/0	1820.....68/8	1828.....61/7
1770.....28/3	180585/7	1825.....62/0	1833.....60/0

The number of malsters has also considerably decreased since 1792.

† The quantity of *home made* spirits consumed in the United Kingdom (independent of illicit distillation) is—for England, 8,000,000 gallons ; Ireland, 9,000,000, and Scotland, 6,000,000 gallons ; total, 23,000,000 gallons. The money laid out by the people in gin and whisky alone, during the last twenty years, is computed at 400,000,000*l.* ! Four-fifths of all the crime committed in the country is under the influence of liquor. During the past year, 32,636 persons were taken into custody for *drunkenness alone*, by the Metropolitan Police, not including assaults, or more serious offences, and excluding the suburbs. 5,000,000*l.* of the poor rates is owing to gin-drinking. Of 140 inmates of a London workhouse, 105 were brought directly thither by dram drinking, and the remainder traced their misfortunes to the same ; and of 495 lunatic patients, 257 lost their reason by drunkenness. What sea of wickedness is the nation now plunged into !

E V E.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE.

Written on seeing Mr. Baily's Statue of Eve at the Fountain.

[The following poem was written by the unfortunate Henry Neele, just before the melancholy termination of his life: it is worthy of the pen of that highly-gifted writer, and its publication will add a fresh wreath to his poetic fame. Those who have seen—and who has not?—the exquisite piece of art which called forth this effusion of the ill-fated poet, will immediately recognize its graphic power of description, and the fine-toned feeling which breathes through every line. We scarcely know which to admire most, the description of the poet or the production of the sculptor. They both command our admiration, as both are emanations of a kindred spirit of genius, and that of the highest order.]

NAY, 'tis no sculptured art,—'tis she—'tis she !
 The fatal fair, whose bright betraying smile
 Robb'd man of Paradise, but taught him love !
 Oh, more than seraph-beauty !—Even man
 Is but “ *a little* lower than the angels ;”
 While woman—lovely woman—all divine,
 Transcends their glittering hierarchy. This
 Well knew the subtle tempter, who, albeit
 Himself the semblance of a child of light,
 Could wear, yet chose a brighter minister
 To lure to the fond ruin. Ah ! on such
 A face as this our primal sire might well
 Gaze away Eden ! Who that hung on lips
 Like those, and listened to the utterings
 Which made them eloquent, would still desire
 The presence of angelic visitants,
 Or sigh for cherub warblings ? Who that felt
 That soft heart beat to his, while o'er that neck,
 Lock'd in Love's fond embrace, his fingers twined,
 Like ringdoves nestling round the tree of life,
 Would deem she lured to death ?

Yet, yet she smiles !
 Yet o'er her own sweet image hangs enamour'd ;
 While, still and steadfastly as she, we gaze,
 And share her rapturous wonder, deeming her
 Scarcely less vital than ourselves, and breathless
 Only from admiration !——Beautiful !
 “ The statue which enchants the world ” no more
 Boasts undivided homage ; Britain claims
 The laurel for her son, whose genius bids
 Its sweet creation start to life and light,
 Lovely as Pallas, when the brain of Jove
 Teemed with divine imaginings.

May 8th, 1822.

HENRY NEELE.

ON THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY *.

NO. IV.

MUSICIANS, both teachers and performers, are now a better-educated class than formerly, and, where they are not eminent for accomplishments, are, at least, persons of some reading.

Thus they have become emulous of sustaining the character and estimation of their art; and amongst the distinctions they claim for it, is, that music is an universal language.† True; but with this grain of allowance,—that scarcely any language is so liable to various interpretation; for the force, and even the direct and indirect meaning of that interpretation depends upon the talent and the progression of the performer. We make this remark at the outset of our review of the impulse of foreign example upon English taste and practice, because it may shrewdly be suspected that, with the exception of those compositions to which we have endeavoured, in former essays, to establish the exclusive right of our countrymen, every other species, little by little, though, it must be admitted, very gradually, has been changed and wrought into a comparatively new form in execution. The powers of instrumentalists and singers have been so greatly enlarged, that the very same notation receives a totally different expression from the vigour, the velocity, and the facility of performance in the present age. This result has, indeed, been perceived by close and acute observers during the transition, but not perhaps universally, or even generally. Yet so it is; and we steadfastly believe that the finest song, if it could be now sung by Farinelli himself, in the manner he gave it when at his highest reputation,—we steadfastly believe that, although it might touch the reflecting and sensitive part of his audience, it would, nevertheless, be voted a dull and inferior matter by the public at large. The metamorphosis which has taken place is little, if at all, short of the institution of a new species of musical phraseology—the multiplication of notes, as well as the extremity of contrast. But the copiousness of the style of music, so to speak, is the capital mutation. Of this, English music, rightly so called, is not susceptible. Our improvement, (if improvement it may be termed,) together with our progression, is altogether owing to what we have learned and imitated from foreign nations. If such adoptions betray a want of invention, they at least manifest a laudable spirit of inquiry, and a liberality which excepts not against the origin of good, come from wheresoever it may.

The period when our inquiry must commence was marked by one striking and important change,—the discontinuance of the *Musici*,—the school of singing from whence had been derived the purest expression

* Continued from p. 192, No. CLIV.

† “ Unis par de si doux liens, les musiciens de toutes les nations ne forment qu’une seule famille qui a les mêmes goûts, parle le même langage, et suit le même objet; leurs ouvrages sont exaltés ou critiqués par des juges aussi justes que compétens; une noble émulation les anime, les lumières se communiquent d’un bout de l’Europe à l’autre; et quelque part qu’ils se rencontrent, ils sont dans leur patrie.”
—*De l’Opéra en France*, tom. i., chap. 6.

and the strictest taste. The practice which devoted them to science had been felt to be inhuman, and was proscribed; accordingly that melting, but effeminate, tenderness and pathos, which were the characteristics of the old opera, were now to be superseded for evermore. With this race much of the delicacy and intense feeling of music departed; but strength, variety, and a manlier sentiment succeeded. It is curious, however, to listen to the admirers of this class of singers, who, together with those they admired, are now nearly all extinct. All of the past age whom we have ever heard speak of Pacchierotti, for instance, dwelt with enthusiasm on his praises, and on the effects he produced. Clementi, not long before his death, acknowledged to the writer of this article his obligations to this celebrated *Musico* in the fondest terms. He owed, he said, his expression, both in playing and composing, to having regarded attentively the expression of singers, and particularly to Pacchierotti, whose exquisitely expressive power always brought him to tears. The veteran amateur and critic, Lord Mount Edgcumbe, in many detached passages of his very unaffected and amusing little book, shows that he regrets the loss of this species of voice, and still more of the devotedness of the *Musici* to their art, for he speaks of the change as an "acknowledged decline of singing in general;" and says, directly after, "that another cause has certainly contributed to it, and that is the difference of the voices of the male performers." That the art has suffered in some particulars there can be no question, but it has, as undoubtedly, gained in others. The limits which the contracted voices of the artificial sopranis set to composers have been broken down,—a masculine energy in execution, ornament, and declamation, has replaced their feeble, though pathetic and polished style. If not dissolved, we are raised as well as moved, and altogether by loftier emotions, since we have had Tramezzani, Braham, Garcia, and Donzelli, for the heroes of the Italian stage. Each, however, had their beauties; but humanity will applaud the banishment of the barbarous custom, and every heart will respond.

Marchesi and Rubinelli had passed away,—a very wretched successor in the person of Roselli had sunk unnoticed, and the fame of the Italian opera had been supported by Mara, when, towards the close of the last century, Banti arrived. It has happened almost invariably that the prima donna has cast the men into shadow, and thus the attainments of one performer have frequently been the substitute for an opera supported in all its parts by a tolerable quantity of talent. Such was eminently the case when Banti appeared in England. At so low an ebb was the King's Theatre, that, in "*Semiramide*," Roselli, and Rovedino, a coarse base raised into a tenor, were her only support. Our object, however, is not to give a history of the opera, but to mark the progress of art in this country as connected with foreign professors. Banti was highly gifted by nature, indifferently trained in science. She had the ninety-nine parts of the hundred,—a magnificent voice, rich, powerful, and extensive. She had also that intuitive feeling that enters with an energy, which commands the sympathy of others, into every minute characteristic and capability of the music she sung. The extended range of modern art almost demands of a singer, *especially during her struggle for eminence*, a knowledge of the more mechanical branches. To these Banti, who retained the coarseness of her early indigence, (she was a street singer,) could never be brought to submit. The attempts made to teach

her even the rudiments of music failed; she could not be subjected to the labour. Her powers of perception and imitation she felt were equal to sustain her flight, and to them she trusted. But though Banti was admired and followed, she did not enlarge the sphere of her art,—she maintained, “without co-rival, all her dignities,” but she did not add to them.

Up to this time, indeed, there had been few, if any, extravagancies* introduced. Composers had been satisfied with comparatively plain notation, and rather sought to adapt sound to sense than to enlarge the phraseology of music. A more striking proof, perhaps, of this adherence to the maxims of former schools can hardly be cited, than the fact that Grassini, the female who followed Banti, and whose voice was a noble contr’alto, obtained more fame by singing the exceedingly simple and plain air in “*Il Ratto di Proserpina*,” “*Paga fui*,” than from all her other efforts. This song contains very few notes, no passages; and its melody, though touching, requires infinite delicacy and truth of expression to set it off. No one has ever attempted it with success, or, indeed, at all, since Grassini.

But a new era was about to commence. Braham had been engaged at the King’s Theatre, the most florid singer that had ever appeared; Billington, also, was extolled for her *fioriture* and prodigies of execution. But these were soon eclipsed by the volume, majesty, power, and daring of Madame Catalani, who came to this country in 1806.

This wonderful singer has undergone the fate of all greatness—to be as much under as over rated. On her first arrival, she was esteemed above measure by her admirers, and, indeed, by the public at large; for it was impossible to hear her without being struck by her rare powers; while, on the contrary, amongst scientific judges, especially those of the old school, some affected to despise her attainments, and some really did despise them. The same discrepancies of judgment attended her throughout her whole career; and the feeling against her became more general towards the end, because her inordinate desire of supremacy, and the means taken by those around her to keep all rivals from her throne, were of a kind to raise at once contempt and animosity. But let us do her justice. Her voice was of the finest description. When she first came to England, we find, upon consulting the written records we made on hearing her, that it had not that volume and richness it afterwards attained, and which gave a splendour to her performance no other singer could reach. Her facility seemed prodigious; and her manner of executing passages common to other singers was esteemed to be novel and expressive. Her multiplication of notes was at that day deemed astonishing; her precision of intonation, and velocity in *arpeggie* and passages of semitones, not less extraordinary. She *then* gave her ornaments

* From the time of Pope Gregory the Great, each successive age has complained of innovations destructive of the purity of expression. It would, however, be exceedingly difficult for the most cultivated and best taste to decide, after a revision of the music of the past centuries, where the line should be drawn against, not alone the ornamental additions, but the varieties of performance. If the mere multiplication of notes be any test, Rossini is the heaviest of all offenders. But what say his followers and the world at large? Why, that he has made music so animated, and invented so novel, various, and lively a mode of expression, that he has rendered all preceding composers dull by comparison. The real truth is, that much beauty appertains both to simple melody and florid composition

more *sotto voce*, in a more subdued tone than had been customary. Such were the impressions she made on her first appearance. Afterwards, she cultivated a loftier expression, and assumed with success the magnificence and grandeur for which nature had so nobly fitted her. Nor was she less at home in the comic opera. Her Susanna, in “*Le Nozze di Figaro*,” was enchanting alike for its delicate yet decided humour and coquetry: her Amalthea, in “*Il Fanatico per la Musica*,” was even more arch and captivating. Her person sustained her voice; for she was beautiful, commanding, and graceful beyond most women; while every feeling was instantly *betrayed*, because her expression was impulsive, and as irresistible to herself as to others. In a word, she threw her whole soul into her performance, and consequently employed all her faculties with the earnestness and the energy that belong to the inspirations of genius alone. In her later visits to England, more effort was visible, and she gave herself up to all sorts of styles, not omitting airs with variations, and English ballads. Amongst the former, she gave Rode’s violin solo (called Rode’s variations); and amongst the latter, “*Sweet Home*,” “*God save the King*,” and “*Rule Britannia*,” she sang with a degree of power and expression surpassing all others. But as money became the ruling temptation at last to those who were interested in her engagements, and as her passion for notoriety, rather than a just fame, was as inordinate as indiscriminating, she was submitted to the degradation of singing between the play and farce at the English theatres, and thus was cruelly degraded from her proper level. How seldom it happens that good sense teaches great artists when and where to stop!

But our business lies with the influence of her vast talents upon the art and upon the taste of our countrymen; and it will be found to reside rather in advancing their knowledge of what was possible than in any positive improvement of style or manner. The leading fact is, that Catalani’s powers were above imitation. The splendour of her voice,—its force, richness, and flexibility,—no one who was not as highly gifted by nature could hope to convey. Perhaps, of all the English artists, Miss Paton alone, by some very faint and feeble mannerisms, could, at the time, be accused of direct imitation, and even then, much more in gesture than in singing. But from Braham and Catalani, conjointly, the English public first learned to accept surprise in lieu of the gratification of pure expression,—to tolerate extravagance, of whatsoever kind,—and to merge all reflective pleasure in the wonder of the moment. There the deeper emotions were surrendered at once, and a lighter species of entertainment displaced that union of sentiment and sound which was directed to the nobler affections. A more important change in natural musical feeling could scarcely be imagined; and the facility with which it was accomplished declares that the transmutation of Englishmen, from a reflecting to an enjoying people, had already gone far.

From our former essays, it will have been perceived and understood that the music of the country, strictly speaking, had hitherto been, as it were, a part of the religion of the country. It was addressed almost exclusively to the lofty or the deep passions: even the operas of the anterior age, we have shown, partook, in no small degree, of this grave and exalted character, from the circumstance of the one great composer (Handel) having been alike engaged upon the drama and the oratorio.

The part-music had also been derived from the church, through the several gradations of madrigals and glees. But these serious affections were almost at once removed by the more brilliant stimulant and marvellous attainments of these extraordinary musicians, for whose peculiar powers composers were engaged to write.

The pleasures of music thus became those of amazement and physical satiety rather than of intellectual satisfaction. In truth the intellect had little (in so far as this style was concerned) to do with it. It is a no less curious particular, that the nobler efforts of both Braham and Catalani, their oratorio singing and their songs of majesty, in the first burst of the astonishment created by their power, facility, and variety, were little thought of in comparison with the prodigies of their execution. Thus the capital changes effected in the public judgment were the subsequent indifference to propriety and to the adaptation of sound to sense, and these induced the relish, the positive approbation of whatever extravagancies singers ventured to append to the song, whatever transmutation of the original they chose to hazard. By such expedients, novelty was added to amazement, and the higher and more durable affections dependent upon music were all suspended by the lighter, more poignant, and livelier impressions of the moment. This, we repeat, was the signal change.

When we look over the music chiefly preferred by Catalani, we are compelled to task our recollection for the manner of performing it, to enable us to discover what could be the charm. The airs of Pucitta and Portogallo contain literally nothing in the way of execution that a scholar, the least advanced, would not easily perform. A future age will be even more perplexed to apprehend how Catalani raised to herself such a name, and was so celebrated as well as so much censured for her extravagancies, than we of this day are puzzled to conceive the effects produced in their time by Farinelli and the singers of Handel's operas, so mechanical and so dull do they seem to us beyond the mere simplicity and sweetness of the traits of melody. The secret, however, lies not in what we see in the notation, but in what we do not see; not in the written, but in the unwritten embellishments, and in the fire, force, velocity, and feeling with which she gave every thing her volatile fancy imagined. This distinction, indeed, constitutes the essential difference between the results of literature, painting, and sculpture, and those of music and the drama. In the former, every effect is definite; it is submitted permanently to the fidelity of the understanding and the eye. In the latter, almost every thing depends upon the ability of the singer and the actor, and their graces of manner and emphasis die with them. It will be alike impossible to transmit to posterity any just notion of Mrs. Siddons' reading the letter in "Macbeth," or her management of the banquet scene, and the high expression of Catalani in "Vittima sventurata," or her archness, gaiety, and power in the duet of Don Febro and Amalthea—"Con pazienza."

If our remarks are confined to the influence of female talent, it is because there were no men (Braham excepted) during this interval who gave any impulse to the art. Viganoni was elegant but feeble, and, indeed, he was declining at the commencement of the period we have undertaken to illustrate. Tramezzani attracted a good share of admiration, but it was rather as an actor, and for his personal graces, than

as a singer. His voice was limited, his style without any particular distinction, yet his manner was energetic and sensitive; and although Mozart had, in his operas, given such prominence to the bass,* no singer of that class had yet appeared to exalt the character of that species of voice to the degree it has since attained. Morelli and Naldi were considered to be excellent comic actors, but thus must end their praise, as the one was coarse and the other nasal. The improvement, therefore, was only that of the general progression of the science during the long interval that succeeded. It is, however, worthy observation, that the ascendancy of one singer (Catalani) would stop the career of a composer like Mozart. She disliked to sing his music from its rhythmical and chaste character, and it was not until the decline of her dominion that Mozart was allowed in this country the natural splendours of his genius.

The transition which the construction of the opera was now undergoing from its two long-preserved distinctions, serious and comic, into a mixed domestic character, has been ascribed to the decline of the art of singing and the absence of fine voices of every species. To this the noble critic we have before cited attributes the change of dialogue conducted by recitative in the elder dramas into the concerted pieces of the more modern. And there appears to be some reason in the reaction of this construction of opera upon the singers, who are certainly brought less prominently forward where concerted pieces form the greatest portion of the piece.†

* Lord Mount Edgcumbe is right in his conjecture, that Mozart was led to his apparent preference of the bass over the tenor in "Il Don Giovanni" and "Le Nozze di Figaro," by writing for a particular singer. Figaro was composed for Bennuci. Kelly relates the following interesting anecdote of the first rehearsal:—"Mozart was on the stage with his crimson pelisse and gold laced cocked hat, giving the time of the music to the orchestra. Figaro's song, 'Non più andrai far fallone amoroso,' Bennuci gave with the greatest animation, and power of voice. I was standing close to Mozart, who, *sotto voce*, was repeating Bravo! bravo! Bennuci; and when Bennuci came to the fine passage 'Cherubino, alla vittoria, alla gloria militar,' which he gave out with Stentorian lungs, the effect was electricity itself, for the whole of the performers on the stage, and those in the orchestra, as if actuated by one feeling of delight, vociferated 'Bravo! bravo! Maestro. Viva, viva, grande Mozart.' Those in the orchestra I thought would never have ceased applauding, by beating the bows of their violins against the music desks. The little man acknowledged, by repeated obeisances, his thanks for the distinguished mark of enthusiastic applause bestowed upon him."—*Kelly's Reminiscences*, vol. i.

† "The construction of these newly-invented pieces is essentially different from the old. The dialogue, which used to be carried on in recitative, and which, in Metastasio's operas, is often so beautiful and interesting, is now cut up (and rendered unintelligible, if it were worth listening to) into pezzi concertati, or long singing conversations, which present a tedious succession of unconnected, ever-changing motivos, having nothing to do with each other; and if a satisfactory air is for a moment introduced, which the ear would like to dwell upon, to hear modulated, varied, and again returned to, it is broken off before it is well understood or sufficiently heard, by a sudden transition into a totally different melody, time, and key, and recurs no more; so that no impression can be made, or recollection of it preserved. Single songs are almost exploded, for which one good reason may be given, that there are few singers capable of singing them. Even a prima-donna, who would formerly have complained at having less than three or four airs allotted to her, is now satisfied with one trifling cavatina for a whole opera. The acknowledged decline of singing in general (which the Italians themselves are obliged to confess) has no doubt, in a great measure, occasioned this change. But another cause has certainly contributed to it, and that is, the difference of the voices of the male performers. Sopranos have long ceased to exist, but tenors for a long

But if we take a more comprehensive view of the stage, it will be perceived that similar changes have been gradually going on both in the ballet of action and the drama, properly so called. The great Noverre, so highly commended by Arteaga,* and so extolled throughout Europe, stooped even in his lofty course, and gave the first example, in

while filled their place. Now even these have become so scarce, that Italy can produce no more than two or three very good ones; the generality of voices are basses, which, for want of better, are thrust up into the first characters, even in serious operas, where they used only to occupy the last place, to the manifest injury of melody and total subversion of harmony, in which the lowest part is their peculiar province. These new first singers are called by the novel appellation of *basso cantante*, (which, by-the-bye, is a kind of apology, and an acknowledgment that they ought not to sing,) and take the lead in operas with almost as much propriety as if the double bass were to do so in the orchestra, and play the part of the first fiddle. A bass voice is too unbending and deficient in sweetness for single songs, and fit only for those of inferior character, or of the buffo style. In duettos it does not coalesce well with a female voice, on account of the too great distance between them, and, in fuller pieces, the ear cannot be satisfied without some good intermediate voices to fill up the interval and complete the harmony. Yet three or four basses now frequently overpower one weak tenor, who generally plays but a subordinate part. Composers, therefore, having few good voices, and few good singers to write for, have been obliged to adapt their compositions to the abilities of those who were to perform them; and as four, five, or six moderate performers produce a better effect jointly than they could by their single efforts, songs have disappeared, and interminable quartettos, quintettos, sestettos, &c., usurp their place. Every opera is filled with such pieces, which, in fact, are so many finales, such as were never used but at the end of the acts of comic operas, to which alone they are appropriate. These, after wearying the attention for a longer time than half a dozen old songs, generally conclude by a noisy crash of voices and instruments, in which the harmony is frequently distracted, each personage engaged in the scene having perhaps to express a different passion, and the whole vocal part almost overpowered by so loud and busy an accompaniment, that the voices themselves are nearly lost. It is really distressing to hear the leading voice strained almost to cracking in order to be audible over a full chorus and full orchestra strengthened often by trumpets, trombones, kettle-drums, and all the noisiest instruments; I confess that I derive little or no pleasure from these pieces, which, to my ears, are scarcely music, but mere noise. It is evident that, in such compositions, each individual singer has little room for displaying either a fine voice or good singing, and that power of lungs is more essential than either. Very good singers, therefore, are scarcely necessary, and it must be confessed, that though there are now none so good, neither are there many so bad, as I remember in the inferior characters. In these levelling days, equalization has extended itself to the stage and musical profession, and a kind of mediocrity of talent prevails, which, if it did not occasion the invention of these melo-dramatic pieces, is at least very favourable to their execution."

* "The celebrated Noverre contributed not a little to the confirmation of this opinion, by the publication of his letters on dancing, in which, taking the ancients as his models, he endeavoured, with equal spirit and ingenuity, to re-establish it upon the system used by Illus, Pilades, and Batillus. No writer has ever ennobled the art of dancing like Noverre. The mysteries which he developes are so extraordinary, the eloquence with which he assails the fancy, to finish with the feet, so persuasive, that it is not his fault if all the literati do not abandon the other sciences to become dancers. Nor did he content himself with literary speculations alone, but reduced to practice that which he had taught others by his pen. All Europe agreed in praising and admiring 'The Death of Hercules,' 'The Murder of her Children by Medea,' and others of his ballets got up by himself, and successfully performed at the theatre of Stutgard, under the patronage of the Duke of Wirtemberg, a distinguished Mæcenas of music and the drama, (whose finances were absolutely ruined by his opera establishment.) His 'Semiramide,' founded on Voltaire's, set to music by the immortal Gluck, and brought out at Vienna, almost made the spectators tremble, leaving them in doubt whether the effects they experienced were produced by the terrible argument, the force and simplicity of the action, or the expression and truth of the music."

his ballet of "The Deserter of Naples." He conceived the just idea, that the natural affections would produce a deeper and more homefelt interest than the heroes of the Iliad, or even the deities of the classical mythology. The example spread, and tragedy was brought down to ordinary life.* Upon our own stage instances now multiplied in all the three species, and the discovery was adopted and established. It was, indeed, amongst the effects of the general progression, and belongs to the intellectual conversion we have so often observed and alluded to. The deeper and more sublime yielded to the lighter and livelier emotions; it affected not only the construction of the music of the stage, but of music universally.

This little-varying state of things continued for an interval of considerable duration, though singers of great merit arrived. Fodor, Camporese,† Ronzi de Begnis, Caradori, and Colbran,‡ deserve especial regard as artistes of great natural and acquired talents. The operas of Mozart, Cimarosa, and Zingarelli, took their turns with others of less note and inferior genius; but there could be said to be no visible movement either in the *arte del canto* or in composition till the rise of Rossini and the appearance of Madame Pasta,—two events which have materially altered the taste, not of the English alone, but of the world.

The perfection at which this great artiste (and to no singer can the term be with such strict propriety applied) has arrived, is one of the strongest proofs of the force of genius and industry over natural disqualifications that vocal science has ever exhibited. About the year 1815 or 1816, she was in this country, bearing her maiden name of Neri, and, without the slightest disparagement, she could not be esteemed above the third rank. So little promise, indeed, was there attached to her performance, that no expectation could then be formed of her ever realising even tolerable excellence. Her voice was harsh, rough, and unequal; her intonation imperfect beyond endurance, especially as it was balanced by no equivalents of expression. Some few years after she re-appeared a star of the first magnitude—a great singer, a greater actress. We shall refer those of our readers who wish to enter minutely into the scientific character and details of Pasta's singing, to the extended description in Stendhal's "Vie de Rossini," and the "Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review."§ It will be sufficient for our purpose to lay in the grander outlines.

* Moore's "Gamester" may be safely pronounced to be the most touching, the most true, and the most morally-effective play in the English language.

† Camporese was a gentlewoman in mind and in manner, but still unable to resist, at all times, the insolences to which her situation exposed her. At a rehearsal of "Pietro l'Eremita," she commenced the exquisite quartett "Mi manca la voce." "*E vero*," whispered Mad. Ronzi, but loud enough for the bystanders to hear, which Camporese instantly chastised by a box on the ear—"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?"

‡ This splendid woman, and no less splendid singer, had lost the better portion of her powers when she visited this country as the wife of Rossini, during the season of Benelli's management. It was to this lady that Crescentini is reported to have anticipated her coming eminence—"Lorsqu'il la jugea capable de prendre son essor, il prophétisa la réputation dont elle devoit jouir un jour en disant, '*Je ne pense pas qu'il n'y ait en Europe un talent plus beau que le tien.*' Il accompagna cet éloge du don de toute sa musique."

§ It were to be wished that this publication had not been so hastily abandoned. Since our first article was written, "The Harmonicon" has also been given up, and England has now no literary work to carry forward the progress of musical events or musical philosophy. What a bitter practical sarcasm upon our want of taste as a nation!

The extraordinary distinction which has raised her to such eminence—making the first and most necessary allowance for her intellectual superiority, and a sensibility to musical and passionate effects of extraordinary delicacy—her peculiar distinction, we say, sprang from, nay, even now resides, in the very imperfection, as it would have been previously considered, of her voice. Hitherto equality and uniformity of vocalization, the homogeneity of the tone, had been deemed to be the supremest quality which instruction could bestow. For this the young artist toiled through the most tedious of all practice; but such equalization was impossible to Pasta. Her organ was naturally a mezzo soprano. She, however, discovered a means (or, at least, used it more visibly and more successfully than any other singer) of attaining three different registers. By this expedient, in addition to an uncommon extent of compass, she attained a power of diversifying the tone according to the emotion she wished to express. Her lower notes were by nature husky.* We have known instances where the practice indispensable to obtain sounds so low in the scale has polished away this roughness;† but Madame Pasta voluntarily retains it, and, in the darker passions, uses it with prodigious effect; the middle of her scale was also by nature the best, that is, the most powerful and richly-toned portion. The same skill and perseverance which directed her to apply to the most useful ends the formation of these notes of her scale, enabled her to cultivate her falsetto, or head-voice, up to an equally rare perfection. M. de Stendhal‡ appears to be unacquainted with the fact, that it is by *three* registers that Pasta's voice is formed; he therefore adopts the common division into two, the chest and the head voices. But having explained the distinction, we cannot describe in better terms than he has employed the manner and the effects produced by the artiste, whose empire over her hearers is so certain and so absolute; we shall therefore translate two or three passages of his work.

“It is with astonishing skill,” he says, “that Madame Pasta unites her *head* and *chest* voice; she displays the supremest art in the variety of agreeable and exciting effects which she produces by this combination. In the twinkling of an eye, she heightens or alters the colouring of a phrase of melody, by introducing her falsette, even in the middle of her scale, or by using alternately notes of the falsette and of the chest voice. She employs this expedient with the same facility of blending in the middle as in the highest notes of the chest voice.§

* This imperfection was dignified, by her foreign admirers, by the phrase of “*sons voilées*,” which some of our English critics adopted in the term “veiled sounds.” The real truth is, her voice was husky, because these notes were beyond her fair compass. Genius converted this defect into a beauty.

† Malibran is an example. Her father (Garcia) taught according to this method of three registers, *and where the chest will bear it* (which is perhaps not one out of a thousand) the best results follow. Where the chest is weak, it is not only fatal to the voice, but very likely to be so to life itself. The exhaustion of the practice is dreadful.

‡ The gentleman's true name is Beyle.

§ When the voice is trained to three registers, many notes of the middle portion are formed by the commixture of the head and chest voice, in a manner so artful, that the singer can at pleasure swell the tone to the full power of the natural, or attenuate it to the softest sound of the falsette—or thus use either quality: a most liquid and beautiful shake is attained upon parts of the scale, where the use

“The *head* voice of Madame Pasta has a character almost entirely opposite to her chest voice. It is brilliant, rapid, pure, flexible, and of an admirable lightness. In a descending passage, she possesses the power of attenuating the tone to such an inconceivable degree, that the existence of any sound becomes almost a matter of doubt.

“Such refinement of colouring, such powerful and varied means, are necessary to Pasta, to give expression to the forcible conception that is peculiar to her,—a conception always just, and which, though modified according to the rules of the *beau idéal*, is always full of that fiery energy and extraordinary power which electrifies a whole audience. But what art must this gifted singer have acquired, what study must it have cost her to attain the power of producing such sublime effects from means so directly opposite!*

“This art continues daily to improve; the effects it produces are proportionally surprising; and its power over the auditor must go on to increase, for the voice of Madame Pasta has now for some time past overcome all the physical obstacles that can be opposed to the attainment of musical perfection. She now seduces the ear of her enchanted hearers at the same time that she electrifies their souls; in every new opera she awakens fresh emotions or new modifications of the same pleasure. She possesses the art of imparting a new *musical* colouring, not by the accentuation of words, or in her character of a great tragedian, but *as a singer*, and in characters which are to all appearance insignificant.”

These were the qualities (both intellectual and organic) which enabled Pasta to work the change she undoubtedly wrought in the public taste; and it is one very beneficial. She has arrested the rapidity of the progression towards the substitution of notes—mere notes—for the sensible and expressive employment of sounds. Her use of ornament is *comparatively* restrained; but her graces are, for the most part, the best adaptations of such passages to the illustration of the passion. If she introduces a *volata*, it has all the analogies which the philosophy of the mind, as well as of the art, has determined are the vocal *media* of emotions, and which are common to the representation and the thing represented: *e. g.* rage, loud and vehement, exhibits its fury by rapid successions of intervals; love,—soft, tender, and pathetic,—by sweet, protracted, and melting tones, or *appogiaturas*. By such general laws her embellishments are governed, and though it requires a wide acquaintance with the art of gracing to appreciate fully the invention, the delicacy, and the beauty of her choice of ornament, yet the impression, by which the million is governed, is always strong upon all who hear her. Her imagination, in a word, is as chaste as it is brilliant; her conceptions, as pure as they are sublime; and her excellence consists in found-

of the *falsette* is scarcely suspected. It is achieved by strengthening (through exercise) the lowest notes of the *falsette*; and, on the contrary, by weakening the highest of the natural voice. The singer becomes able to take the same three or four notes in either, and also in both mixed. This is what the French term *la voix mixte*.

* The devoted friendship of the Chevalier Micheroux to Madame Pasta was of the highest advantage to her. This gentleman was a very fine accompanist, and his taste was exquisite. He watched Madame Pasta most attentively during her performance in public, and assisted her with his judgment in private.

ing her fame upon the solid parts of the great style, yet adorning them to the exact degree where fine taste limits the application of such embroidery.*

Thus, then, she brought us back to a purer expression, if not to that original plainness and strength which belong only to absolute simplicity. But when it is considered how far the public taste had been vitiated by Catalani, and how far the love of volatile execution was still to be sustained by the enchanting facility of Sontag,—a star which rose soon after in our horizon,—it will scarcely be denied that Pasta has at least stayed, if she may not have prevented a complete revolution in the art.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF HESTER MALPAS.

BY L. E. L.

THERE is a favourite in every family; and, generally speaking, that favourite is the most troublesome member in it. People evince a strange predilection for whatever plagues them. This, however, was not the case with Hester Malpas. The eldest of six children, she was her father's favourite, because from her only was he sure of a cheerful word and a bright smile. She was her mother's favourite, because every one said that she was the very image of that mother herself at sixteen. She was the favourite of all her brothers and sisters, because she listened patiently to all their complaints, and contributed to all their amusements; an infallible method, by the by, of securing popularity on a far more extended scale.

Mr. Malpas was the second son of a prosperous tradesman in Wapping,—a sickly child. Of course, he shrank from active amusement. Hence originated a love of reading, which, in his case, as in many others, was mistaken for a proof of abilities. Visions of his being a future lord chancellor, archbishop of Canterbury, or at least an alderman, soon began to stimulate the ambition of the little back-parlour where his parents nightly discussed the profits of the day, and the prospects of their family. The end of these hopes was a very common one;—at forty, Richard Malpas was a poor curate in Wiltshire, with a wife and six children, and no chance of bettering his condition. He

* Were we called upon to illustrate our assertions by any single instance, we should select her version of the *entrata* in "*Tancredi*." Nothing could be more powerfully affecting than her recitative, "*O Patria!*"—it had a masculine vigour that was irresistible. The middle movement, "*Tu che accendi,*" was no less vivid and beautiful for its passionate love, its valour, and its lofty indignation. The last portion, "*Di tanti palpiti,*" embraced and reconciled the apparent impossibilities of the most touching tenderness and the most brilliant execution. But our description is not exaggerated, as every auditor will acknowledge. Her transmutation of the latter movement, from exultant joy to entranced ecstasy, was at first indeed disputed—for it seemed disputable. But at length judgment confirmed the award of impulse, and the head justified what the heart could not avoid to feel. Pacini's song from "*Niobe*," "*Il soave e bel contento,*" is a splendid instance of the brilliancy of her powers—her use of distant intervals—her harmonic tones in the upper notes and her exquisite softness here shone out. Plain pathos, perhaps, was best exemplified in her "*Che farò senza Eurydice,*" and in Zingarelli's more exquisite "*Ombra adorata.*"

had married for love, under the frequent delusion of supposing that love will last under every circumstance most calculated to destroy it; and, secondly, that it can supply the place of everything else. Many a traveller paused to admire the beauty of the curate's cottage, with the pear-tree, whose trained branches covered the front; and the garden where, if there were few flowers, there was much fruit; and which was bounded on one side by a green field, and on the other by the yet greener churchyard. Behind stood the church, whose square tower was covered with ivy of a hundred years growth. Two old yews overshadowed the little gate; and rarely did the sunset glitter on the small panes of the Gothic windows without assembling half the children in the hamlet, whose gay voices and ringing laughter were in perfect unison with a scene whose chief characteristic was cheerfulness. But as whoso could have lifted up the ivy would have seen that the wall was mouldering beneath; and whoso could have looked from the long, flower-filled grass, and the glad and childish occupants of the rising mounds, to the dust and ashes that lay perishing below; so who could have looked into the interior of that pretty cottage would have seen regret, want, and despondency. Other sorrows soften the heart,—poverty hardens it. Nothing like poverty for chilling the affections and repressing the spirits. Its annoyances are all of the small and mean order; its regrets all of a selfish kind; its presence is perpetual; and the scant meal, and the grudging fire, are repeated day by day, yet who can become accustomed to them? Mr. and Mrs. Malpas had long since forgotten their youth; and if ever they referred to their marriage, on his part it was to feel, too late, what a drawback it had been to his prospects, and to turn in his mind all the college comforts and quiet of which his ill-fated union had deprived him. Nor was his wife without her regrets. A woman always exaggerates her beauty and its influence when they are past; and it was a perpetual grief to think what her pretty face might have done for her. As the children grew up, discomfort increased; breakfast, dinner,—supper was never attempted,—instead of assembling an affectionate group, each ready with some slight tale of daily occurrence, to which daily intercourse gives such interest, these meals were looked forward to with positive fear. There was never quite enough for all; and the very regret of the parents took, as is a common case, the form of scolding. When Hayley tried Serena's temper, he forgot the worst, the real trial—want; and want, too, felt more for others than for yourself. The mother's vanity, too,—and what mother is without vanity for her children?—was a constant grievance. It was hard that hers should be the prettiest and worst-dressed in the village. In her, the distress of their circumstances took the form of perpetual irritability,—that constant peevishness which frets over everything; while in Mr. Malpas it wore the provoking shape of sullen indifference.

In the midst of all this, Hester grew up;—but there are some natures nothing can spoil. The temper was as sweet as if it had not breathed the air of eternal quarrellings; the spirits as gay as if they had not been tried by the wearing disappointment of being almost always exerted in vain. She had ever something to do—something to suggest; and when the present was beyond any actual remedy, she could at least look forward; and this she did with a gaiety and an

energy altogether contagious. Everybody has some particular point on which they pique themselves; generally something which ill deserves the pride bestowed upon it. Richard Malpas particularly prided himself on never having stooped to conciliate the relations, who had both felt, and very openly expressed, the anger of disappointed hope on his marriage. His brother had lived and died in his father's shop: perhaps, as his discarded relative formed no part of his accounts, he had forgotten his very existence. On his death, shop and property were left to his sister Hester; or, as she was now called, Mrs. Hester Malpas. After a few years, during which she declared that she was cheated by everybody,—though it must be confessed that the year's balance told a different story every Christmas,—she sold her interest in the shop, and, retiring to a small house in the same street, resolved on making her old age comfortable. It is very hard to give up a favourite weak point; but to this sister Mr. Malpas at length resolved on applying for assistance;—he had at least the satisfaction of keeping the step a secret from his wife. Hester was his confidant,—Hester the sole admirer of “his beautiful letter.” Hester put it in the post-office; and Hester kept up his hopes by her own; and Hester went every day, even before it was possible an answer could arrive, to ask, “Any letter for my father?” for Mr. Malpas, fearing, in spite of his sanguine confidant, the probability of a refusal, had resolved that the letter should not be directed to his own house. Any domestic triumph, that the advice of writing, so often urged, had been taken too late, was by this means averted.

The day of the actual return of post passed, and brought no answer; but the next day saw Hester flying with breathless speed towards the little fir-tree copse, where her father awaited her coming. She held a letter in her hand. Mr. Malpas snatched it from her. He at once perceived that it was double, and post-paid. This gave him courage to open it, and the first thing he saw was the half of a bank-note for twenty pounds. To Hester this seemed inexhaustible riches; and even to her father it was a prodigious sum. For the first time she saw the tears stand in his eyes.

“Read it, child,” said he, in a broken voice. Hester kissed him, and was silent for a moment, and then proceeded with her task. The hand-writing was stiff, ugly, and legible; though the letters rather resembled the multiplication-table than the alphabet. The epistle ran as follows:—

“Dear Brother,—Received yours on the 16th instant, and reply on the 18th; the delay of one post being caused by getting a Bank of England note. I send one half for safety, and the other will be sent to-morrow. They can then be pasted neatly together. I sha’n’t go back to old grievances, as your folly has been its own punishment. If people will be silly enough to marry, they must take the consequences. You say that your eldest daughter is named after me. Send her up to town and I will provide for her. It will be one mouth less to feed. You may count on the same sum (twenty pounds) yearly. I shall send directions about Hester’s coming up, in my next letter.

“Your affectionate sister, HESTER MALPAS.”

Poor Hester gasped for breath when she came to her own name.

Even her glad temper sank at the bare idea of a separation from her parents.

"Me, father!" exclaimed she; "oh! what will my mother say?"

"No; as she always does to anything I propose," said her father.

To this Hester made no reply. She had long felt silence was the only answer to such exclamations. For once, like her father, Hester dreaded to return home. "Is it possible," thought she, "we can be taking so much money home so slowly?" and she loitered even more than her father. Hester had yet to learn that no earthly advantage comes without its drawback. At length the silence was broken, and Hester listened with conviction, and a good fit of crying, to the many advantages her whole family were to derive from her adoption by her aunt. Still, "What will my mother say?" was the only answer she could give.

When we expect the worst, it never happens. Mrs. Malpas caught at the idea of Hester's going to town with an eagerness which inflicted on poor Hester the severest pang she had ever known. "And is my mother so ready to part with me?" was a very bitter thought. Still, if she could have read that mother's heart, she would have been comforted. It was the excess of affection that made the sacrifice easy. All the belief in the sovereign power of a pretty face,—all the imagination which Mrs. Malpas had long ceased to exercise for herself,—were exerted for her daughter. Like all people who have lived their whole life in the country, she had the most unreal, the most magnificent ideas of London. Once there, and Hester's future fortune was certain. Besides, she had another reason, which, however, from the want of confidence which ran through the whole family, she kept to herself. There was a certain handsome youth, the son of a neighbouring farmer, between whom and Hester she thought the more distance the better. She had suffered too much from a love-match herself to entertain the least kindness towards such a step. The faults we ourselves commit are always those to which we are most unforgiving. Hester herself had never thought about what the feeling was which made her blush whenever she met Frank Horton. No girl ever does. It was shyness, not deception, that made her avoid even the mention of his name. The word love had never passed between them. Still the image of her early playmate was very frequent amid the regrets with which she regarded leaving her native place. The next day brought the second letter from Mrs. Hester Malpas. It contained the other half of the bank-note; and as it never seemed to have crossed the good lady's mind that there could be an objection to her proposed adoption, she had made every arrangement for her journey the following week. She had taken her place in the coach, stated her intention of meeting her at the inn, and hoped that she worked well at her needle. There was little preparation to be made. Her aunt had said, "that she could come with only the clothes on her back," and she was taken very nearly at her word.

The evening before her departure, she went for a solitary walk, lingering amid all her old favourite haunts. Her spirits were worn out and dejected. It jarred cruelly upon her affectionate temper to find that her absence was matter of rejoicing to her whole family. The children, naturally enough, connected Hester's departure with the new indulgences, the result of their aunt's gift; and childhood is as selfish

from thoughtlessness as age is from calculation. Her parents merged in the future that present which weighed so heavily upon poor Hester. She was stooping, with tearful eyes, to gather some wild flowers in the hedge, when Frank Horton, who had joined her unperceived, gathered them for her.

“ And so, Hester, you are going to London, and will soon forget all your old friends.” Hester had no voice to assure him that she should not. Her silence gave her companion the better opportunity of expressing his regrets, doubly touching to the affectionate girl, who had just been thinking that her departure was lamented by no one. Hester’s heart was so full of love and sorrow, that it was impossible for some not to fall to his share ; and they parted, if not with a positive promise, yet with a hope that their future life would, in some way or other, be connected together.

It was a sleepless night with the young traveller ; and she awoke from a confused dream, which blended together familiar objects in a thousand fantastic combinations. She wakened up suddenly, and the first object on which her eyes opened was her mother,—the mother she had thought almost unkind,—seated weeping by the bedside. Not all Mrs. Malpas’s brilliant visions of the future could console, when it came to the actual parting. She bent over the fair and innocent face which looked so child-like asleep, in an agony of fear and love. To-morrow, and the music of that ready footstep would be silent in their house,—to-morrow, and those sweet eyes would no more meet her own with their peculiar bright, yet watchful look. A little corded box was on the floor ; she turned away from it, and burst into tears. It was the last suppressed sob that had roused her daughter. In a moment Hester was up, and weeping on her mother’s neck ; and yet, sad as were the tears, they were pleasant when compared with those with which she had cried herself to sleep.

It was later than they had supposed ; and the sound of the church clock striking five made them start ; and Hester, with a trembling hand, began to dress. In half an hour the London coach would pass, and there were some fields between them and the high-road. This last half hour showed Hester how truly she was beloved. The youngest child neglected the breakfast ; and while her father pressed her to eat, he could not eat himself. All felt movement a relief,—all accompanied her to the gate where they were to wait for the coming stage. They had scarcely reached the road, when the guard’s horn was heard in the distance. The coach appeared,—it stopped,—Hester took her place behind,—and again the horses were at full speed. The young traveller looked back ; but her head was dizzy with the rapid and unaccustomed motion. The little group, that stood watching, swam before her sight. Still she saw them, and she did not feel quite alone. Tears shut them out,—she took her handkerchief ; it was raised scarce an instant, but a rapid turn in the road shut them out from her lingering and longing gaze.

The guard, under whose especial charge she had been placed, did his best to console her ; but found the attempt vain, and as he had children of his own, thought it all very proper that a daughter should cry at parting with her parents. He left her to the full indulgence of her tears. Nothing could well be more dreary than the journey was to poor

Hester. The bright morning soon clouded over, and a small, drizzling rain covered every object that might have diverted her attention, with a thick, dull mist. Such a sad and monotonous day leaves nothing to tell; and Hester found herself bewildered, cold, tired, hungry, and wretched, in the inn-yard where the coach stopped. Such a scene of confusion had never before met her sight; and she stood hopeless and frightened precisely in the place where the guard had helped her to alight, without an idea, or even a care, of what would happen to her next. She was roused by some one at her elbow inquiring "for the young woman that Mrs. Hester Malpas expected;" and in a moment the guard had consigned her to the care of a stranger. It was a neighbour whom her aunt had sent to meet her. Mr. Lowndes asked her how she did, received no answer, made up his mind that she was stupid and shy, considered that to talk was no part of his agreement with Mrs. Malpas, and hurried along the streets as fast as possible. The noise, the multitude of houses, the haste, the silence, made poor Hester's heart die within her. She felt indeed that she was come to a strange land, and grew more and more wretched at every narrow street through which they passed. At length her conductor stopped at a door. Hester started at the sound of the knocker. She was astonished at her guide's audacity in making such a noise, though, Heaven knows, it was but tame, meagre sort of rap after all.

"I have brought your niecc safe," said Mr. Lowndes; "and good night in a hurry."

"Won't you walk in and have some supper?" said a voice so harsh that it gave an invitation the sound of a dismissal.

"No, no; some other night. I and my mistress will look in together."

Hester was sorry to part with him; she felt so desolate, that even the companionship of half an hour was something like a claim to an acquaintance.

"Come in, child," said the same forbidding voice; and a hand laid upon her arm conducted her into a small but comfortable-looking parlour. The light cheered, the warmth revived, but still Hester could not muster resolution enough to look up.

"Can't the girl speak?"

Hester tried to murmur some inarticulate sounds, but gave up the attempt in despair and tears.

"Poor thing! come, take a seat; you will be better after supper." And the old lady began to bustle about, and scold the servant for not bringing in the supper before it was possible.

"Take off your bonnet."

Hester obeyed; and the readiness with which this slight act was performed, together, perhaps, with the trace of crying very visible on the face, had a favourable effect on her hostess, who parted her hair on her forehead, and said, with much kindness of manner, "Your hair is the colour mine used to be—scarcely, I think, so long;—I used to be celebrated for my head of hair." And the complacency with which the elderly dame reverted to the only personal grace she had ever possessed diffused itself over her whole manner. Hester now looked at her aunt, who was the very reverse of what she had imagined: she had always thought she would be like her father, and fancied a tall, dark, and hand-

some face. No such thing. Mrs. Hester Malpas was near sixty (her niece had left age quite out of her calculation), and was little, thin, harsh-featured, and of that whole sharp and shrewish appearance so often held to be the characteristic of singlehood. She was, however, very kind to her young guest—only once spoke to her rather sharply for not eating the nice supper which she had provided, observing “that now-a-days young people were so whimsical;” adding, however, immediately afterwards, “Poor thing! I dare say you are thinking of home.” She lighted Hester herself to the little room which she was henceforth to consider her own, and bade her good night, saying, “I am a very early person, but never mind about to-morrow morning—I have no doubt you will be very sleepy.” And certainly Hester’s head was scarcely on her pillow before she was asleep.

Never was change so complete as that which now took place in Hester’s life. Nothing could be more dull, more monotonous, than her existence;—the history of one day might serve for all. They rose very early;—people who have nothing to do always make the day as long as possible:—they breakfasted—the same eternal two rolls, and a plate of thin bread and butter. After some time Hester was intrusted with the charge of washing the breakfast-things—a charge of no small importance, considering that her aunt regarded those small china teacups as the apple of her eye: then she read aloud the chapters and psalms of the day—then sat down to some task of interminable needlework—then dinner—then (after a few weeks’ residence had convinced Mrs. Malpas that her niece required exercise and might be trusted) she was allowed to walk for two hours—then came tea—the cups were washed again—then the work-basket was resumed—and Mrs. Hester told long stories of her more juvenile days—stories which, however, differed strangely from those treasured up by most elderly gentlewomen, whose memory is most tenacious of former conquests; but the reminiscences in which Mrs. Hester delighted to indulge were of the keen bargains she had driven, and the fortunate sales which she had effected. Had she talked of her feelings, Hester, like most girls, would have listened with all the patience of interest. An unhappy attachment is irresistible to the imagination of eighteen; but with these tender and arithmetical recollections it was impossible for any young woman to sympathize;—however, she listened very patiently—supper came at nine—and they went to bed at ten. Sometimes a neighbour of Mrs. Malpas’s own standing dropped in, and everything on the table was, if possible, found more fault with than usual. The truth was that Mrs. Hester Malpas had the best heart and the worst temper in the world, and she made the one an excuse for the other. Hester was grateful, and thought she was content—while her constant attention to her aunt’s slightest wish, the unvarying sweetness of her temper, won upon the old woman more than she would have acknowledged, even to herself. She scolded her, it is true, because she scolded every body; but she felt a really strong affection for her, which showed itself in increasing kindness to her family; and scarcely a month passed without some useful present, and which Hester had the pleasure of packing, directing, and sending off by the very coach which had brought herself to London. That dreary and terrible inn-yard was now connected with her pleasanter moments. Still this was but a weary life for a girl of nineteen, and Hester’s sweet laugh

grew an unfrequent sound, and her bright cheek lost its rich colour. The neighbours said that Mrs. Malpas was worrying her niece to death. This was not true. Mrs. Malpas was both fond of and kind to her niece in her way, and, had she noted the alteration, would have been the first to be anxious about her; but Hester's increasing silence and gravity were rather recommendations, and as to her looking pale, why she never had had any colour herself, and she did not see why her niece should have any—colour was all very well in the country.

A year passed away unmarked by any occurrence, when, one summer afternoon, as Hester was taking her accustomed walk, she heard her name suddenly pronounced. She turned, and saw Frank Horton.

"I have been watching for you," said he, hastily drawing her arm within his, and hurrying her along, "these two hours. I was afraid you would not come out; but here you are, prettier than ever!"

Hester walked on, flurried, confused, surprised, but delighted. It was not only Frank Horton that she was glad to see, but he brought with him a whole host of all her dearest remembrances—all her happiest hours came too—she faltered half a dozen hurried questions, and all about home. Frank Horton seemed, however, more desirous to talk about herself: he was eager in his expressions, and Hester was too little accustomed to flattery not to find it sweet. She prolonged her walk to the utmost, and when they separated, she had promised, first, that she would not mention their meeting to her aunt, and, secondly, that she would meet him the following day. It was with a heavy heart Hester bent over her work that evening. One, two, three days went by, and each day she met Frank Horton; the fourth, as she entered the parlour with her bonnet on, to ask, as was her custom, if her aunt wanted anything out, "No," said Mrs. Malpas, her harsh voice raised to its highest and harshest key, "you ungrateful, deceitful girl! I know what you want to go out for: take off your bonnet this moment, for out of the house you don't stir. Your young spark won't see you for one while, I can tell him."

Mechanically Hester obeyed: she took off her bonnet, and sat down. She knew she had done wrong, and she was far too unpractised in it to attempt a defence. Pale and trembling, she only attempted to conceal her tears. A few kind words, a tone of gentle remonstrance, and Mrs. Malpas might have moulded her to her will; but she was too angry, and reproach after reproach was showered upon the unhappy girl, till she could bear it no longer, and she left the room. Her aunt called her back, but she did not return. This was Hester's first act of open disobedience, and the indignation it excited was proportioned to the offence. Three more miserable days made up the week;—taunts, reproaches of every kind were lavished upon her—and what she felt most keenly was, that every person who came near the house was treated with an account of her falsehood and ingratitude, till at last Mr. Lowndes, the very person who gave the information, could not help exclaiming, "Lord, Mrs. Hester! she is not the first girl who did not tell every time she went out to meet her sweetheart."

If Hester was not the first girl, it would not be her aunt's fault if she was not the last—for not one moment in the twelve hours was there a cessation from the perpetual descant on the heinousness of her offence. On the Saturday night, after she had gone into her own room, the ser-

vant girl came up softly, and, giving her a letter, said, "Come, miss, don't take on so—I am sure no good will come of mistress's parting two true lovers; but dear, she never had one of her own—and such a handsome young man—but, Lord! is that her calling?" and the girl darted off, leaving Hester the letter.

A thrill of delight lighted up her pale face as she opened the precious epistle. Under any circumstances, what happiness, what an epoch in existence is the first love-letter!—and to Hester, who would have been thankful to a stranger for one word of kindness, what must not the page have seemed whose every word was tenderness? Frank wrote to say that he knew how she had been confined to the house—that he had kept purposely out of the way—and that he entreated her to meet him as she went to church the following Sunday—that he had something very important to tell her—and that he would never ask her to meet him again. Hester wondered in her own mind whether she should be allowed to go to church—trembled at the idea of thus profaning the sabbath—half resolved to confess all to her aunt—then found her courage sink at the idea of that aunt's severity—read the letter over again—and determined to meet him. She was late the ensuing morning, when Mrs. Hester came into her room, and exclaimed angrily, "So I suppose, as your spark has taken himself off, you do not want to go out? Please to make haste and get ready for church—I am sure you have need to pray for your sins."

Hester had not courage to reply. She dressed; and, after telling her she ought to be ashamed of making herself such a figure with crying, Mrs. Malpas dismissed both her and the servant to church. Very infirm, she herself rarely left the house, but used to read the service in the parlour, which was her sitting-room.

Trembling and miserable, Hester proceeded in the direction indicated by her lover; he was there before her,—and, with scarcely a word, she followed him hurriedly till they reached a more remote street, where, at least, neither were known. As they walked along, half Hester's attention had been given to the bell tolling for church; suddenly it ceased, and the silence smote upon her heart. Never before had she heard that bell cease but within the walls of the sacred edifice.

"Oh pray make haste—what can you have to say?—I shall be so late in church!" exclaimed she, breathless with haste and agitation.

"I shall not detain you again," replied he, in a low and broken voice. "Hester, I could not leave England without bidding you farewell, perhaps for ever!" She clung to his arm. To one who had never made but a single journey in all her life—whose idea of the world was composed of a small secluded village, and a few streets in a dull and unfrequented part of London—leaving England seemed like leaving life itself. "Yes, Hester," said her companion, gazing earnestly and sadly on her pale and anxious face, "I go on board to-day—I cannot stay here—I am off to America—I have done very wrong in renewing my acquaintance with you—but, with all my faults, I do love you, Hester, very truly and dearly. It was hard to leave my native country, and not leave one behind who would say 'God bless you!' when I left—or give me one kind thought when far, far away. I ask for no promise, Hester; but when I return, altered I hope for the better in every way, you will find Hester Malpas has been my hope and my object."

She could say nothing—the surprise of this departure overwhelmed every other feeling. She walked with him in silence—she listened to his words, and felt a vague sort of satisfaction in his expressions of attachment and fidelity; but she answered only by tears. Frank was the first to see the necessity of their parting. He accompanied her back to her aunt's, and Hester let herself in, as she had the key of the back-door. He followed her into the passage—he clasped her to his heart, and turned hastily away. Hester was not aware that he was gone till she heard the door close after him; she wanted consolation—it would have been a relief to have spoken to any one—she felt half inclined to seek her aunt and confess the meeting, but her courage failed, and she hurried into her own little room, where she was soon lost in a confused reverie which blended her aunt's anger and Frank's departure together.

Leaving her to the enjoyment (as people are said to enjoy a bad state of health) of her solitary and melancholy reverie, we will follow the worthy Mr. Lowndes out of church, who, leaving his wife to hurry home about dinner, declared his intention of paying Mrs. Hester Malpas a visit. The fact was, he had missed Hester from her accustomed place in church—thought that she was still kept prisoner to the house—and considering her to have been punished quite long enough, resolved to speak a word in her favour to her aunt. He knocked at the door, but instead of being let in with that promptitude which characterized all the movements of Mrs. Hester's household, he was kept waiting; he knocked again—still no answer. At this moment, just as Mr. Lowndes' temper was giving more way than the door, the servant girl came up, who had loitered longer on her way from church, arrived, and let them in together. She threw open the parlour door, but instantly sprung back with a scream. Mr. Lowndes advanced, but he, too, started back with an exclamation of horror. The girl caught hold of his arm, and both stood trembling for a moment, ere they mustered courage to enter that fated and fearful room. The presence of death is always awful, but death, the sudden and the violent, has a terror far beyond common and natural fear. The poor old lady was lying with her face on the floor, and the manner of her death was instantly obvious—a violent blow on the back of the head had fractured the skull, and a dark red stain marked the clean white cap, whence the blood was slowly trickling. They raised the body, and placed it in the large arm-chair, the customary seat of the deceased. “Good God! where is Miss Hester?” exclaimed Mr. Lowndes. The servant girl ran into the passage, and called at the foot of the stairs—she had not courage to ascend them. There was at first no answer—she called again—the door of Hester's apartment was opened slowly, and a light but hesitating step was heard. “Miss Hester, oh! Miss Hester, come down to your aunt.” Hester's faint and broken voice answered, “Not yet, not yet—I cannot bear it.”

Fatally were these words remembered against her. That evening saw the unfortunate girl confined in a solitary cell in Newgate. We shall only give the brief outline of the evidence that first threw, and then fixed the imputation of guilt upon her. It was evident that the murderer, whoever he was, had entered by the door: true, the window was open, but had any one entered through it there must have been the trace of footsteps on the little flower-bed of the small garden in front. The house, too, had been rifled by one who appeared to know it well, while

nothing but the most portable articles were taken—the few spoons, the old lady's watch, and whatever money there might have been, for not a shilling even was to be found anywhere. A letter, however, was found from Mr. Malpas to his sister, mentioning that Frank Horton, who had long been very wild, had been forced to quit the neighbourhood in consequence of having been engaged in an affray with some gamekeepers, and it was supposed that poaching was the least crime of the gang with whom he had been connected. The epistle concluded by a hope very earnestly expressed, that if, as common report went, Frank had gone up to London, he might not meet with Hester, and begging if he attempted to renew the acquaintance, a stop should be put to it at once. It was proved that Hester had met this young man several times in secret, the last in defiance of her aunt's express prohibition; that instead of going to church she had met him, and he had been seen leaving the house with all possible haste about the very time the murder had been committed, and he was traced to the river side. Two vessels had that morning sailed for America, but it was impossible to learn whether he was a passenger in either. Hester's own exclamation, too, seemed to confirm every suspicion, so did her terror, her confusion, and her bewildered manner. Every body said that she looked so guilty, and the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict for her committal.

It was a fine summer evening when Mr. Malpas and his family were seated, some in the porch of the cottage, while the younger children were scattered about the garden. There was an expression of cheerfulness in the face of the parents very different to the harsh, hard despondency of a twelvemonth since; and Hester, as her mother always prognosticated she would, had indeed brought a blessing on her family. Many an anxious glance was cast down the road, for to-day the post came in, and one of the boys had been dispatched to the village to see if there was a letter from Hester. The child was soon discovered running at full speed, and a letter was in his hand. "It is not my sister's handwriting," said he, with the blank look of disappointment. Mr. Malpas opened the epistle, which was from Mr. Lowndes, and broke kindly, though abruptly, his daughter's dreadful situation. The unhappy father sunk back senseless in his seat, and in care for his recovery Mrs. Malpas had a brief respite—but she, too, had to learn the wretched truth. How that miserable day passed no words may tell. Early next morning Mr. Malpas woke from the brief but heavy sleep of complete exhaustion; the cold grey light glared in from the window—he started from his seat, for he had never gone to bed—it was but a moment's oblivion, for the whole truth rose terrible and distinct. In such a state solitude was no relief, and he sought his wife to consult with her on the necessity of his going to London. He found only his other daughter, who had scarcely courage to tell him that her mother had already departed for town, and to give him the few scarcely legible lines which his wife had left.

The next evening, and Mrs. Malpas had found her way to the cell of her unhappy child. All was over—she had been tried and found guilty, not of the actual murder, but of abetting and concealing it, and the following morning was the one appointed when the sentence of the law was to be carried into effect. "This is not Hester!" exclaimed Mrs. Malpas, when she entered the cell: and even from a mother's lips the ejaculation might be excused, so little resemblance was there between

the pale emaciated creature before her, and the bright and blooming girl with whom she had parted. Hester was seated on the side of the iron bedstead—her hands clasping her knees, rocking herself to and fro, with a low monotonous moan, which would rather have seemed to indicate bodily pain than mental anguish. Her long hair—that long and beautiful brown hair of which her mother had been so proud—hung dishevelled over her shoulders, but more than half of it was grey. Her eyes were dim and sunk in her head, and looked straight forward, with a blank stupid expression. Her mother whispered her name—Hester made no answer; she took one of her hands—the prisoner drew it pettishly away. That live-long night the mother watched by her child—but that child never knew her again. After some time she seemed soothed by those kind and gentle caresses, but she never gave the slightest token of knowing from whom they came.

Morning arrived at last. With what loathing horror did Mrs. Malpas watch the dim grey light mark the dull outline of the grated window! The morning reddened, and as the first crimson touched Hester's face as it rested sleeping on her mother's shoulder, somewhat of its former beauty came back to that fair young face. She slept long, though it was a disturbed and convulsive slumber. She was roused by a noise in the passage—bolt and bar fell heavily; there was the sound of many steps—strange dark faces appeared at the door. They came to take the prisoner to the place of execution! The men approached Hester—they raised her from her seat—they bound her round childish arms behind her. The mother clung to her child, but that child clung not in return. Mrs. Malpas sunk, though still retaining her hold, on the floor. With what humanity such an office permitted, they disengaged her grasp—they bore away the unresisting prisoner—the door closed, and the wretched mother had looked upon her child for the last time.

It was about a twelvemonth after the execution of Hester Malpas that the family were seated again, on a fine summer evening, round the door of their cottage; but a dreadful alteration had taken place in all. The father and mother looked bowed to the very earth—the very children shrunk away if a stranger passed by. Mr. Malpas had inherited his sister's property, much more considerable than had ever been supposed; but though necessity forced its use, he loathed it like a curse. An unusual sight now—the postman was seen approaching—he brought Mr. Malpas a newspaper. He shuddered as he took it, for he knew Mr. Lowndes's handwriting again. He opened it mechanically, and a large “read this” directed his attention to a particular paragraph. It was the confession of a Jew watchmaker, who had just been executed for burglary; and, among other crimes, he stated that he was the real murderer of Mrs. Hester Malpas, for which a young woman, her niece, had been executed. He had entered the window by means of a plank thrown from the garden railing to the casement, when with one blow he stunned the old lady, who was reading. Mr. Malpas went no further—the thick and blinding tears fell heavily on the paper—he could not read it aloud, but he put it into his wife's hand, with a broken ejaculation, “Thank God, she was innocent!”

* * * The facts of the Jew committing the murder, and the old lady's niece being hanged, are perfectly true. It happened in Wapping some forty years since.

THE GOVERNMENT AND THE TRADES' UNIONS *.

It is just three years ago since the Whigs entered the cabinet with the decided approbation of ninety-nine out of every hundred men in the empire. When, in 1832, they were obliged to resign office, in consequence of the opposition of the Peers to the first Reform Bill, they were literally borne back to the seat of power upon the shoulders of the people. They have since done wonders in the way of legislation, and in the preparation of further improvements. Ireland pacified—the reduction of her enormous church establishment actually commenced—the monopoly of the East India Company overthrown—the West India slavery abolished—several obnoxious taxes repealed—public expenditure materially diminished—great improvements realized, greater still promised, in almost every department of the law—inquests going on into the state of the corporations, from which we may expect the most beneficial results—these are all, we may truly say, so many titles, on the part of the government, to the sincere and lasting gratitude of every person who feels a genuine interest in the welfare of the country.

The difficulties which the Whigs have had to contend against are known, in all their extent, only to those who are initiated in the secrets of the cabinet. There was hardly any measure of reform which they could propose sufficiently extensive to satisfy the growing wishes of the people, or sufficiently limited to disarm the hostility of the Peers. While the Radicals taunted them with making sacrifices of principle to the Upper House, that House itself characterised them as traitors to the crown and the constitution. Amongst themselves, it is well known that the elements of dissension exist in some force. As far as the property of the church is concerned, Mr. Stanley is a Tory of the old school. Lord Durham, to whose manly understanding and political courage we owe, in a great measure, the reform statute, quitted the cabinet under the pretext of ill health, but really because his views of church reform could never be reconciled with those of Mr. Stanley. Earl Grey has had the good fortune, by giving way upon some points, and by postponing others, to keep the ministry together, and to that fine Fabian policy by which his counsels have been inspired, we are indebted principally for all the conquests which the people have yet won from the aristocracy. Compelled, however, to preserve, as much as possible, a middle course between the extreme parties on each side, the Whigs may, on some momentous occasion—probably the taxes, or the reform of the English church—be placed apparently in the wrong by both, so as to bring their power into the hazard of a sudden but irrecoverable termination.

The resistance that has been recently offered to the collection of the assessed taxes points to some of the numerous difficulties, which must seriously embarrass the government at no distant period. It is obvious that these taxes must be altogether repealed, for the country will not continue to pay them. The agricultural interest will next demand, and with equal reason and force, the total removal of the malt tax. If the

* We feel ourselves bound to lay before the public these remarks, from the pen of a very able correspondent. They will afford matter for serious reflection, even to those who may not fully subscribe to the opinions of the writer.

public establishments be preserved on their present scale ; that is to say, if the royal family are to be maintained at the expense of half a million per annum—if pensions to the amount of another half million are still to be paid—if seven millions and a half are to be raised for the use of the army, and nearly six millions for that of the navy—and above all, if twenty-seven millions are to be created annually for the purpose of discharging the interest of the national debt—we should be glad to know whence the Chancellor of the Exchequer is to obtain funds adequate for those different claims, if he be obliged to relinquish the two classes of impost above mentioned ? It is said that he must propose a property tax. A property tax ! Who is there that does not remember the indignant eloquence with which a revenue of that description was attacked at the close of the late war ? It may as well be proclaimed at once, for it is the conclusion to which the country will eventually come, that a tax which will convert every collector into a spy—which will compel the gentleman of estate, and the merchant of capital, and the professional man even of limited practice, to disclose the actual net amount of his income to the state,—will never again be tolerated in England. Perhaps, indeed, if a powerful enemy were sailing up the Channel, our fleets having been previously swept from the seas—if our wives and daughters were threatened with pollution—our sacred homes put in danger of being levelled to the earth—our temples overturned—our troops flying in despair from the front of countless hosts flushed with triumph—perhaps, in such a case as this, our rent-rolls, our debentures, our mortgages, our books of fees, our incumbrances, and our gains, would be laid open without hesitation to the world ; but no state of circumstances much short of this would ever reconcile the country to a property-tax. Modify it as the ministers may—hedge it round as they can with all possible safeguards for the personal liberty of the subject, still it must always be of an inquisitorial character, and therefore in decided opposition not only to the feeling of the times, but to the genius of the constitution.

What then, it remains to be asked, will the Ministers do ? What *can* they do ? A property tax will deprive them of the support of the country gentlemen and the capitalists, who will very justly look upon it as nothing more or less than a confiscation of their revenues for the benefit of the lower classes. The lower classes threaten to rise in open insurrection if the assessed taxes be not abandoned. Is there any party prepared to take into their keeping the helm of the state, who will at once disband the army, annihilate all pensions without exception, appropriate to the uses of the state the whole property of the church, and reduce the official salaries to the American scale ? The Radicals say that they are prepared to do all this, and even much more. But who are the Radicals ? Have they any men of real weight and talent amongst them ?

That a government must speedily be formed of individuals able and determined to redeem the country from its increasing difficulties, it requires no power of divination to foresee. The choice was three years ago between the Tories and the Whigs ; before another session elapses, the choice must be between the Whigs and those who are disposed to act on Radical principles, unless both are prepared to surrender the vessel of the state to a new party, which has already acquired a considerable degree of strength, and is actuated by pretensions of the most formidable description.

To this party, led by a few vain and ignorant persons of property, who look upon all our institutions with hatred, and composed of the great body of the manufacturing labourers of the kingdom, nothing whatever would be sacred. Having just arrived at that stage of education where presumption begins, and knowledge is dim and defective, they have acquired a general idea, that, as long as they continue to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, so long they shall be in a degraded situation. They have read, in some books of political economy, that labour is wealth. This proposition they look to as their polar star. Not considering that wealth is really capable of being created only by him who, already possessing some capital, applies it to the purpose of combining the exertions of the industrious for his own advantage, these visionaries maintain that the labour of each individual ought to be convertible, like a Bank note, into gold, from which premise they forthwith draw the conclusion, that those who labour ought to be the possessors of all the land and treasure of the country.

With a view to carry this doctrine into effect, a plan of extensive organization has been already adopted and acted upon in London and the manufacturing districts. Each trade forms a lodge, or class, consisting of ten or fifteen individuals; these classes meet weekly, and select delegates, who assist at provincial lodges, or associations, which meet every month. These associations have in their hands the complete control of all the trades; they appoint delegates to a general assembly, which they call a Congress, which has already met once in Birmingham, once in London, and is appointed to hold its next *session* at Barnsley about the commencement of spring. The members of this *imperium in imperio* are bound to each other by secret oaths. They have their unstamped newspapers, by means of which they communicate with each other in every part of the kingdom; and they contribute to the formation of local funds, which are made available to their support whenever they choose to absent themselves from their ordinary occupations. Thus the machinery of agitation is nearly perfect, and unless strong measures be taken for breaking it up in time, it will enable the weavers and the potters to dictate laws to the empire. The volcano is not discovered until it breaks into a flame, and then the elements of mischief being already in full operation, the only chance left to the villagers at the foot of the mountain, from whose summit the lava rolls its flood, is to fly from their ancient hearths and tombs to some spot beyond the range of the eruption. The materials in process of admixture for the creation of a moral volcano may sometimes be detected before they can be effectually combined, as in the present case; but the affinities must be neutralized before they shall have become too powerful for external existence.

It cannot be dissembled that this task—one which must soon be undertaken by the legislature, whoever may be in the cabinet—will be attended with some difficulty. We may easily repress by force of arms the overt manifestations of any principles which are incompatible with social order; but the sedition which now walks abroad assumes the garb of speculative opinion. It affects to be not disobedient to the existing laws, but says that they ought all to be repealed. Discussion is free. Meetings are held without molestation, in which doctrines of the most subversive tendency are maintained by argument, and applauded by enthusiastic audiences. Those doctrines are rapidly propagated from town to town

through the medium of penny journals. The time of action is postponed until the sentiments of the malcontents shall have become universal amongst the labouring classes, and then, if no measures of counteraction shall have been previously enforced, we shall certainly behold every mill, loom and steam-engine in the country stopped in one day by a simultaneous act of the whole body, in conformity with a decree of congress.

Now this will not be insurrection; it will be simply passive resistance. The men may remain at leisure: there is and can be no law to compel them to work against their will. They may walk the streets or fields with their arms folded. They will wear no swords, carry no muskets, assemble no train of artillery, seize upon no fortified places. They will present no column for an army to attack, no multitude for the Riot Act to disperse. They merely abstain, when their funds are sufficient, from going to work for one week, or one month, throughout the three kingdoms;—and what happens in consequence? Bills are dishonoured—the Gazette teems with bankruptcies—capital is destroyed—the revenue fails—the system of government falls into confusion—and every link in the chain which binds society together is broken in a moment by this inert conspiracy of the poor against the rich. The Trades' Unions have, in some places, already offered to take into their own hands the establishments of two or three manufacturers, whom they actually drove out of the neighbourhood by combinations. Should the day of general distress arrive, to which they look forward as the era of their felicity, they hope that they may be enabled to purchase, at a depreciated price, the abandoned factories, and mines, and fields; and that then labour shall indeed be wealth, in the only meaning which, according to their views, ought to attach to that phrase.

But is there any reasonable objection, it may be asked, to a labourer becoming a capitalist if he can? Certainly no objection that we know of. No country has produced more animating instances of industrious poor men winning their way to great opulence, and even to political influence, than England. Such events occur every day before our own eyes; and there are very few things of which we ought, as a nation, to be more proud, than of the existence amongst us of a numerous class of self-elevated individuals, who are not ashamed to call themselves plebeians, and whose riches very frequently throw the sumptuousness of the ancient aristocracy into the shade. But when we are desired to carry this doctrine farther, and to admit as just and reasonable the pretensions of those who say that, because they labour, therefore they ought, *in a mass*, to become the proprietors of all the factories, as well as of the capitals by means of which the factories have been erected and hitherto maintained, we answer, without hesitation, that such a demand is a menace of universal plunder, and that it ought to be met with all the power of resistance which society can bring against it.

The objects of these Unionists might be rendered less ridiculous in theory, and less mischievous in practice, if it could be shown that it is possible for an unlimited number of partners, composed of all the members of a trade, to carry on business for their common benefit, even for a single month. Supposing that they had already accumulated a fund adequate for the maintenance of a large manufactory, still they must work, in order to render their capital productive. But when the season

of dull sales arrives; when, by the competition of foreign or other markets, their cloths or their hardware are lowered in price; when vicissitudes—too frequent in all trades—occur, and the capital is consumed in wages,—what, then, would become of the thirty thousand members of the independent union? Would perfect harmony preside over their commercial operations?—would they be sure of receiving even a quarter of the wages to which they now object?

We remember lately to have read, in one of the operative journals, a speech of a journeyman printer, who proclaimed himself and his fellow-compositors to be the real sources of all knowledge. “We are the persons,” said he, “who find the words by means of which knowledge is communicated.” But what would the types be in his hands if he had not before him the manuscript of the author? To what use could he convert his time, if his employer had not found the very types which it is his business to arrange? Who could pay him his wages, if there were no paper to receive impressions from those types, no bookseller to distribute the folded sheets, in the shape of books, to the public, or no public to buy them? Nevertheless, the compositors are just as much the sources of all knowledge, as the operatives are the producers of wealth. They are a part of the instrumentality by which wealth is created, undoubtedly; but they are very far from being the whole. Each assists, in his department, to the accomplishment of the object in view; each is necessary and useful in his sphere. But let all the operatives in the kingdom combine to work only for themselves and by themselves, and they will soon discover the fallacy of the absurd theories which at present appear to their eyes clothed in all the fascinations of novelty.

“The happiness and harmony of mankind,” says a Unionist of Yeovil, “render it necessary that the great body of the working people *should* be owners of house and land. Justice requires this,—that those who build the houses and cultivate the soil should build houses for themselves, and raise the produce of this soil, and then labour for their *own enjoyment*, rather than for the enjoyment of others—a numerically inconsiderable minority.” In these two sentences, the whole doctrine of the Trades' Unions may be said to be comprised, so far as their immediate objects are concerned. It contemplates a state of wild nature, in which no such thing as the right of property is known. It leads the operatives to suppose that they would be justified, simply by the title of labour, in taking possession of the houses which they assist in building, and of the fields which they help to cultivate. But suppose that species of title to be established by force, or by law, how long would the new occupant remain in possession of his acquisitions? Why, exactly as long as he would be able to maintain it by superiority of physical power. The moment he should receive assistance from the mason and the reaper, his title would be transferred to them, and they would have, in every respect, as good a right as himself to his habitation and his land. Is there any man in his sober senses who can imagine, that social or individual happiness could exist for a week under such a system of perpetual ejectionment as this?

“Far different,” says another of these Unionists, “from the paltry objects of all former combinations is that now aimed at by the congress of delegates. Their reports show that an entire change in society,—a change amounting to a complete subversion of the existing order of the

world,—is contemplated by the working classes. . They aspire to be at the top instead of the bottom of society !” This is language which could not have been uttered, unless the writer felt that he had a mass of Unionists behind him, prepared to carry his declamations into practice, if they can. The first revolution of France was prompted by a desire of universal equality. Every man aspired to be on a level with his neighbour ; all were to be citizens of the republic ; and talent alone was allowed to create any distinction. But the Unionists of England entertain the hope of becoming the absolute rulers of the other sections of the community. It is not equality which they want, but positive superiority. They must enjoy all the wealth of the country ; and those who are now in affluent or easy circumstances must become Helots under the new order of things. These announcements are the open commencement of a Servile war, which it is the duty of every honest man to meet at once with the most vigorous determination. No doctrines half so pernicious as these were propagated in Ireland, when that country was placed under a system of military coercion.

But we must not stop here. It is manifest, beyond all doubt, that our operative classes are completely demoralized ; that they have lost all sense of religion, of honesty, and fair dealing ; and that if they be permitted to proceed for a few years more in the habits which they have now acquired, they will destroy the foundations of our national industry. They must be compelled to send their children to well-regulated schools. The time has arrived when, if we really desire to secure the peace and prosperity of the country, we must adopt and enforce a universal system of education. The press has now become so active in every town and village of the empire, that we can erect no defences against the promulgation of the most unblushing immorality, unless the country take into its own hands the care of training up in sound principles the rising generations.

Perhaps, also, it may be found, upon calm reflection, that the condition of the manufacturing labourers is susceptible of some improvements, likely to be beneficial as well to themselves as to those by whom they are employed. We think that they ought, for instance, to possess the elective franchise to any extent which may be really consistent with a discreet use of that valuable privilege. This would render them more respectable members of society, and would impose on them a degree of responsibility which would oblige them to look to their characters. It would tend, moreover, to remove some of those social barriers that separate our population too much into castes, and which are always productive of evil, by awakening a feeling of disdain on one side, and of hatred on the other. It is in vain to disguise the fact, that, since the conclusion of the late war, men’s minds, not only in this country, but throughout Europe, have been in a state of ferment portentous of important modifications in the whole frame of society. The changes which have taken place in France and Belgium are the results of the power of popular opinion. The movements which have occurred in Spain, Naples, the Roman States, Germany, and Poland, have been subdued by artillery ; but the matches are kept lighted, the guns remain pointed at their last level, from a consciousness, on the part of the victors, that the battle must again be fought. They feel that the two great principles,—government by force—government by opinion,—are committed in a conflict

which can acknowledge no compromise. With us, the latter has obtained the ascendant; whence it has become impracticable for any ministry to remain long in office, unless they resolve uniformly to obey the impulse which is given them by the general sentiment of the country.

The pamphlet lately put together by the different departments of the state has run through eight editions within a few months. It has been eulogized in the leading newspapers, and made the text of much eloquent oratory, by official dependents, in several parts of the country. No honourable and candid man can read that production without confessing, that it exhibits a very plausible, and even a substantial, case in favour of the present Cabinet. But are the Ministers, in point of fact, popular? Three years ago, the Lord Mayor's festival was postponed, because the Duke of Wellington durst not venture to go to Guildhall: on the ninth of last month, his health was drunk in the same hall with a burst of enthusiasm which threw that of the Lord Chancellor and of the President of the Council into the shade. Was it the intention of the citizens of London to express, in this manner, their admiration for the political principles of the Duke? Not at all. It was but a decent mode of reprehending Lord Grey.

We admire Lord Grey as much as the most devoted of his followers, and we feel sincerely grateful to his government for all the solid benefits which it has conferred on the country; at the same time, we cannot but perceive that his Cabinet is scarcely possessed of the vigour which the times require. Neither in boldness of decision, nor in energy of conception, do they keep pace with the spirit of universal amelioration which characterizes the day. The ideas of government which the Unionists entertain are extravagant; and, if attempted to be carried into execution, must be resisted. But they are undoubtedly mingled with some elements which, sooner or later, will assume a tangible and practical form, though they may not be strongly developed in any investigation to which they can at present be subjected. The Unionists are misled, by selfish views, to the adoption of extreme doctrines, which will speedily be destroyed; but something will have been gained in the mean time. Some principles may be met with by an active Ministry on the way, which may prepare the world for the more equal distribution of wealth, destined eventually to exist in all civilized communities. The certain failure that awaits the violent and subversive notions which now prevail, will accelerate the progress of sounder notions in everything that relates to religion, morality, and legislation. Thus the coral insects are busily engaged in raising from the deep a series of edifices which, in time, become their own tombs: but the additions of each generation remain; the work rises higher and higher, until it reaches the surface of the waves, where it detains a variety of floating materials, until, at length, it shuts out the waters as the bulwark of a new continent.

M. M.

SIMON TECHY.

A CHARACTER.

THERE are many thin-skinned people in the world : but Simon Techy seemed to have no skin at all. Every person alive is vulnerable at some one point or another : a cuticle of the texture of parchment has a tender place *somewhere*, which will quiver at a breath ; but Techy was sensitive all over ; and as for a cuticle, it was as if Nature had left him unprovided with any such garment, and sent him to walk about the world in his *cutis*. He would wince at an accidental word or look, which might mean nothing, as though you had tickled him with the tip of a red-hot poker. You were never safe with him ; he seldom parted from you without leaving an impression on your mind that you had given him pain or offence, though wondering what about ; and, be as cautious in your conduct towards him as you could, fifty to one you had done so. Address him as “ Techy,” he would complain that it was to mark his inferiority, *as a tradesman*, that you addressed him so familiarly. Call him “ Sir,” he could at once “ see through this sort of mock-respect.” Say to him, in passing, “ How d’ye do, Mr. Techy ?” and within an hour he would write you a long letter, complaining of your very marked coldness, and requesting you would inform him what he had done to deserve it. Indeed, the very effort to please him, or to avoid the opposite consequence, would not unfrequently provoke his displeasure. He was not *quite* so dull (he would tell you) as to be insensible to the rebuke ; yet he really did not know why *he* was to be treated with such PUNCTILIOUS CONSIDERATION. However, he was not offended—not in the least ; on the contrary, he *thanked* you for the LESSON ; and when he had DULY PROFITED by it he trusted he should be allowed to *renew* his intercourse with you,—but upon *easier terms*. *Till then*, he thought it best for both parties that he should decline, &c. &c.—And all this he would utter (as a printer would say) in italics and small capitals. Not only was the whole human race—men, women, and children—continually and purposely, as he fancied, treading upon the toes of his dignity, or (to use his own favourite phrase) “ the proper respect which he entertained for himself ;”—the brute creation, nay, the very elements, seemed, to him, in league to treat him discourteously. No dog barked, not a cat mewed, at his approach, but had some offensive motive for the act : a sudden shower of rain was a premeditated insult ; a north-east wind a gross personal affront. He has even been known to sulk with his fire ; and to sit for a whole evening in the cold, because it resisted his first two or three insinuating attempts to rouse it into a blaze with the poker : “ To any one but me,” he would mutter, “ this would not have happened.”

Simon Techy had been—(“ I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead.”) However, since he is no longer of this world, I will venture to utter the word, although I do so at the risk of causing him to turn in his coffin. Simon Techy had been—a tradesman ; but his trade being that of a printseller in an extensive way, it led him into an intimacy with most of the eminent artists and *virtuosi* of his time, and, generally, introduced him to a higher grade of society than shop-

keepers of many other descriptions can aspire to. For a man tempered as he was, and one whose mind was not sufficiently ballasted with good sense, (as may be inferred from his character,) this was perhaps an unlucky circumstance: it placed him in a false position. Being a shop-keeper, he was not, in one particular acceptation of the term, a gentleman; and as the occasional associate of gentlemen, he was *above* being looked upon as a tradesman. He reminded one, in *his* way, of Molière's Monsieur Jourdain: he was not a print-seller; he was only so generous as to make presents of fine engravings to his friends and the public, whilst the public and his friends were so liberal as to make him presents of money in return for them. He never alluded to his business except through some such mollifying circumlocution, as "the particular occupation in which I happen to be engaged;" he called his shop an office, his customers clients, his clerk a secretary, his shopmen his deputies, and his errand-boy a messenger. By degrees he grew rich, and more than in proportion with his wealth his self-importance increased. At his outset in the business, in which he succeeded his uncle, his spacious window exhibited a large number of choice engravings, and you walked from the street directly into his shop. Gradually the window was diminished in size, and fewer prints were paraded; till, at length, a passage with an inner door was constructed, which door, always closed, was ornamented with a large brass plate, bearing the word *Office*; and the once well-stocked window now gave "the world assurance of a" print-shop, by only one print of George the Third on horseback, (for it was in the days of that good king that Mr. Techy flourished,) and this was surrounded with gauze blinds. Even this very faint "smell of the shop" was too exciting for poor Simon's nerves, and, after a time, he consulted a friend upon the possibility of inventing some mode of suppressing it. He talked long, and in a roundabout style, (as a man does who, having mystified his own understanding, tries to do the same by his auditors!) about his being "not exactly what you would call a shop-keeper," and his shop being "not altogether what is called a shop;" and concluded with—"And, now, what would you recommend me to do with that window of mine to prevent the public supposing that I keep a mere print-shop?"

"Nothing in the world easier," laughingly replied his friend; "remove George the Third, and exhibit some soap and candles in his place, and, instead of a print-shop, the devil himself would never guess it to be anything but a tallow-chandler's."

"O, that's *your* opinion, Sir, is it?" said Simon; and away he went.

The next morning his friend, who was also one of his most valuable *clients*, received his bill, or, as Techy termed it, "a memorandum of the mutual transactions between them," inclosed in a letter consisting of seven closely-written pages—for thin-skinned people are prone to indulge in the writing of what they consider to be *fine* letters on any the slightest presumed cause of offence. In four different places in his dignified epistle, and in as many various forms of phrase, did Techy complain that, "Did you not, Sir, owing to the occupation in which I am for the present (and *for the present ONLY*) engaged, consider me, Sir, as your *inferior* in society, you never, Sir, would have ventured," &c.;—five times did he assure his friend that his "dignity as a man, and that respect which every man (*whatever*, Sir, may be his *STATION* in life) is bound to entertain for himself," rendered it imperatively necessary that all inter-

course between them must then, and there, and for ever cease; and in these emphatic words did he conclude:—"And now, Sir, I am willing to throw myself upon the opinion of the universe, and to stand or fall by its decision, whether, Sir, the annals of the intercourse between man and man, from time immemorial, can furnish another instance, Sir, of so unpardonable an affront being put by one *gentleman* upon *another*, (and allow me to say, Sir, that notwithstanding the occupation in which I happen to be engaged, I consider myself *as such*)—as your advising soap and candles to be exhibited in the windows of, Sir, your very obedient, &c."

But Mr. Techy took nothing by his motion. A few hours after this magnificent explosion of offended dignity, I chanced to be in his *office*. His countenance, which was always more or less tinged with a bilious hue, was, upon this occasion (doubtless from the excessive irritation of the [ill]humours) as yellow as a guinea.*

"You appear to be indisposed," said I.

"Indisposed, Sir!" exclaimed he, at the same time twitching his shirt collar, and twisting his cravat; "indisposed! that's very odd—very! Pray—allow me—*pray* allow me to ask, do you mean anything by that question?"

"I mean exactly what I say. I may be mistaken; but you appear to be a little indisposed; to be suffering a little from a bilious attack."

"Bilious! Now, really, if I didn't well know that you wouldn't wilfully affront me, I should fancy that——No, Sir, I know how to resent any attack upon my dignity as a man; but *that once done*, I never suffer it to worry me—to prey upon my temper; in short, to *excite* my *bile*, as you would insinuate."

"Indeed I meant to insinuate nothing."

"Come, come, my dear Sir, you know what I allude to. You have heard—you *must* have heard—it must be the town-talk by this time—all London must be ringing with it. *Me* bilious! It was a letter to make *somebody* look bilious, I admit; though not exactly me. However, he brought it upon himself, and has nobody *but* himself to thank for whatever its effects upon him may be."

"You are speaking to me in riddles. I don't understand a word of all you have been saying."

"No! Indeed! O, then, I'll tell you the whole story, and *read* you *my letter*. You may then give me *your* opinion." Hereupon he told his story about nothing with such extraordinary gravity, and at so unconscionable a length, that I nearly fell asleep under the operation; and, that ended, he read his letter with an air of such ludicrous importance—looking at me whenever he came to any point which he considered to be overwhelmingly powerful, or as if each sentence had been a thunderbolt hurled at his offender's head—that it was with great difficulty I could refrain from laughing outright.

"And now that the thing is done," said he, as he folded up the *brouillon* of his terrible epistle—(accompanying his words with a sigh

* Some one remarking to Major O'D—— that a mutual friend of theirs was looking as yellow as "a guinea; "Is it a guinea he is looking like?" exclaimed the Major; "you should have seen the poor fellow, as I saw him, in India; *there* he was looking as yellow as five guineas at least."

and a shake of the head expressive of his regret at having thus remorselessly annihilated a fellow-creature)—“and now that the thing is done, I wish I had not been *quite* so severe, for he used, *generally*, to treat me with *respect*. However,”—and here came another sigh,—“however, his best friends will admit that, as I said before, he brought it upon himself. Yet I wonder he has not sent me an answer! Some sort of an excuse he *must* make; don’t *you* think so?”

Before I had time to reply, Colonel S——, the party in question, entered the place: much to the astonishment, and no little to the disappointment of Simon Techy, who, by this visit, was deprived of a written reply, which would infallibly have provoked a rejoinder, and, perhaps, led to a protracted paper-war:—a mode of hostility in which he, like most thin-skinned people, took especial delight.

The Colonel shook me by the hand, nodded good-humouredly to Techy, deliberately drew a huge letter from his pocket, and laughed. Techy, who had drawn himself up at the rate of fifteen inches to the foot, and put on an awfully-pompous look, (which, by-the-by, it was hardly possible to behold and yet maintain one’s gravity,) was utterly disconcerted by this unexpected movement of the Colonel’s: it entirely deranged his plan of battle.

“Really, Sir,” stammered Simon, “really—aw—this unexpected—aw—I—aw—under the—aw—circumstances—aw——”

During this time Colonel S—— had quietly torn the letter into quarters, and (not *thrown* it, but) let it *drop* into the fire.”

“My dear Mr. Techy,” said he, addressing, with imperturbable good humour, his would-have-been adversary, “*that* is the only notice I shall take of your very—*very* ill-considered letter. Any one less your friend than I am might have used it greatly to your disadvantage. But be under no alarm about it: I give you my word I have not shown it to a living soul; for you *must* know how much the laugh would have been against you had I taken so unfriendly a course—besides——”

Techy now made an ineffectual attempt to rally his forces, but the Colonel pressed his advantage.

“Besides, my dear Mr. Techy, *the injury it might have done you in your business!*”

The effect of this “besides” upon Techy was like that of the last charge of the Guards at Waterloo upon Napoleon: Techy was defeated beyond all hope of recovery. There was no need of any more; yet the Colonel added, “As to your bill, which you have sent me, you may, if you please, have a cheque for it now; but as I don’t intend to withdraw my custom from you, it may as well remain till Christmas.”

These words fell unheeded on the ear of Techy, as fall the shouts of the multitude on that of the dying criminal. For a week after this encounter, the crest-fallen Simon, upon whose dignity the tables had been so unexpectedly and unmercifully turned, did not “show.” Some reports went that he had gone into the country; but it was most generally believed that he had taken to his bed with a bilious attack. At about the period of his re-appearance, George the Third was deposed from his station in the *office*-window, and for his gracious presence was substituted a transparent blind bearing the dignified and respectable words, MR. TECHY’S GALLERY.

Men who are “above their business,” or, to use a more vulgar phrase,

—(and it unfortunately happens that vulgar phrases are sometimes superlatively expressive,)—who “quarrel with their bread-and-butter,” are seldom successful in their vocation. To most of those the bread-and-butter is doled out in very thin slices—many of them get none at all. The case of Simon was no exception to this rule. In proportion as the irritation increased to which Mr. Techy’s “dignity,” and the “respect which he owed to himself,” rendered him liable, the number of his clients diminished. This defalcation, which his Christmas accounts insisted most disrespectfully upon his acknowledging, he attributed to unfair competition in the trade, to private malice, to public enmity, to everything, in short, but its true cause; till at length “the particular occupation in which he happened to be engaged” ceasing, from want of “clients,” to *be* an occupation, he sold his “gallery,” and retired into private life, upon three hundred a-year, which, luckily for him, he possessed, independently of his *sho*—that is to say his *office*.

He was now, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman; for he lived upon his means, and had nothing to do. Whether or not, no human being ever manifested the slightest intention to dispute his claim to the title. His dignity and self-respect were not likely to be invaded. Yet was Simon still less at his ease than before. His friends were either too warm or too cold with him, too distant or too familiar. Did you give him a friendly nod in passing—he was *now* as good as yourself, and could not understand why you should not have stopped to talk with him. Did you stop and shake him familiarly by the hand—he did not like that sort of patronage from any one who was *now* no more than his equal. If, when he made a morning call, he was invited to stay and dine—it was an offensive hint that they thought him not as well able, *now*, as formerly, to provide himself with a dinner. Was he allowed to depart uninvited—there *was* a time when he should not have been treated with such insulting neglect. He unceremoniously refused to dine with Lord R——, one of his former “clients,” because the invitation was for *Sunday*: “He saw through that: why did his lordship select that particular day? all days were at his disposal *now*: it was evidently in allusion to his late ‘occupation,’ and he would not submit to such disrespectful treatment from the best lord in the land.” In fact, any allusion, intentional or not, to his “late occupation,” was, of all offences, the gravest that could be offered to his dignity and self-respect. It was dangerous to talk about prints in his presence; and if a few engravings happened to be scattered upon a table in a room which he entered, he had no doubt on his mind they had been placed there purposely to remind him that he had been a print-seller.

No one can sit long at ease upon a barrel of gunpowder. As formerly his ill-conditioned spirit had driven his “clients” from him, so now did it gradually detach from him his friends. One by one they fell from him: for the task of quarrel and reconciliation, of apology and explanation for slights and offences which existed nowhere but in his own hyper-sensitive mind, became at length too irksome for their endurance. At last he quarrelled with me! me, the most inoffensive of heaven’s creatures! I met him one day in Regent-street. “Mr. Techy,” said I, “you, I dare say, can help to decide a wager for me: it is concerning the age of Raphael Morghen: pray how old—?”

“Sir,” exclaimed he, with the fierceness of a bantam, “I understand

why *I* am singled out for this offensive question. Good morning, Sir."

For the soul of me I could not perceive where lay the offence; but, meeting him the next morning, I resolved to request of him a solution of the mystery.

"My dear Mr. Techy," said I, "I give you my word that, when I asked you the age of Raphael Morghen, I had no idea of offending you: but he, being a celebrated engraver, I thought you were the most likely person to——"

"Sir," he replied, (and as he spoke his yellow face reddened, and his head seemed to be growing out and away from his shoulders with indignation,)—"Sir, this is adding insult to injury."

From that instant I never saw him more.

But soon an affront was to be put upon him for which no apology would be offered. He had eaten voraciously of a sour gooseberry pudding. At two o'clock on the following morning he was taken violently ill, and, before ten, Simon Techy was no more! His last faint words were—"We must all die—I am resigned to my fate—but it is very humiliating—to one's dignity and self-respect—to be taken off—without reasonable notice—and—by so undignified a thing, too, as a gooseberry dumpling!"

P*.

STANZAS.

I know it is not made to last,
 The dream which haunts my soul;
 The shadow even now is cast
 Which soon will wrap the whole.

Ah! waking dreams that mock the day
 Have other end than those,
 Which come beneath the moonlight ray,
 And charm the eyes they close.

The vision colouring the night
 'Mid bloom and brightness wakes,
 Banished by morning's cheerful light,
 Which gladdens while it breaks.

But dreams which fix the waking eye
 With deeper spells than sleep,
 When hours unnoted pass us by,
 From such we wake and weep.

We wake,—but not to sleep again;
 The heart has lost its youth,—
 The morning light which wakes us then,
 Calm, cold, and stern, is Truth.

I know all this, and yet I yield
 My spirit to the snare,
 And gather flowers upon the field,
 Though Woe and Fate are there.

The maid divine, who bound her wreath
 On Etna's fatal plain,
 Knew not the foe that lurked beneath
 The summer-clad domain.

But I—I read my doom aright,
 I snatch a few glad hours,
 Then where will be the past delight—
 And where my gathered flowers ?

Gone—gone for ever ! let them go ;
 The present is my meed—
 Aye let me worship, ere I know
 The falsehood of my creed.

The time may come—they say it must—
 When thou, my idol now,
 Like all we treasure and we trust,
 Will mock the votive vow.

And when the temple's on the ground—
 The altar overthrown—
 Too late the bitter moral's found,—
 The folly was our own.

It matters not, my heart is full
 With present hopes and fears,
 The future cannot quite annul—
 Let them be bought by tears.

Though sorrow, disbelief, and blame
 May load the fallen shrine ;
 To think that once it bore thy name
 Will make it still divine.

And such it was—for it was love's ;
 And love its heaven brings,
 And from life's daily path removes
 All other meaner things ;

And calls from out the common heart
 Its music, and its fire ;
 Like that the early hours impart
 To Memnon's sculptured lyre.

A touch of light—a tone of song—
 The sweet enchantment's o'er ;
 The thrilling heart and lute ere long
 Confess the spell no more.

The music from the heart is gone ;
 The light has left the sky ;
 And time again flows calmly on,
 The haunted hour past by.

And thus with love the charmed earth
 Grows actual, cold, and drear ;
 But that sweet phantasy was worth
 All else most precious here.

'Mid the dark web that life must weave,
 'Twill linger in the mind
 As angels spread their wings, yet leave
 The trace of heaven behind.

Ah ! let the heart that worships thee
 By every change be proved ;
 Its dearest memory will be
 To know that once it loved.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Incendiarism—Black Neckcloths—Steam—Suicides—Autumnal Gaieties—Melton
—National Gallery.

INCENDIARISM.—One of the most remarkable features of the past month has been the sudden and simultaneous reappearance of incendiarism; no longer confined to any particular county or district, fires have been blazing at once in the maritime and inland divisions of the kingdom. It has been remarked,—and the coincidence is certainly very strange,—that these acts of outrage and villany are generally preceded and accompanied by similar atrocities upon the continent of Europe, and even in remoter parts of the world.

Is it part of a great and general system of warfare upon property?—have the ramifications of revolutionary principles spread so far and wide over the face of the earth? In England, at all events, it is clear that the result of such crimes must be anything but favourable to the class of people in which we must naturally look for the criminals. Burning wheat-ricks, with a view to make corn cheap, is much like the Irish plan of destroying the notes of a country banker who had become unpopular. That this is not the object, is clear from the fact that in almost all the cases which have come to the public eye, the neighbours of the sufferers, even of the humblest classes, have been most assiduous in endeavouring to extinguish the flames.

We consider it a political problem; and the sooner it is solved the better for the farmer. A discovery of the principle upon which these iniquities are committed, and the detection of the incendiaries, would be a better object to keep in view than a senseless resistance to the payment of taxes, which are absolutely necessary to the support of the country. The distress of the sheriff's officer is light by comparison with the *fieri facias* of the incendiary.

BLACK NECKCLOTHS.—The funds are looked upon in England as the national pulse. By the indications which they afford, the financial health of the country is judged and determined, and the price of stocks becomes the criterion by which the quidnuncs regulate their political opinions of passing events. In the fashionable world we apprehend the price of *stocks* is likely to decline very considerably—strong symptoms of what is called in 'Change-alley a *backwardation* will speedily exhibit themselves in consequence of the indignity which was recently offered to *etiquette* at the Pavilion at Brighton, and the indignation which followed the attempt.

On the occasion of a party recently given by their Majesties, in honour of the birth-day of her Royal Highness Princess Augusta, several of the gayest among the *élite* of the circle made their appearance in black neckcloths—*stocks*. Till that evening no objection had been taken to the colour of the article; and those who wore them recollecting that the late King not only admitted the costume, but set the fashion himself, flattered themselves that they were “doing the thing” in the best possible style; but no, they were refused admission to the royal presence until they had discarded the offensive black, and assumed the purer white.

This is a sad affair, because the probability is that the royal *veto* will produce the much-to-be-lamented explosion of black neckcloths;—not that the portion of society admitted to the royal parties is in itself sufficiently large to run down a fashion so desirable and so generally becoming; but because all the pretenders, who never are permitted to see more than the outsides of palaces, will think it necessary to adopt the court regulation, in order to make the unwary believe that they are compelled to do so by their constant admission into the “circle.” In this case, as we before said, the price of *stocks* will, most assuredly, come down.

STEAM.—We last month noticed the extraordinary strides which steam and iron were making in the reduction, as far as time is concerned, of the distances between certain given points. The idea of starting from London to breakfast at Stoney Stratford, and lunch at Birmingham, sounds preposterous,—but, if the projected railway succeed, such may be the fact. During the last week or two a circumstance has occurred which very effectually prepares the mind for the realization of these apparently visionary results;—a coach, drawn in the natural, old-fashioned manner by horses, called the Royal Telegraph, has been established, which runs between London and Manchester, a distance of 186 miles, in eighteen hours: it leaves London at five in the morning,—late enough to take, except upon certain occasions during the sitting of Parliament, the newspapers of the day,—and reaches Manchester a little before eleven o’clock at night. This, we believe, to exceed anything on record as public travelling: but Mr. Walker, of Mitchelgrove, is, we understand, making arrangements with his new Brighton coach to perform the distance between that place and the metropolis in four hours and a half regularly. This diminution of the expenditure of time in these journeys is not effected by furious driving or fast galloping, but by maintaining a regular pace, which, from its evenness and regularity, does not give the traveller the idea either of its great rate or the least apprehension of danger. To be sure, our grandfathers, who took a fortnight to get from Edinburgh to London, and a week to overcome the distance from York, would wonder, if they could peep into the world, to see the changes even yet in progress; but perhaps most of all would they marvel, at ordinary coaches, made of the same materials, (and drawn by the same sort of animals) as those into which they never stepped for a progress without making their wills and taking an affectionate leave of their anxious families.

SUICIDES.—We have had occasion to observe that the crime of suicide has prevailed during the past month in a degree beyond that which is proverbially assigned to November. Some of the cases which have occurred have been marked by circumstances of peculiar interest.

One, that in which the sufferer, who was, however, declared by the verdict of a coroner’s jury, to have died from natural disease, accelerated by the excitement under which he laboured,—we mean the case of Mr. Tuffnell,—appears to us a particularly melancholy one. The female servant of a friend of his had been charged by her mistress with robbery, in conjunction with a most respectable tradesman at the west end of the town. The grand jury threw out the bill as against the jeweller, and

the petit jury acquitted the servant. The effect produced upon the mind of Mr. Tuffnell by the course which the evidence and cross-examination upon the trial took, was an irritation which, in the first instance, induced an attack upon his own life, and eventually caused his death by an accession of a natural disorder.

The other case is that in which two lives have been lost. Miss Watts, the amiable and accomplished daughter of Mr. Watts, the proprietor of a boarding school, called "Byfield-House," at Barnes, and niece to the popular author of the same name, had been unfortunate enough to attract the attention and unconsciously gain the affections of a M. Dumas, the French assistant in her father's academy. Finding his passion not reciprocated, the agitated young man took the rash and unjustifiable measure of concealing himself behind the door of the young lady's sleeping-room, and the moment she entered the apartment, having taken an affectionate leave of her family for the night, he rushed out with a razor in his hand, announcing a resolution to destroy himself if she continued indifferent to his addresses.

The alarm which the unexpected and terrific spectacle excited in the mind of the young lady produced the most lamentable consequences. Dumas was secured, and Mrs. Watts slept with her daughter during the night. The mischief, however, had been done. In the terror of the moment, and perhaps with an idea of overcoming the dreadful sensations she experienced, she had swallowed a large quantity of Eau de Cologne, and the irritation caused by this powerful draught, superadded to the natural agitation of her mind, caused the death of the unfortunate victim the following morning.

In the mean time Dumas had been put under restraint until the verdict of a coroner's jury exonerated him from any implication in the dreadful circumstances. As soon as he was at liberty, he proceeded to an inn at Croydon, where he shortly after retired to rest, and in the course of the night, having swallowed laudanum in so large a quantity as to defeat its intention, he inflicted several severe wounds upon himself with a razor, and when found in the morning he lay weltering in his blood.

His friends were discovered and sent for, and, after surgical assistance had been procured, he was removed to the house of a friend, where, however, he had been but a short time when he tore the bandages from the staunch wounds, and again placed himself in imminent danger. It was then decided by the surgeon in attendance, that such a case would be better attended to in an establishment where constant care and watchfulness, if necessary, were always at hand; and the unfortunate sufferer was removed to St. George's Hospital, where he again tore off the bandages, and is, we believe, at this moment in a state which precludes the hope of his eventual recovery.

This is one of the serious romances with which real life abounds, and which so frequently form the ground-work of domestic tragedies, scarce transcended in wretchedness by the most skilful writer of fiction.

AUTUMNAL GAIETIES.—The autumnal festivities for which our country houses in England are so celebrated have not been so general this year as usual. The magnificent Chatsworth has been the scene of gaiety and splendour, and great preparations were in progress for still more extensive entertainments. The increasing indisposition of its noble

owner, and the necessity of his removal to another climate, suddenly put a stop to them, and his Grace, after having taken leave of his Majesty, (who still refuses his Grace's resignation,) has quitted England for the continent. The Duke of Wellington has had a gay party at Walmer; and the Marquis of Salisbury has been keeping open house in the ancient style, at his magnificent seat, Hatfield; but still there has been a flatness in the season. The loss of Lord Hertford from Sudbourn; the stillness of Apethorpe; the quietude of Lowther; the absence of so many of our nobility and gentry, have combined to render the shooting season—the sporting prelude to Melton—much less lively than usual.

At Melton itself everything assumes its wonted appearance as to “scenery” and “machinery:” the actors alone are changed, and, we regret to say, diminished. The deaths of Lord Plymouth and Sir Harry Goodricke, and the absence of Lord Alvanley, are serious drawbacks in the way of sport and gaiety. The zeal and energy of these three members of the community, added to the wealth of the two first and the wit of the third, formed very striking features of the establishment. There were no less than four hundred and eighty horses in Melton last season. This, to a foreigner, (unless, like Count Matuscwiz, he happens to be one of the leading members of the club,) must seem rather extraordinary in so small an island as this, in which, as a returned dandy from India (a tiger-hunter of some eminence) once said, there *can* be no good sport; “for,” to use his own words, “if a man gets anything like a run, he is *stopped short by the sea.*”

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Once more let us raise a feeble cry for the preservation of our metropolis, and we have done. The National Gallery in the Mews is actually in progress: our church of St. Martin in the Fields, dragged from obscurity into light, is again to be immolated. On the first announcement of this sacrilege all Westminster was in arms. From the commonest shopkeeper to the noble Duke at the head of the parish every man was animated and excited. Meetings were held, resolutions passed, memorials resolved upon, addresses voted, and petitions prepared. The work is actually in progress, and either the prayers of the people are unheeded, or the petitions, addresses, and memorials remain unpresented. Once more, we say, we raise the cry; once more we call for a decided demonstration of popular feeling upon the subject. Once let the stones be laid, the mortar dry, and the cement hard, and good bye St. Martin's. It is yet to be saved; but if the inhabitants suffer themselves to be lulled by the advice of “wait and see,” they will find, to their cost, that in the end—at least the end of Pall-Mall East—they will see nothing but Mr. Wilkins's façade, running in a direction, not only to conceal the beauty of his predecessor's portico, but to make evident the crookedness of a street which, if he would but consent to bend to public taste and feeling, would be perfectly straight.

A remarkable coincidence has occurred in the cases of two murders, with the consideration of which the public has been very much occupied during the month. One took place at Plumstead, and the other at Offton. In both instances poison was administered to a whole family; in both cases death ensued; in both cases the families were numerous; and, what is the extraordinary part of the affair, in both families there

was a *deaf and dumb girl residing*. It is said, and upon the authority of magistrates and criminal judges, that the exposure of any great crime causes the perpetration of many others of a similar nature; but it is hard to believe that the imitative passion in criminality should be so strong as to render the circumstance of having a deaf and dumb inmate in a house an inducement to copy, in all its other circumstances, a deed of such atrocity and cruelty. If it be merely an accidental similarity, it is quite worthy of record.

Paris, we hear, is extremely gay. The season there has begun particularly early; and although the tradesmen are all forming unions, and laying down rules and regulations for the conduct of their masters, the sensation is not great in the high circles. In France, the natural liveliness of character and buoyancy of disposition go a great way towards dispelling any popular alarm, or, we should rather say, checking its progress. It seems that the Parisian dandies are bringing in velvet coats; and that piece of intelligence, with the exception of some turf affairs, which have not "come off" in a perfectly satisfactory manner, is one of the most important notices out of the political world. Lady Jersey and her family have arrived, and Lady Tankerville is expected: indeed, the *salons* of the Continent are so thickly studded with gems of our own nobility, that a man, not aware of his position, might fancy himself in Park-lane or Grosvenor-square while lounging at Naples or flirting in Florence. Rome, it is said, will be the head-quarters of the English in Italy during the winter. Lord Anglesey is there already. We cannot, however, abandon the hope that the aristocracy of Great Britain will continue to recollect the advantages which they confer on their native country by a residence in it; and that although those who, from ill-health, may find a *séjour* on the Continent serviceable, and even essential, are perfectly justified in availing themselves of the benefits derivable from a milder climate, it is a part of the duty which a nobleman owes to the land where his property is situated, and whence his honours spring, to give his poorer and less influential countrymen the advantages which accrue from the expenditure of part of his income in the neighbourhood whence it is drawn; and at the same time to support by his presence and countenance those who are attached to the soil which gave them birth, and need the protection and co-operation of their immediate superiors to animate and cheer them in their course of life as good men, good subjects, and useful members of society.

Mr. Rodwell, a musical composer of some eminence, has recently published a prospectus for the foundation of a national school of music, which is to contain and support by subscription an English Opera House, to be conducted by a certain number of directors, paid a regular salary, and in no other way interested in the receipts of the theatre; which, after defraying the expenses, are to be divided amongst the three great musical charities.

The plan is excellent in theory, and the design does great credit to Mr. Rodwell's abilities, and of zeal for the advancement of his art and the protection of native talent; but we fear that, in practice, it would turn out a failure. The English Opera House was licensed for the same purpose; it was called the English Opera House in contradistinc-

tion to the Italian Opera House, and every means was taken to maintain its character for nationality. Public taste, however, did not lean to this system, and the consequence was that the productions at the English Opera House were all foreign, with the exception of some light, farcical operas and operettas. It was at the English Opera House, we believe, that “*Der Freischütz*” first appeared in England: its success there was unequivocal. Opera after opera followed from the continental theatres, and at length, in order to give effect to the foreign music, foreign performers were engaged.

It may be quite relied upon, that if the manager of the English Opera House had found the works of English composers equally attractive with those of foreigners, he would, for his own sake, for consistency’s sake, and for the sake of a numerous body of highly-talented men for whom he could not fail to feel a strong personal interest—he would have preferred continuing “the English,” as he started. But the plain truth is, that the public mind is so enlightened and so captivated with foreign productions, and, it must be confessed, as far as the particular subject is concerned, so justly prejudiced in favour of foreign music, that we believe the idea of maintaining a purely national opera house to be visionary.

In the Royal Academy of Music—the only national scholastic institution—the teachers are many of them foreigners,—the music which the pupils sing and play, is foreign. Then comes the question, why is this? The answer is that the study of foreign music is absolutely necessary to form the taste and improve the judgment. If so, say those who are *not* pupils, it is clear that we, who wish to hear the best music and enjoy the best performances, take the most probable means of gratifying our wishes by procuring that music which is allowed to be so superior to our own, that our pupils are ordered to study it as an example and foundation;—and, in order to have that superior music performed in the best manner, we will have the singers from the country in which it was composed, some of it expressly for themselves.

In music, as it is in painting, no man denies the power of native talent; but it would be a difficult thing to persuade a collector to fill his gallery with English pictures to the exclusion of Rubens, Vandyke, Corregio, Holbein, Teniers, Ostade, and all the other foreign artists. Abstractedly, and we believe without fear of contradiction, we may say, that foreign music is in every point superior to the music of England; it is therefore vain to suppose that foreign composers are to be talked or written down. In ballads, the English composers excel; and here again the comparison with the sister art holds good. In England, water-colour drawing is carried to a perfection not yet attained in any other country: look at the result; the *drawings* of English masters are eagerly sought and bought at high prices, and maintain their ground in collections by a very great majority indeed. So in music, English ballads are caught up and sung, and run like wild-fire through the country; but it should be recollected that the extraordinary march of instruction and accomplishments have taught the amateur singers of the present day, in the higher classes of society, to despise that school of music; not that they do not admit its beauty and merit, but because, educated as they are, up to a high pressure of five thousand pounds upon the square inch, they despise the simple air with English words, as neither affording them the opportunity of displaying the extent of their musical acquirements,

nor of showing off their attainments as linguists ; and we would wager a considerable sum, that if all the delicate little music-books of the aristocratic young ladies of the day were opened to public inspection, they would be found crammed with airs—French, Italian, German, Swiss, Turkish, or——“ any *airs* but those” which Mr. Rodwell so zealously and ably vindicates.

It is a Herculean task to attempt to reform a prevailing taste, or to overthrow an established popular feeling. If an English Opera House were established according to Mr. Rodwell’s suggestion, it would never become fashionable, so long as the public conviction in favour of foreign music lasted. The Italian Opera, moreover, is the fashion wholly and entirely, without reference to the superiority of the performances ; against this there is no contending. Gay tried it, and wrote his *Beggars’ Opera* as a burlesque upon the tragic absurdities of the King’s Theatre ; and a most remarkable result has been produced. The Italian Opera of course remains uninjured, but the burlesque, which was to cover it with ridicule, has itself become a *serious* favourite, and ladies weep to hear Polly’s lamentations to the tune of “ Three Children sliding on the Ice ;” and are wrapt in astonishment at the chivalrous bearing of Capt. Macheath, who, like the swan in the fable, terminates his earthly career by drinking half a pint of brandy, and singing his sorrows to half a dozen jig tunes.

Mr. Rodwell, we repeat, deserves well of his professional brethren, and indeed of all his countrymen, for the development of his design for increasing the power of national talent ; but we cannot flatter him with a hope of success, having, as we have already said, the English Opera House before us as an example of an establishment founded for the same purpose—licensed for that particular object—and being absolutely forced, for the means of existence, to introduce foreign music, and engage foreign singers to perform it.

A serio-comic “ affair,” as yet, however, limited to paper bullets, has excited a considerable sensation in Ireland—the forty “ patriots” are up in arms, in consequence of an assertion made by Mr. Hill, the member for Hull, at a meeting of his constituents, that one of the said “ forty” was,

“ Like Pollard oak, hollow at heart” —

that he had advised ministers to push to the extreme the Irish Coercion Bill—as the Irish Panacea—at the same time that he avowed himself compelled to vote against it—for the sake of his seat for some county, city, town, or borough. Of course there has been no name named ; but as the song says—

“ Each cries that is levelled at me.”

As the matter is still on the tapis, and may be more serious than we peace-loving people desire, we prefer “ saying our say” upon it next month.

The Lion's Mouth.

"ALIENA NEGOTIA CENTUM."—*Horat.*

BEULAH SPA.

THE facetious vein into which our "Monthly Commentator" permitted himself to glide, while describing last month the localities and the *lymphatics* of this celebrated resort, conveyed a very erroneous estimate of its claims to public notice. We have felt it right, therefore, to accept the invitation of the proprietor, for the purpose of revising our "verdict," and lay before our readers the result of our investigation.

The site of the Spa is an elevated one. It rises from the brow of one of those eminences which constitute the Norwood Hills; the height of which hills, as Dr. Weatherhead informs us, has been computed, from trigonometrical observation, at about 390 feet above the level of the sea at low water; consequently, as the London fogs never rise more than 240 feet above the same level, the air cannot be otherwise than pure, salubrious, and invigorating.

Respecting the temperature, physical properties, &c., of the water, Dr. Weatherhead, in his published "Account of the Beulah Saline Spa," states, that, at the bottom of the well, its average temperature is 52° of Fahrenheit; that its specific gravity is 1011; and that, by an analysis of its composition, by Mr. Faraday and Mr. Hume, a quart is found to contain 210½ grains of solid saline matter, while a quart of the Cheltenham water, as analyzed by Mr. Brande, is found to contain only 161 grains. Thus, in a single quart, the difference in favour of the Beulah water, in solid matter, is 49½ grains. The quality of the latter is also superior; 100 grains out of 161 of the Cheltenham saline consisting of muriate of soda, or common table salt, the aperient properties of which are comparatively feeble; "whereas the mass of the ingredients in the Beulah Spa is composed of two powerful saline substances, the sulphate of magnesia, and that peculiar triple salt, the sulphate of soda and magnesia, constituting three-fourths of the whole saline impregnation." From our own observation we can corroborate Dr. Weatherhead's statement, that the taste of the water "is distinctly bitter, without being at all disagreeable, leaving on the palate the peculiar flavour of its predominant saline ingredient, the sulphate of magnesia."

The situation of the Beulah Spa is naturally beautiful as well as salubrious; and it has been greatly improved by art, Mr. Decimus Burton having been employed in the laying out of the grounds, and in the erection of the different rustic edifices by which they are adorned. Great improvements are going forward: at present, here is a lawn, a rosery, a wilderness, and an archery ground; and, beyond the archery ground, another wilderness is forming. Lady Essex is also improving the plantations, and superintending the construction of a fountain. When complete, the grounds—a wood of young oaks, opening to the south-west, and formerly the haunts of the gipsies—will embrace an extent of more than forty acres. In the ensuing spring, its easy distance from the metropolis,—its contiguity to the town of Croydon, and the villages of Norwood, Dulwich, Sydenham, &c.—and its general localities and *agréments*, will render Beulah a more delightful morning lounge, as well as an occasional or permanent residence, than ever.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.

It is not always easy to form an accurate judgment of the contents of a book by its title. So completely did that of the present volume set all our conjectures at defiance, and so affected and indefinite did it appear to us, that, conceiving the author to be at least destitute of common sense, we were half tempted to dismiss it unread from our table; but, impelled by a sense of duty, we sat down, in spite of our unfavourable impressions, seriously to peruse it. We had scarcely, however, proceeded through a dozen pages, when we met with the following paragraph:—

“ In the fresh spring-time of our existence, when the eagle wing of sorrow and hope is strenuous in the glorious dawn, and the rich and rosy dews fall heavy on the opening flower that begems the path over which, with swelling bosom and unbaffled energies, we bound with feet that feel not the earth beneath us, while the voice is uplifted in full enjoyment of Nature's free and heartfelt presence, it is a good thing to be a ploughman. But to become an author, is to poison the sacred draught of heaven, and to bring down Olympus in desolate ruins over the highway of life! Under what stupendous dreams are all his hopes buried for ever! To till the wholesome earth, and reap the tawny harvest of the year, is a somewhat sturdy task ‘ in the eye of Phœbus,’ and often felt to be a heavy manual toil; but it hath no *certain* heartaches for its reward; and is a blithe and jocund labour, compared with his who, through the painful day and dead enduring night, struggles and yearns towards the goal of immortality. The energies of his heart are as the horses of the sun,—his course around the vast empyrean is at length accomplished,—his reward is squalid human misery, with giant Despair striding forwards in the clearing distance.”

Our readers will be surprised when we tell them that this was almost too much for our patience, and that we regarded the writer as either above or below criticism. As a specimen of fine composition we have nothing like it, save Dillon's celebrated “ Progress to Oxford with the Lord Wenables,” or “ Ned Matchless' Tour to Paris,” by George Clayton, jun. The whispers of duty, however, again prompted us, and we determined to read on, a little influenced, we confess, by a wicked curiosity to see how the picture would proceed, and where it would end. Amusement at the expense of a bedlamite at large, seized with the mania of authorship, we have indeed enjoyed to satiety. We congratulate ourselves that, at this dull season, a treat so exquisite was in reserve for us; and offer our best thanks to the publisher for disregarding the false medium and barriers which might for ever have deprived us of a performance which, take it all in all, we shall not look upon its like again. We conclude that Mr. Effingham Wilson does not retain a reader in his establishment, and we trust Heaven, in its mercy, will avert from him so dire a calamity. What unheard of literary treasures has he now at his disposal?—all, in fact, that this monster of a reader, endued with ubiquity, has excluded from the public for an indefinite number of years. The geniuses will flock to the Royal Exchange as to another Parnassus. Apollo and the Muses will visit earth again to do honour to this their consecrated temple; and Effingham Wilson will be more than a Mæcenas,—he will be a god,—the idol of all the mighty intellects which, to the scandal of these degenerate days, have written works which only themselves could ever be prevailed upon to read. We would, however, just hint to him, while all his blushing honours are thick upon him, that he must be contented with unprofitable fame, with the mere glory of rescuing genius from oblivion,—for we learn from our author that the very infallible test of genius is the want of success.

Tom Cringle's Log. 2 vols.

A pleasant, but a marvellously strange and wild amalgamation of water and earth is "Tom Cringle;"—full of quips and cranks, and toils and pranks. A fellow of fun and talent is he, with a prodigious taste for yarns, long and short, old and new; never, or but seldom, carrying more sail than ballast; and being a most delightful companion both by land and sea. We were fascinated by the talents of Tom when we met him in our respected contemporary from the biting North;—his log was to us like a wild breeze of ocean, fresh and health-giving, with now and then a dash of the tearful that summoned the sigh from our heart of hearts; but now that the "yarns" are collected, and fairly launched, we hail them as a source of much gratification at this dull season. Tom Cringle! and a Christmas fire! may well join in the chorus of "Begone, dull Care." There is a *bonhomie* over every page, for which we hope we are sufficiently grateful. "The Quenching of the Torch" is one of the most pathetic descriptions we have ever read. "The Scenes at Jamaica" are full of vigour; and were it not for an occasional burst of Toryism, we should say that we agree with our friend Tom in all things. As a whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing "The Log" the most entertaining book of the season, and earnestly recommend our friends to make immediate acquaintance with the crew and every individual of the Firebrand, howbeit that some—many of them, indeed—are rather of a suspicious character. There has been a sort of Waverley mystery thrown over the authorship of these charming papers; and though many have guessed the author, yet we take unto ourselves the credit of much sagacity in imagining that we only have solved the enigma:—there are passages in "Tom Cringle" that we believe no living author, except Professor Wilson himself, could write;—snatches of pure, exalted, and poetic feeling, so truly Wilsonian, that we penciled them as we read on, and said, There he is again,—and again,—and again! to the very last chapter. When it is remembered that this excellent, brilliant, and withal eccentric son of genius, spent many of his earlier, and some of his latter, days on shipboard, it will be immediately seen that he naturally gained much nautical information, which he has turned to admirable account. After all, we confess that "Tom," to our mind, is no out-and-out sailor, but a mingling of land and water materials,—an amphibious monster, more of a land duck than a sea diver. We would also ask any one skilled in doggish annals to anatomize the bearing and character of Sneezer, and then say who but Professor Wilson could so dignify and display the qualities of a noble dog. Cooper's two dogs, in his last superb novel, were fine specimens of canine sagacity; but there are more truth and nature about Sneezer. The portrait was drawn, we venture to affirm, from Mr. Wilson's own dog, who was so cruelly poisoned in Edinburgh by some of the students in Burking, and who, together with their renowned medical patron, received a castigation not easily forgotten in one of the best "Noctes" that ever came before the public. We are not willing to allow that our sagacity can be at fault, but if it is, we congratulate the "bleak North" on the possession of two men capable of writing "Tom Cringle's Log."

The Biometer, or Moral Watch. By Marc Antoine Jullien.

To afford a method of regulating and duly apportioning the exercise of the several faculties of our nature, so as to preserve something like a constant harmony in our thoughts and actions, is the difficult but highly benevolent object attempted in this little work. A series of tables, applicable successively to every day in the year, and containing separate columns which refer to the several qualities, physical, moral, intellectual, and social, of the human being, constitute the main portion of the work. These columns are intended to be the recipients of a daily register of our

state, condition, or progress, under the several departments they are devoted to; and, in order to explain the process of filling them up, as well as the advantages of the practice, an introductory essay is prefixed. The various employments and the principal results of life, thus recorded and ascertained, are to present us with the means of estimating the real value of our lives as they flow on, of discerning wherein we are deficient, and of distributing our time in the mode best calculated to promote our general welfare and happiness.

To deny that attention is merited by this scheme, would be almost to deny the virtues and benefits of order itself. We have, indeed, no fault to find with its principle, but, alas! we have little hope of its admission into practice. Man is so irregular a compound, that the "*lucidus ordo*" appears to be the least attainable of all accomplishments with him; and as for self-examination, it is one of the last things he ordinarily thinks of,—the whole force and severity of his inquisitorial powers being commonly directed towards the motives and actions of his neighbours. In short, both the nature and the habits of the "*animal implume, bipes,*" are at variance with the course of discipline requisite for filling up, to a good purpose, these exemplary tables. Still there are, as exceptions to this remark, some individuals whose minds, happily and methodically adjusted, incline them to favour everything in which the love of arrangement is shown, and to these we would recommend the adoption and study of the "*Biometer, or Moral Watch,*" being convinced not only of its accordance with their tastes, but of its capacity for enabling them to regulate with increased exactitude, and thereby to mingle with increased means of enjoyment, the several occupations of their daily life.

M. Jullien, of Paris, the author of this ingenious plan, has also addressed to the English public a pamphlet explaining the plan and principles of a comprehensive literary undertaking to be called "*La Revue Cosmopolite et Comparative des Nations.*" We can only hope that the laudable enthusiasm of M. Jullien may be rewarded by success.

The Prediction. 3 vols.

Some French author says we soon live past the age of surprises. Like all sweeping assertions, the declaration is liable to exceptions. Books enow have passed through our hands to prevent our wondering at anything which the press may send forth. People talk nonsense enough, but they write still more. Yet, when we consider the process of sending forth a work to the public,—when we remember that the author must not write, but read what he has written—that the proof sheets must bring all their faults in "*visible darkness*" before him,—we own we do wonder at many of the productions which appear. Now, "*The Prediction*" is one of our surprises. How is it possible any individual could deliberately go over, and yet resolve on publishing, the mass of improbabilities, confusions, and inconsistencies which form these three thick tomes? It belongs to a school of exaggerated villany and unseen beauty, long since exploded. The Countess Beatrice especially belongs to such a style as "*The Matured Enchantress,*" "*The Mysterious Beauty,*" &c. &c. "*Nous avons changé tout cela;*" and, as far as our present taste is concerned, the change is for the better.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. History of Arabia. 2 vols.

Mr. Andrew Crichton, the author of the above volumes of the "*Cabinet Library,*" has performed an arduous task, and filled up a vacuum in English literature. His observation at the commencement of his book is perfectly correct, that we have no continuous history of the Arabs, while that of almost every other people, civilized or savage, has had a British historian. Mr. Crichton does not, however, appear to us to place

sufficient importance upon the compendious chapters of Gibbon, or the critical disquisitions of Sale, prefixed to his translation of the “Koran,” though from both he has evidently obtained considerable assistance. The authors generally consulted by the historian of the Arabs are numerous, and display his diligence and research. The narrative is written in a style of agreeable conciseness, though with something too much of a labouring after epigrammatic turns of sentences. Like many a fellow-historian, our author is not satisfied with the labours of his predecessors; and we think he shows no little presumption when he terms the historian of the “Decline and Fall” the “arrogant Gibbon.” This epithet, and other terms of dispraise applied to the illustrious dead, are but too frequent. Had the “lord of irony” been a contemporary of Mr. Crichton’s, we very much question whether he would have dared to use such language, as those most severely repented who in this way trespassed; and Mr. Crichton might have found that he was not so insignificant but that Gibbon might have embalmed him in his language, and, like the insect in the amber, he would then have descended to posterity by means of an accident. We would not, however, be severe. Diligence and intelligence always deserve their reward: though, like others, we are more reluctant to grant it when an envious feeling or a grossly warped judgment assails and depreciates one whom all men acknowledge to be illustrious. Hume, Robinson, and the other great ones of their day, did homage to the concise and the eloquent Gibbon. Mr. Crichton is not of the same stamp as those whose names we mention; and, while we admit him to possess very considerable ability, we are compelled to say that he has added another proof to the assertion that this is not the age of historians.

Trevelyan. 3 vols.

There are some works whose great charm is their reality;—they come so home to our own recollections,—they are fraught with the hopes which we have ourselves hoped, with the fears which we have ourselves feared,—and touched with the same sorrows which we have ourselves known. Amid this class is “Trevelyan,” one of the most affecting, the most graceful narratives that we have met with for a long time. It is full of those exquisite touches which give that real and natural character to which we have before alluded. The story begins with the delineation of Miss Trevelyan, whose portrait is one rarely found in the pages of the novelist, but often in the path of common life. Plain, slightly deformed, and the spring of life passed in the seclusion of an invalid father’s chamber, Miss Trevelyan, on his death, finds herself alone in the world—her only tie a brother in India, too distant, therefore, for support or society. Little accustomed to strangers,—having passed that period of existence when connexions are easily formed and friendships readily begun,—painfully conscious of her deficiencies, the isolated and neglected Miss Trevelyan sinks into despondency, and passes year after year in a cheerless and monotonous solitude. From this she is roused by an appeal to the kindest feelings of her heart. Her brother has been left guardian to an orphan—one whose situation is even more desolate than her own. There is no foundation for affection like sympathy; and in this case the attachment is cemented by pity and gratitude. Helen is an established resident under the roof to which she had brought the hope and cheerfulness of youth, in requital for Miss Trevelyan’s affection—an affection the stronger in proportion to its loneliness. Colonel Trevelyan returns, and becomes attached to his beautiful ward. She admires him—she is grateful; but another catches her imagination, and through it wins her heart. With the generous self-devotion of real love, he forwards her marriage with another, and endeavours to secure her happiness at the price of his own.

We will not destroy the interest of the tale by further analysis of the plot, but only say that it increases as it proceeds. Colonel Trevelyan’s is

an admirably-conceived character,—so noble, so high-minded, yet with nothing either exaggerated or repelling ; and we forgive his fine qualities for the sake of his unhappiness,—we say forgive, for, to the shame of human nature be it said, we do not like to be reproached by the perfection of even a fictitious character. But our pity for Colonel Trevelyan is stronger than even our admiration ; and hence our interest is never chilled. The heroine is exquisite : her faults are so natural, her good qualities so loveable,—something so feminine, so genuine, so attractive about her, that it is difficult to believe that we have only read of her—she seems more like an actual remembrance. The contrast is perfect between her and Lady Augusta : the one so eager, so generous, so full of fine impulses and warm feelings ; the other so calm, so cold, so measured—the very beating of whose heart, if it does beat, is like clock-work—a mechanical human being, moved by springs—the springs of selfishness and habit. We have great difficulty in believing that all are formed of the same clay ; at all events, the dust must have been tempered in different atmospheres,—some dried in the east wind, till not one gentle or vernal influence is left. We remember being greatly pleased with “ *Marriage in High Life* ;” but “ *Trevelyan*” is a vast improvement on its predecessor. Lady Scott is the author ; and we congratulate her, not only on having produced one of the most charming novels of the day, but as the author of one of those true and touching creations which, once read, become part of memory,—one of those favourite volumes to which we refer, and which we insist upon others reading and liking as much as we do ourselves.

Select Passages from the Georgics of Virgil and the Pharsalia
of Lucan.

Few, very few, among scholars have succeeded in translating the ancient poets. Mr. Wallis is certainly not one of them. He is evidently a man of considerable learning and some taste, but the genuine feeling of the poet does not belong to him. Did we require other proofs than his translations, we should refer to those poems attached to the work, and which are called original ; the best of them,—to “ *Winter*,”—is only an embodying of what Shelley and others have said before. The spirit of the translations may be judged by the following, which we take promiscuously. It is in the first book of the “ *Pharsalia*,” where the characters of Cæsar and Pompey are contrasted :—

“ But Cæsar’s greatness was not the renown,
The *fame* alone of what he *once* had been ;
Uncurb’d his valour, unconfin’d his end,
His only shame from battle to retreat.”

And then let the difference be observed between this and Rowe’s, labouring under the cramp of rhyme :—

“ ’Twas not the thought of what he once had been
In old records, or dusty annals seen ;—
’Twas shame, a soldier’s shame, untaught to yield,
That blush’d for nothing but an ill-fought field.”

We fear we are but too correct in saying that Mr. Wallis has not added to the treasures of literature.

Ten Sermons on the Nature and Effects of Faith ; preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. By James T. O’Brien, D.D., &c.
1 vol. large 8vo.

The outline of the plan of these most admirable sermons is simple, and steadily adhered to throughout ; it is as follows :—The scriptural meaning of the word Faith, as signifying *trust* and *confidence* in God through Christ, is first ascertained ; the manner in which this great, vital principle of true religion is wrought in the mind is set forth, and what is the whole proceeding or

accompanying change of mind which is essential to the existence of genuine faith. The Bible sense of *justification* is next considered and fixed; and thence the connexion betwixt the change of mind which God has wrought in the regenerated believer, and the change in the believer's condition before Him, is determined according to the Scriptures. This ends in the establishment of the doctrine of *justification by faith only*; with a clear understanding of its meaning. To this are naturally added, in the way of confirmation, an exposure of the chief corruptions of this fundamental doctrine of Christianity, and an answer to the chief objections against it. The four concluding sermons relate to the operation of faith in the sanctification of believers; how it moves and restrains them; how it calls into exercise and sustains all the other natural forces by which God designs to restrain and to move his people.

There is a vigorous grasp of intellect, and an originality of thought, as well as a depth of research, about these sermons, surpassing anything we have met with for a very long time. They are not milk for babes, but meat for men.

Dr. O'Brien is Archbishop King's Lecturer in Divinity in the University of Dublin. That university, though justly boasting many profound, and pious, and acute divines, may well be proud of her choice in the selection of such a professor as Dr. O'Brien.

Excursions in New South Wales, Western Australia, and Van Diemen's Land, during the years 1830 to 1833. By Lieutenant Breton, R.N.
1 vol. large 8vo.

It is well known to every impartial person who has had opportunities of judging of the actual capabilities of our Australian colonies, that most of the works hitherto published respecting them are likely, to a certain extent, to mislead the emigrant, by exciting in him hopes and expectations which, unless he have a very extraordinary share of luck, can never be fully realized. It is to be lamented, too, that they frequently convey but little of that direct practical information so essential to all who wish to decide for or against settling themselves in those distant regions. The intention of the very useful and satisfactory work now under consideration is to correct these mis-statements and supply these deficiencies, so as to save the emigrant a journey of sixteen thousand miles in order to obtain a just impression of the difficulties, as well as the advantages, which an establishment in these colonies holds out to the adventurous and enterprising. By a detailed account of all that the author personally experienced, during a four years' sojourn in this part of the globe, it enables any person who proposes to emigrate to form a pretty accurate idea of the several colonies, and to make a dispassionate estimate of their respective advantages and disadvantages; and though Lieutenant Breton's work holds out none of those dazzling, illusory promises which so often lead only to disappointment, it is very far from dissuading or discouraging such persons as are possessed of moderate capital, habits of agricultural labour, and energy to struggle with the privations and discomfort which necessarily wait upon a location in these wild and unreclaimed districts. Those who propose becoming settlers will find no point of material importance to their interests, or necessary for their information, omitted in this volume; while to the general reader, also, it presents a large body of curious and interesting facts in the history and progress of a new country, its inhabitants and productions.

Mrs. Bray's Novels. New Edition.

The novels of this accomplished lady have been spoken of in the highest terms, in the highest quarters; and the fact of their republication under their present popular form says more for their merit than any eulogium it

is in our power to bestow. Possessed of brilliant, and, if we may so term it, fearless imagination, Mrs. Bray has ever chosen for her themes the truly dazzling periods of history, and embellished them with taste and feeling. "De Foix" is perhaps the most perfect of her productions, the best arranged, the most skilfully managed, although we are aware that in certain quarters "The Protestant" was the most favoured. It was published at a period of great political excitement, and read with avidity by all true church and state politicians. We will not take up a lady's gauntlet, else we could combat many points of this work, we think, with advantage to ourselves. But though we disapprove of much, we cannot withhold our praise from the ability displayed in this as well as in all Mrs. Bray's romances. She is a genuine enthusiast, and the spirit of truth and sincerity pervades all she does. You see at once that she writes as she feels, and this is no small praise. Three sets of her novels are now before the public, in their improved form, which is singularly neat and elegant; and that, united to the praise we have so often and with so much pleasure bestowed on this lady's writings, is, we trust, a sufficient recommendation of her productions to our readers.

Moments of Idleness; or, a Peep into the World we call "Ours."

Some sophistry, some paradox, some assertions, more ingenious than true, may be found in the aphorisms which these pages contain; but there is a great deal that is very true, and some shrewd and novel observations. The author is clever, and thinks, which is what very few people actually achieve; for nothing is more second-hand than the general run of thought. The following remark is very true:—"We acquire wealth, not for the sake of being rich, but for the sake of being richer." It would be well if the next question were asked more frequently:—"We lose nothing by the success of others: why, then, envy?"

Traits and Traditions of Portugal. By Miss Pardoe. 2 vols.

We intended to have made honourable mention of these highly interesting volumes last month, but there were certain debts we were compelled to pay, which prevented our doing the fair lady justice instant—*Tant mieux pour elle!* for the remembrance of her stories has dwelt upon our memory in a singular manner. We have a clear recollection of the olive groves of sunny Portugal—of the wild and supernatural traditions of its mountains—of its superstitious, yet jovial priests—of the merry muleteers—of the useful and contented nuns—and, alas! that it should be so, of its uprooted vineyards and desolate dwellings. Miss Pardoe has written two most honest volumes—honest in a double sense—honest in the recital, and honest in quantity; there is no ekeing out of stories, no useless waste of words to fill a certain number of leaves with a single idea; you are interested in the first page, and interested to the last. You say, "Oh, dear! is the volume *really* finished?" And it is not for some time after you have recovered your astonishment

"That birds of Paradise should swiftly fly,"

that you call to mind the immensity of information and amusement you have derived from the lady's animated and delightful pen. We congratulate Miss Pardoe on having produced a book apparently without having thought of book-making—and assure her, that the absence of that very knowledge has been of singular advantage to her. Those gossiping travellers who observe all things, and afterwards tell us naturally and unaffectedly all they observe, are worth their weight in gold. Miss Pardoe may be worth *more* than that; for we gather from her tomes that she is a fairy-footed lady, and we have heard—but we beg her pardon; we forget that we are old, staid, sober men, having nothing to do with beauty, save to sit in judgment on its productions, and always too happy to meet

with books so interesting as the “*Traits and Traditions*,” which we so cordially recommend to those who put faith in our decrees. We trust to meet the author again and again in the pleasant paths we have so pleasantly and so profitably trodden in her company.

The Letters of Joseph Ritson, Esq. ; with a Memoir of the Author,
by Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G. 2 vols. 8vo.

Thirty years have now elapsed since the grave closed over Joseph Ritson! He was a man distinguished for the acuteness of his judgment and the profoundness of his researches, both as a consulting barrister and a conveyancer. But his literary inquiries were by no means confined within the limits of the legal profession. He was one of the most successful of those by whom the investigation of old English literature and antiquities was cultivated in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The bitter animosities which many of his unsparing criticisms naturally enough excited, at the time, in the breasts of those writers whom he sometimes attacked with a harshness which may most charitably be attributed to constitutional infirmity of temper, should now be suffered to subside. That his asperity did not spring from malignity of heart or disposition is best evidenced by the fact that he always readily admitted and maintained the great general merits of those authors (such as Percy, Warton, and Malone) upon whose mistakes he had commented most severely. In truth, the bitter tone of his remarks seems to have arisen (besides that he was not a Christian) more from an exaggerated estimate of the importance of obscure questions of antiquated lore, than from any of that personal animosity to which the galled parties seem to have ascribed it. Mr. Ritson was himself a laborious cultivator of the fields of British antiquity, and a successful gleaner of the neglected beauties of early English poetry. He published, among other works, “*Memoirs of the Celts or Gauls*,” “*Annals of the Caledonians*,” “*The Life of King Arthur*,” and various collections of fairy-tales, and old songs and ballads, with introductory dissertations and notes, in a style of then unwonted editorial accuracy and research. So far, however, from deriving any profit from his literary labours, he sacrificed a considerable portion of his private fortune in their pursuit, and was obliged to dispose of part of his library to maintain himself in the last year of his life. The public is indebted to his nephew, Mr. Frank, for the publication of the present curious and interesting collection of his correspondence.

The Odes of Anacreon.

“It may, however, be asked,” says Mr. Usher, the translator of the volume before us, “what room, since the edition of Broomet Fawkes, (whose version, it is probable, will never be equalled,) is left for the present attempt? The editor, pleading only the common property which all moderns possess in the productions of illustrious antiquity, is desirous to record the humble testimony of his admiration of this most facetious genius of gone times.” With a spirit as judicious as his declaration, Mr. Usher has performed his task. The quaint, playful merriment of the “*vinous old Greek*” has been imbibed; and the simplicity of a sentiment has never been destroyed by the meretricious ornaments of language, or alloyed by the wandering conceits of the translator’s mind—faults but too common with those who have presumed to translate Anacreon.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Brambletye House, by Horace Smith, Esq., forming the Tenth monthly set of Colburn's Modern Novelists, a selection of the best works of fiction from the pens of living writers, price only 4s. per vol., bound in morocco cloth.

History of Croydon, by G. Steinman, 8vo. 18s.

Crotch's Elements of Musical Composition, 2d edition, 4to. 12s.

New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir, edited by Mrs. A. A. Watts, fcp. 8vo. 8s.

Illustrations of the Botany, &c. of the Himalaya Mountains, by F. Royle, Part I., royal 4to. 1s.

Memoirs of Pellico, 2d edition, 18mo. 4s. 6d.

Conchologist's Companion, 2d edit., 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Bellamy's New Translation of the Bible, 4to., Part V., 16s.

Howitt's History of Priestcraft, 2d edition, including his Vindication, 18mo. 5s. 6d.

Keepsake, 1834, 21s. silk; 2l. 12s. 6d. large paper.

Lectures on the History and Principles of Painting, by Thomas Phillips, Esq., R. A., 8vo. 13s.

On Man, his Motives, &c. &c., by William Bagshaw, 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

History of the Waldenses, by the Rev. A. Blair, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

The History of Wales, by Caradoc of Llan-caran; translated into English by Dr. Powell; revised and corrected by R. Llwyd; 8vo. 14s.

Principles of Political Economy, by G. P. Scrope, fcp. 8vo. 7s.

Library of Useful Knowledge: Lives of Eminent Persons, 8vo. 10s.

Trevelyan, by the Author of "Marriage in High Life," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Madden's Travels in the East, 2 vols. post 8vo., 2d edition, 18s.

The Poems of John Galt, now first collected, 8vo. 5s.

Douce's Dissertations on Holbein's Dance of Death, with 55 Wood-cuts, 8vo. 21s.

Three Weeks in Palestine, 2d edition, with additions, 18mo. 3s.

Tour of the American Lakes, and among the Indians, by C. Colton, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Rev. J. H. Newman's History of the Arians of the Fourth Century, 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Heath's Book of Beauty for 1834, edited by Lady Blessington, 8vo. 21s.; large paper, 2l. 12s. 6d.

The Natural History of Humming Birds, by Sir William Jardine, fcp. 8vo. 14s.

The Reform, being "the Member" and "the Radical," by John Galt, 12mo. 9s.

The Sacred Annual, being the 4th edition of Montgomery's Messiah, illustrated with 12 Fac-similes of original Pictures by Martin, &c., 8vo. 25s. velvet; 2l. 2s. velvet gilt.

Childe Roeliff's Pilgrimage, 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Frances Berrain, 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels, 3 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s.

The Poetry of Birds, extracted from various authors, with 22 coloured illustrations, by a Lady, 4to. 21s.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 3d series, Vol. XIX., 8vo. 30s.; 1l. 13s. 6d. hf.-bd.

Hannah More's Works, Vol. I., 12mo. 5s.

The Miscellany of Natural History, by Sir Thomas D. Lauder and Captain Brown, Vol. I., Parrots, 12mo. 6s.

Bos's Grecian Antiquities, translated by Barber, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Dilemmas of Pride, by the author of "First Love," 3 vols. post 8vo. 27s.

A Treatise on Roads, by Sir Henry Parnell, 8vo., plates, 21s.

An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age, by Thomas Moule, 8vo. 14s. bds.

LITERARY REPORT.

PRESENT STATE OF PORTUGAL.—A more comprehensive view of the condition, resources, and general characteristics of Portugal than has been hitherto given in this country is promised in a work that has been long under preparation by Mr. Robert Scott, a gentleman who is known to the public by more than one previous literary performance, and who has been for several years a close observer of Portugal and its inhabitants, both in their external and domestic relations. In addition to the results of his own local experience, it has been his object to collect and condense everything of value and authority that has been written in modern days on the Portuguese nation, so as to render his work really important as one of reference; whilst a variety of curious and characteristic anecdotes will enliven its pages. The publication will form two handsome volumes; and sub-

scribers' names, we believe, are now being received by the booksellers.

Will be published in December, a "Bibliographical Catalogue of Works privately Printed;" including such as have emanated from the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, and the private Presses at Strawberry Hill, Auchinleck, Darlington, Lee Priory, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Broadway; by John Martin, F.L.S.

Mr. D. Boileau has in the press "A Few Remarks upon Mr. Hayward's Prose Translation of Goethe's 'Faust';" with additional Observations on the Difficulty of Translating German Works in general."

"The Story without an End," translated from the German, by Sarah Austin, and embellished with Wood Engravings, from Designs by Harvey

Mrs. S. C. Hall is preparing a Novel for

publication, to be called "The Outlaw." The time she has chosen is the latter part of James the Second's reign; and the scene varies from England to Ireland and France.

"The Celebrated Women of all Countries, their Lives and Portraits," by the Duchess of Abrantès and Count Straszewicz; in monthly Parts.

"Narrative of a Tour in the United States, British America, and Mexico, to the Mines of Real del Monte, Cuba, &c.," by H. Tudor, Esq.

Mr. Curtis is preparing for publication a new "Map of the Eye," after the manner of the Germans, and a "Synoptical Chart of the various Diseases of the Eye," as a companion to his "Map and Chart of the Ear."

"The Book of Science," a familiar introduction to the principles of Natural Philosophy, with wood engravings.

A revised edition of the "Analysis of the Constitution of the East India Company and of the Indian Governments, &c., under the new Charter."

"An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Au-

gustan Age, &c., discovered in Great Britain," by Thomas Moule.

"The Book of the Unveiling," an Exposition, with Notes.

Mr. Brady, late of the Stamp Office, has announced a "Summary of the Stamp Duties," alphabetically arranged; comprising the Duties payable under all the Stamp Acts now in force, with the most recent alterations, &c.

Mr. Schloss has issued a German prospectus of a work, two volumes of which are published, entitled the "Correspondence of Goethe and Zelter;" the latter a musician of eminence, and a great friend of Goethe's. The work is to form six large 8vo. volumes.

The second part of Goodwin's "Domestic Architecture;" the letter-press by W. H. Leeds, Esq.

"Travelling Mems. during a Tour through Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, &c.," by T. Dyke, jun.

A second volume of Bland's "Collections from the Greek Anthology," by J. H. Merivale.

FINE ARTS.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONI.

THE winter season has led to the meetings of the Artists and Amateurs,—one at the Freemasons' Tavern, the other (distinguished as "the City") at the London Coffee-house. We have attended both with considerable pleasure and no slight profit. Such associations are to be encouraged; they lead to much good—bringing together, as they do, the professors and the lovers of art. That which meets in the city does "special service to the state," in creating taste where there is much wealth, and making trade walk hand in hand with refinement. Many are the rich collections east of Temple Bar that would make the lords of the West blush at their poorly stocked portfolios; and we are aware that from the *Conversazione* some of their richest gems have been taken away. That at the Freemasons' Tavern is the senior; and, if we may judge from the first meeting of the year, its youth is to be renewed, and it is to appear again in activity and vigour. The tables were crowded with works of art of all kinds and of all sizes, from the full length to the miniature—from the weighty folio to the inch-square missal—from the marble bust to the wee cameo. The members should bear in mind, however, that the chief advantage to be derived from such institutions consists in the opportunity they afford to artists to exhibit their own works, either complete, or in design, or in progress. Many a useful hint may be gathered from the remarks to which they may be subjected; and although they will not follow the example of the painter in the market-place, and act upon the thousand and one "improvements" that may be suggested, they will not act unwisely if they *hear* them all. We shall, from time to time, attend these meetings, and report to our readers thereupon.

Illustrations to the Keepsake for 1834.

We have, on more than one occasion, alluded to the advantage which Mr. Heath possesses over his competitors in the Annual race. The engravings of the pictures which decorate his volumes are always good, and often perfect. The frontispiece, "Mary," from a painting by Boxall, if it have a fault, is perhaps too highly finished,—it is worked up almost to the

minuteness of touch in a miniature. "The Two Barons" is a good specimen of Cattemole. "Millicent" is not one of Newton's happiest efforts, yet is a striking plate. "The Merchant and his Daughter," (a scene from the "Merchant of Venice,"—why was it not called so?) the "Sappho" of Howard, two or three excellent "fancy portraits," and two or three admirable landscapes, after Stanfield and Turner, with an excellent print after Briggs, (another misnomer,) make up the set,—a very unexceptionable set, and superior to those of past years, always excepting the first of the series, which Mr. Heath has vainly laboured to excel.

Illustrations to the Book of Beauty.

The "Book of Beauty" is not yet before us; but the series of beautiful prints, from which it derives its title, are upon our table. They are of exceeding excellence, far beyond the collection which embellished the work last year. The editorship has been placed in the hands of the accomplished Countess of Blessington; and if her own portrait be one of the number, and the artist has fairly copied the original, there can be none in the collection to which the term "beauty" could more justly apply. We understand she has sought and obtained the aid of other pens than her own, and that her compositions will be associated with those of many of the most distinguished writers of the country; we may therefore expect a rich treat when the book is sent forth by Messrs. Longman. We have, in the set of plates, a rare assemblage of beauties,—creations of Art, it is true; but Nature has furnished the painter with the "designs" of which his pictures are the transcripts. Chalon, Parris, Stone, Leslie, Miss Sharpe, Boxall, and Miss Corbeaux, have supplied Mr. Heath with a collection at once glorious and lovely; and those who have transferred them to the *steel*—alas! that such a word should be so applied—have performed their task in a very able manner. They are, for the most part, fine specimens of the dot style—a style perhaps the most satisfactory when limited to portraits.

Illustrations to Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting the series of prints which are to embellish "The Pleasures of Memory," after the style, at once novel, beautiful, and attractive, which so much delighted us two or three years ago, when Mr. Rogers published his "Italy," with illustrations from the pencils of Stothard and Turner. We believe Mr. Rogers, at the time, had not the remotest idea that his plan could be at all a profitable one; that, on the contrary, being a sort of *rara avis* among the bards, his object was to expend a portion of his wealth in producing a beautiful book, looking for his recompense only to the gratification of his taste. He must have been agreeably disappointed. We understand the sale has been very great; and that a bookseller would have been a lucky man if he had taken the speculation out of the hands of the poet. We rejoice that such has been the fact; first, because it is a proof that the public know how to estimate what is really good; and next, because it has probably tempted Mr. Rogers to illustrate his other celebrated poem. We prophesy—a very easy task—that his labours will be followed by a like result. We have here about sixty prints, from drawings by Turner and Stothard, of beauty and excellence perhaps unequalled—certainly unsurpassed in modern art. The subjects have been fortunately chosen; the artists were enabled to summon fancy to the aid of fact. They were not limited to what they actually saw in nature, and they have both, in many cases, entered the regions of romance. The poet,—the excellent poet who will be known and loved as long as his favoured theme, "Memory," shall remain with man,—has done well in thus associating painting with poetry. His lines are worthy to be thus brought again before us, reminding us of the delight and instruction we derived from them, when our days were young, and our memories,

perhaps, less sad. If a race of small bards have grown up since Rogers laid by his pen, they have not pushed him from his place. We shall, ere long, claim acquaintance with him once more, and with renewed delight.

Twenty Illustrations to Turner's Annual Tour.

The best of the Annuals last year, by many degrees, was that which contained the landscapes of Turner; the second volume, now before us, is as superior to that as that was to all its periodical associates. We have seen, at the rooms of Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, both the originals and the engravings, (and it will be easy for any of our readers to enjoy the same rich treat.) They form as perfect a collection as ever came from the English graver, and are as varied in subject as twenty prints can be. We have the rich valley and the magnificent mountain; the quiet river and the outraged ocean; the small village and the crowded city; the bridge, the wharf, the lighthouse, the church, the tower, the tall ship, or the humble craft of the fisherman, being the comparatively minor points of interest to the scenes—sublime or beautiful. The engravers have all done well—Cousins, R. Wallis, Willmore, Brandard, and Miller, taking the lead. We shall next month review the book, and hope the letter-press may be worthy of the embellishments.

Finden's Illustrations to the Works of Lord Byron.

This beautiful series continues its claim upon our admiration. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the publication at greater length.

At a General Assembly of the Academicians at Somerset House, Mr. T. Uwins, painter, and Mr. J. Gibson, sculptor, were elected Associates of that Institution.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN AND DRURY-LANE.

PERHAPS the best hit during the last month, at both the houses, was the production of *As You Like It*, though it was performed to an audience that would have chilled the most courageous actor. The Rosalind of Miss Ellen Tree was one of the happiest efforts we have seen for a length of time. The doating love of Rosalind, so suddenly enamoured of excellence, as it appears in Orlando, was displayed with a mingled bashfulness, passion, and simplicity as winning as would have been the reality; nor did the sly wit and arch waggery of the character lose any of its point in the performance. Her "Cuckoo" song, though in so thin an audience, was rapturously encored. The Jaques of Macready was a sound, judicious performance, the actor plainly, for the time, having imbibed the morbid melancholy and poetical cynicism of the railing philosopher of the forest. One instance of false taste we must, however, take the liberty of alluding to. In the delivery of the "Seven Ages," where the Justice is described with "good, fat belly," &c., Mr. Macready departed from his usual correctness, when he delivered it in the shaking, trembling, gruff voice of an over-fed Alderman. Throughout the preceding and following descriptions this had not been done. The sentiments of the soldier were not delivered in a hectoring manner, nor was the condition of the infant described by a whine; nor in the close, where the infirmities of age are portrayed in their most helpless state, did the actor depart from the tone of the grave and dejected moralizer. Why then should mimicry, ever so slight, have been introduced in the description of the Justice? It was an error of a nature such as Mr. Macready is rarely guilty of—we even thought it a vulgarism. Miss

E. Phillips made a most inanimate Celia. Silly shepherdess never looked more pretty or uninteresting. It was no pleasant sound either to hear the prompter's voice loudly hissing round the unfilled boxes, in the dead silence of the house, while the audience were waiting for the next simple speech of the rustic beauty. If the monopolizing managers, Messrs. Bunn and Co., really must have handsome-looking ladies instead of clever actresses, the least they can do, in justice to the public, is to make them learn their parts. The Touchstone of Mr. Harley and the Orlando of Mr. Cooper are respectable performances.

We must now briefly allude to what has been called Bunn's great effort—we of course mean *Gustavus, or the Masked Ball*. The daily prints have been so diffuse in description, that it will be unnecessary to repeat the nature of the plot, or trouble our readers with any thing beyond a remark; it is splendid. Having said that, we award it all the praise we can conscientiously. To dramatic or operatic interest it is guiltless of an approximation; and the last scene, which is the great attraction, is not the brilliant spectacle it has been described. A prodigious depth of stage, in the form of a vast saloon, well lighted and gaily decorated, studded with maskers in fancy costumes, are the only claims on public admiration. Two hundred and fifty masks are said to be on the stage at one time; and it may be so, as we are given to understand that any *lady* or *gentleman* will be admitted behind the curtain if they comply with the full-dress regulations that are made the price of admission—a pleasant combining of effect and economy; though we very much doubt whether such huckster-like management will be attended with success.

Jane Shore has been produced at Drury-lane as one of *Shakspeare's tragedies*. We cannot insult our readers by a criticism.

But *Antony and Cleopatra* has been the last great attempt of this imbecile management. With corps miserably deficient, Mr. Bunn has attempted a play that his clever predecessors, with every advantage of genius to support them, with wealth at their back, and sound judgment in management, could never produce with even temporary success. The text of Shakspeare has been altered by Mr. Macready, and has been as well done as such a profane thing could have been. He too has of course sustained the arduous character of the world's great triumvir. The correct judgment of Mr. Macready could not fall much into error, and his performance of this character was, like all others that he attempts, distinguished by a severe taste, the evident result of laborious study. Yet is there not in his mind that spirit of revelry and bounding joyancy which ought to distinguish the mad-cap banqueter of sixty. There were, however, scenes of great power; and such was his death. The part of Cleopatra was absurdly entrusted to Miss Phillips. The pale and delicate beauty, her mild intellectual expression of countenance, her meagre figure, and lady-like deportment, are as much in contrast with what "Egypt" should be figured, as two characters well could be. Not only does the part of Cleopatra demand ability like that of Miss Phillips to conceive the character, but, to have any effect with the audience, it should be accompanied by a figure of voluptuous majesty—a mingling of dazzling beauty and intellectual command. Miss Phillips is not the sort of person of whom the poet would say—

" And Actium lost for Cleopatra's eyes
Is worth a thousand Cæsar's victories."

Nor does she approach in any one respect Shakspeare's description—"profuse of joy." Miss Ellen Tree could have played the character, but by some strange blunder she has been allowed to go to Hamburgh. Every body knows Mr. Cooper would act Enobarbus respectably; and for the others, we will honour them by omitting further mention of their doings, except to tell them, Egyptians are not blackamoors. The scenery and

decorations have been expensively produced, and if good taste had presided in the arrangements, some gorgeous effects might have been the consequence.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house has closed for the season, and its success has been such as to rescue the public from the hackneyed imputation of indifference to the drama, when presented as it should be. The frequenters of the Haymarket will seek elsewhere in vain for the treats they have been wont to experience here. Farren's Uncle Fozzle, Nicholas Ilam, Uncle John, and, above all, Item in the Steward, are indigenous to this establishment, and will dwell in the recollections of those who were fortunate enough to witness his personation of such characters long after he shall have ceased to play his busy part on the great stage of the world. Among the numerous novelties which characterized the season was Mrs. Glover's attempting the part of Sir John Falstaff, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Had a less clever actress than this lady volunteered such an undertaking, it would have generated a feeling of contempt, not altogether unmixed with disgust, in the minds of any audience compelled to endure the perpetration; but when one who, in the pursuit of a profession she has so essentially contributed to adorn, should so far forget the respect due to herself and the public as to essay a character she could not fill if she would, and ought not if she could, we can only pity the individual and lament the circumstances (if any such there be) that rendered the attempt apparently necessary to secure an attendance. If, as we have little doubt, Mrs. Glover's object was to ensure a bumper, her object was answered to the utmost, for the house was crowded in every part before the rising of the curtain, and we hope the amount of the receipts have more than counterbalanced the odium she incurred from all correctly-thinking people. Her personation of Sir John was unmarked by anything unexpectedly fine or unexpectedly bad. The anticipations of none were disappointed. Her most ardent admirers—and no lady has more—did not imagine for a moment that there would be a semblance of truth in her acting, or that she could, by any possibility, contrive to imbue her audience with the notion of her approximating to Shakspeare's inimitable compound of wit and absurdity, folly and craftiness, jollity and sarcasm—the corpulent knight of festive celebrity. There were, to be sure, occasional scintillations of that genius which has long placed Mrs. Glover on the pinnacle of public estimation in her line. But there was no voice to embody the ideas of Falstaff—none of his humorous grossness and antique sensuality; no indications of his excessive good-humour with himself, and biting raillery of others; in short, the essentials to make the character what it has always been—one of the happiest ever portrayed—were wanting. With strange incongruity, Mrs. Glover, having the hardihood to dress and ape the carriage of the Merry Knight, was squeamish enough to shrink from repeating his witticisms and good things. All the dry sayings and pungent repartees that could be dispensed with, without making the dialogue absolute nonsense, were omitted, and so we were presented with a personage whom Shakspeare never drew. But we did not suppose we should have seen a female Elliston, and Swift says,

“Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed.”

On the concluding night. Mr. Percy Farren delivered the following Address:—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—This being our last performance of the season, I am deputed by the Proprietor of this establishment to express to you the deep impression he feels of the kind and liberal patronage you have afforded him during a period of great theatrical difficulty. It is also a source both of satisfaction and congratulation that, amidst the various novelties offered to your judgment, all (with a single

exception) have received the most decided approval and support. With each new year springs up new hope, but the anxiety hitherto evinced by the Director of this Theatre for your amusement will be found unchangeable; and although it may not be in the power of 'mortals to command success,' every effort on his part will be made to deserve it. With this pledge for the FUTURE I shall forbear to trespass longer on your patience, and, in the names of the Proprietor and Performers, bid you, Ladies and Gentlemen, for the present, a brief but most respectful farewell."

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

The charming widow of Wyche-street still continues to fascinate. The *Beulah Spa* has been the last production; it is from the pen of Mr. Charles Dance. Whatever faults we might find with it are amply atoned for by Madame Vestris herself, who, in the disguise of a gipsy, and also in that of a Spanish minstrel, enchanted our judgment, by her singing and general personation, altogether out of critical regions. She was rapturously and deservedly applauded.

VICTORIA THEATRE.

Gustavus, or the Masked Ball, has been produced at this theatre with comparatively greater success than at Covent-Garden. With less of gorgeous display—though it is very far from deficient in scenic effects—there has been more attention paid both to the dramatic and operatic portions. Miss Jarman performed infinitely better than a so-called first-rate singer and bad actress, the wife of Ankerstroom.

The benefit of Mr. Abbott was a complete bumper.

Miss E. Romer has been added to the establishment.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

Grace Huntley and the *Deserted Village* still continue to be performed to crowded audiences; a sure sign that the lack of attendance at the larger houses does not arise from a dying taste for theatricals. Let there be good productions, and there will be no deficiency in the attendance.

The only novelty of the month has been the *Butterflies' Ball*, in rhyme, from the pen of Captain Addison. As a piece of dramatic writing it is inferior to others by the same author. It abounds, however, in ludicrous incidents, which are not a little sustained by that enemy to gravity, Mr. John Reeve.

STRAND THEATRE.

Mr. J. Russell has opened this theatre for the delivery of recollections of things that had, and things that had not occurred, under the title of the *Adventures of the Strand-ed Actor*. He had a numerous and kindly-disposed audience. Like many others, he laboured at first under all the disadvantages of a first attempt at a monologue performance; as he proceeded, however, his confidence became restored, and he said and sung some excellent things. His Frenchman was inimitable, and his imitations of Incledon were worthy of any praise we could bestow upon them. Opportunity was not lost of letting the public know how the actor of the *Station House* became Strand-ed, and the hits at the monopoly of the two larger theatres were loudly applauded.

We wish Mr. Russell all the success he so well deserves, but fear the taste for monologue performances is too much on the wane to be easily restored.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

KING'S COLLEGE.

Mr. Spurrier, the newly-appointed professor to the chair of law and jurisprudence in this Institution, which had become vacant by the death of the late Professor Park, delivered his initiatory discourse before a numerous audience, consisting, for the most part, of gentlemen connected with the profession. The leading feature of Mr. Spurrier's address was the importance of lectures as a medium of instruction in the principles of law, as well as in those of any other branch of science, and he stoutly combated the prejudice which, to a certain extent, obtained, he said, in this country against it; maintaining that there is nothing more likely to ensure the attention and attendance of a student, than a course of lectures which he has once begun; inasmuch as the loss of a single lecture will be a connecting link broken in the chain, which will render the rest comparatively valueless to him. In proof of this assertion, the professor adverted to the much more efficient state of legal education in England in former years, when there existed lectureships and readings at the universities and various inns of court, which the students were compelled to attend, and where they were made to go through a regular initiation and examination in the principles of the science before they were allowed to practise; thus ensuring to the public the guarantee which, in return for the confidence they reposed in the practitioner, they had a perfect right to demand, that no precaution should be neglected on the part of the courts.

In pursuing his parallel between the past and present system of legal education, Mr. Spurrier, while deprecating the latter, did not impugn individuals, but systems; and although he admitted that there was a species of guarantee to the public in the probation which the law-student has to go through in the chambers of the practitioner, still he contended that it was not of that rigorous nature which they had a right to expect; for, owing to the avocation of the practitioner himself, however great might be his desire to impart knowledge to his pupils, still his opportunities of doing so were few and far between; and the student being thus left in great measure to his own resources, would, unless he were gifted with an extraordinary degree of application—and even then his knowledge would be confined to cases and to precedents rather than to principles—at the end of his apprenticeship be in anything but a fit condition to be called to the bar; while, moreover, his mind being thus left to prey upon itself, he would of necessity become exposed to all the allurements of pleasure and to dissipation. “Far be it from me,” said the professor, “to condemn a course of private reading; on the contrary I highly approve of it; but the solitude of the chamber imparts not the knowledge of the lecture-room, and where, however great the student's assiduity, however great his progress, he will still, in assimilating his ideas of practice to the principles from which they are deducible, find himself at fault. Knowledge of principles, not of technicalities, is the essential he requires; and this is only to be obtained by combining in close union the reflection arising from a course of private reading, with the stimulus and competition incidental to a course of public instruction; and how is this so well to be attained as by a series of lectures, extending not to one branch only, but to all the ramifications of our laws?” The professor, by way of comparison, touched briefly upon the laws of other countries, particularly of America, which, substantially derived from our own, had, he said, at the same time, in many instances, become models, which we had not deemed it beneath us to copy. The science of law, to a certain extent, he maintained to be inseparable from any free and liberal system of education; and it was to be hoped that, in this respect, we should no longer allow ourselves to be outdone by other nations.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Hamilton, V.P., in the chair. The first meeting of the session was

an exceedingly crowded one. The paper read was a memoir of Captain Ross's discoveries, accompanied by a chart. At the conclusion of the paper, Captain Ross himself entered the room, and was very cordially received. The narrative is of a sketchy character, similar in style and arrangement to that addressed to the Admiralty. In 1829 the Captain and his intrepid companions left the shores of England in the *Victory* steam-vessel, formerly a Liverpool trader, but fitted for the expedition at the private expense of Captain Ross and others. The *Victory* encountered severe weather, and had to sail across the Atlantic to Davis Straits under a jury-mast. At Holstenberg, a port belonging to the Danish government, the vessel was rigged anew and repaired from the wreck of a whaler; the adventurous party then set sail again, and had open sea to Fury Beach. Here, four years previously, Commander Ross (the captain's nephew) had assisted in preserving the provisions saved from the wreck of the *Fury*, little dreaming that these provisions would be the means of prolonging and saving his life, and the lives of others, so long afterwards. The winter was passed by the officers in scientific inquiry—by the men in amusement. The spring was enlivened by a friendly visit from some Esquimaux, with whom our party went on an excursion, travelling on sledges, drawn by hand and dogs: a skin-boat, in which the adventurers crossed rivers in their route, served also as a roof to the snowy burrows in which they passed their nights. Nothing remarkable attracting their notice, they turned to the southern shore, which appeared to be of granitic formation—bold and high, possessing numerous islands and inlets. Here Captain Ross, by a fall, broke two of his ribs, which terminated inquiry for 1830. The winter was severe, the thermometer sinking to 92 below the freezing point of Fahr. It was then that the true magnetic pole of the earth was ascertained—the perpendicularity of the needle could not be doubted. The party continued to suffer much from cold. So intense was the frost, that water froze within a short distance of the fire kept constantly burning at either end of the tent. The weather becoming milder, Captain Ross and his companions ultimately left Fury Beach, three of the number being sick and requiring to be occasionally carried. In lat. $72^{\circ} 30'$ they fell in with the *Isabella*, and were immediately taken on board, after having been four years lost to the civilized world.

The chairman notified to Captain Ross that the Society's annual geographical premium had been awarded to him by the council. In making this announcement, the chairman paid a warm tribute to Captain Ross's zeal and disinterestedness in fitting out the *Victory* for the voyage—to his courage, perseverance, and sense of duty—to his skill in preserving life and health in the inhospitable regions where he and his companions (participatory in his tribute) were so long resident; and, finally, to the advantages which geography, astronomy, and navigation, would derive from his researches. Capt. Ross, in returning thanks, took no praise for the past, but in a manly style said, he trusted his future conduct would mark the sense he entertained of the Society's gift.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

This society, established more particularly for taking cognizance of subjects relating to medical botany, has just resumed its very interesting meetings for the present season. It has hitherto been the fault of the societies in existence for the study of the objects of medical science and inquiry that they have been too limited and exclusive in their operation, and confined as the members are to those belonging to the medical profession, they have necessarily lost the opportunity of acquiring much information which might have been obtained, had the immense mass of intelligence diffused amongst the scientific part of the community been brought to their aid. The prosperity and interesting proceedings of the Medico-Botanical Society are sufficiently demonstrative of the ill effects of this system of ex-

clusiveness in others, consisting as its members do of noblemen and gentlemen of high character and reputation, physicians of eminence in their profession, and men of intelligence and sagacity in their various walks of life, amongst whom are several of our most distinguished nurserymen and botanists, a mass of intelligence and sagacity is brought to the aid of the medical profession, which cannot fail to support its dignity, whilst it will screen its character as well from the assuming pretender as the ignorant empiric.

At the second meeting, a highly interesting paper was read by Dr. Hancock on the medicinal and dietetic properties of the honey obtained by Mr. Nutt's improved system of bee-management. The remarks of this intelligent veteran in the cause of science, distinguished for his general attainments, as well as his active interest in all the objects of inquiry and investigation in South America during the last twenty-five years, gave much satisfaction to all present. Dr. Hancock observed that, owing to the want of knowledge on the subject of bee-management, and the consequent impurities, the use of honey as an article of dietetic and medical economy had been nearly abandoned, and for these reasons it had even been expunged from the "Edinburgh Pharmacopeia." Pure honey was justly considered by the ancients to possess the most valuable balsamic and pectoral properties,—as a lenitive, ecopotric, and detergent, and is well known to dissolve viscid phlegm, and promote expectoration. In a dietetic and medicinal point of view it is also useful in calculous complaints, and as an outward application in foul sores, deep-seated sinuses and fistulous ulcers. The various impurities and extraneous matters usually contained in honey caused it, however, in most cases, to be productive of griping pains or uneasy sensations in the stomach and bowels. The superiority in the quality both of the honey and wax prepared by Mr. Nutt's method, appears to be owing as well to its entire freedom from extraneous or excrementitious animal or vegetable matters,—such as the eggs, larvæ, young brood, and pollen,—as to the low degree of temperature at which it is secreted, and which is not sufficient to produce any chemical changes in the constitution of these substances; whereas, under the old system, the continued high temperature of the hive is sufficient to induce changes which impart the colour, and otherwise deteriorate the quality of these products. As, however, Mr. Nutt's honey was wholly destitute of these impurities, we have reason to hope that its use will again be restored in a condition vastly improved, and that at a great reduction in price, the facilities of production being greatly enhanced by his system.

MARYLEBONE LITERARY INSTITUTION.

Mr. Atherstone has delivered a lecture at this institution, "on the Importance of the Study of Elocution." He first adverted to the advantages which the possession of this art furnished to persons in the habit of appearing before the public as orators, more particularly when the aspect of the present times indicated that the influence of mere wealth was becoming subservient to the power of intellect. The orator, it was observed, was superior to the writer, in the capability of producing direct and strong impressions on those around him; while this effect, through the agency of that wonderful instrument the press, could be diffused even among distant nations far removed from the sphere of the original impulse. As an accomplishment, too, it would be found fully equal to many of those usually taught as necessary parts of education; for the art of reading well, if more generally studied, would be found to afford far more gratification than cards or mere profitless conversation. The qualifications for becoming an orator, of course, included natural talent; but even this, without due cultivation, would fail in placing the possessor at a high elevation in the art, though without it commanding eminence could hardly be expected. The illustrations selected were a passage from the defence of St. Paul when arraigned before Agrippa; the verses descriptive of the Battle of Waterloo, from Lord

Byron's "Childe Harold;" and the commencing verses of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The lecture was distinguished for beauty of expression and imagery, not less than for the propriety of its arguments; and was listened to with marked approbation.

After the conclusion the president addressed the meeting with reference to a subscription which had been entered into, a few evenings before, by the members, for the purpose of obtaining more suitable premises. On that occasion upwards of 250*l.* were subscribed, and many donations for the same object had been since received; nearly eighty new members, it was also stated, had joined the institution since the commencement of the present quarter; and the necessity for increased accommodation became therefore every day more apparent.

VARIETIES.

The Arctic Land Expedition.—The last letter received from Captain Back left him at Norway House, on the Jack River, near Lake Winnepeg, which is situate 53 degrees North lat. and 98 West long. Here he proposed leaving his heavy boats and the greatest part of his stores, and taking with him light canoes to cross the rivers to proceed with his small party to the Great Slave Lake, which is in the 62d degree North lat. and the 112th West long. Hence inclining rather eastward, he would make for the Chesadawd Lake, situate 63½ degrees North lat. and 107½ West long. He would then have travelled 3,000 miles from Montreal, and all beyond him would be unexplored country. According to the Indians a river runs from this lake in a north-easterly direction, which they call "Thov-e-oho," signifying the Great Fish River. They describe its banks as abounding with game. Captain Back's purpose was either to fix his winter quarters at Lake Chesadawd, or at as far a distance down this supposed river as circumstances and the state of the season would permit. Having fixed his location, directions would be sent to Lake Winnepeg, through a line of communication which he would establish with the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company as he advanced, directing the heavy boats and winter stores to be forwarded to him. The same mode of communication, it is confidently believed, will insure the messenger who will have to convey the despatches sent out since Captain Ross's most providential return, the easy means of reaching Captain Back before he breaks up his winter quarters. These despatches, after acquainting Captain Back with the safe arrival of Captain Ross and crew, and of the discoveries made by Captain and Commander Ross, direct him to proceed to Cape Turnagain, which lies north-west of the Chesadawd Lake, and is so named from being the extreme northern point reached by Captain Franklin. Thence he is directed to proceed to the obelisk of stones erected by Commander Ross to mark the south-west limit of the neck of land which he partially explored. This obelisk is situate in 69 deg. 37 min. North lat. and 90 deg. 40 min. West long., and is supposed to be distant only 150 miles from Cape Turnagain. It is thought that, starting westerly from this obelisk, it will be highly desirable that Captain Back should complete the survey of the south west-coast of this land, and also, if the season will admit of it, the north-west coast, which was traced by Commander Ross only for a distance of ninety miles from the isthmus. If, from the discoveries he will have made, it should be more eligible, Captain Back is instructed to proceed direct from his present quarters to the obelisk. Doubts exist in the minds of some of the Arctic Land Committee as to the existence of the Great Fish River, which, if the Indian account be correct, runs from the Chesadawd Lake in a north-east direction. Mr. Simpson, one of the Governors of the Hudson's Bay Company, is of opinion that it is identical with the river discovered by Captain

Franklin, and named by him Back's River, which runs rather to the west of north from the lake. On the other hand, there are several of the Committee, whose confidence in the correctness of the Indian account is strengthened from the remarkable manner in which their accuracy on another geographical point has been proved by Captain Ross's recent discoveries. In their interviews with the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company they always have declared, after their manner, by standing with their faces due north, and stretching out their right hand in an easterly direction, that the land farther north spreads out in that direction—a fact now placed beyond doubt by Captain Ross. Accompanying the despatches sent out are maps descriptive of the extent to which Captain Ross has, during his tedious residence in these inclement regions, been able to trace their boundaries. It is confidently hoped by the Committee that the liberality of the public will insure the supply of the necessary funds to enable Captain Back to prosecute his task of exploration for a third season, in the course of which, it is believed, he would be able to complete the survey of the north-east coast of America up to the southern point, where Captain Ross's discoveries terminate.

Improved Raw Sugar.—About twelve months since was announced in the "New Monthly Magazine" the highly important results of trials, then in operation in Demerara, to obtain pure raw sugar direct from the cane juice. This was effected by the introduction of the process of evaporation *in vacuo*, the plan first proposed by the late Hon. Edward Charles Howard, and brought into very general adoption in the refineries at home. The success of this operation in obtaining pure raw sugar direct from the cane juice, and free from the extensive loss by molasses and deterioration by colouring matter, the consequences of the great heat employed in the ordinary process, and in the superior quality of the products, gained for the subject an attention which would probably before now have led to its very general and more extended introduction were it not for the impositions of the government at home, which, for the false policy of the protection of the refining interests, have imposed upon the sugar thus prepared the prohibitory duty of 8*l.* 8*s.* per cwt.

Whether a policy that thus sacrifices the growing hopes and interests of the colonies,—so opposed to the just views of promoting the progress of scientific developement, and the encouragement of sound philosophical and practical views in manufacturing industry, and such as should distinguish the liberal government of an intelligent manufacturing community,—shall be persevered in, is a question now eagerly demanded, not alone by those who are concerned in the welfare of the colonies, but who are interested in the free and unrestricted issue of those trains of improvement which have gained for Great Britain its present proud supremacy. The necessary effect of such an impost is to perpetuate an expensive, incomplete, and unphilosophical system of manufacture, to the exclusion of an improved process which ensures the complete success of the operation, at once founded upon scientific principles and adapted to ensure profit to the colonial planters and encouragement to British commerce. By the old process, from the great heat employed in the evaporation of the cane juice, a great portion is necessarily converted into molasses; whilst the whole of the sugar is still further deteriorated by its mixture with a portion which will not crystallize,—molasses and colouring matter,—and by this a very inadequate return is obtained for a most expensive outlay; whereas, by the improved process, the cane juice is submitted to a simple analytic operation, by which sugar of the best quality is obtained, and in the same quantity as it exists in the sugar cane, as, from the modified heat which is employed, the results of the operation are the mere educts of the cane, without having undergone the changes consequent upon its destructive distillation by the former process. This new operation also requires a far less portion of labour to

be employed,—a most important consideration while the emancipation of the slaves is in progress.

It is to be hoped that a government which has hitherto shewn itself so disposed to promote liberal measures will not, in this instance, swerve from its usual course, and allow all the extended benefits above described to be sacrificed to the interests of the refiners at home. Although for a time this latter has formed a tolerable feature of domestic industry, yet it must be accorded that, during the continental wars, when Great Britain was in possession of the whole of the sugar colonies, and, of course, monopolized the supply of sugar to the whole world, its prosperity was forced by a combination of circumstances which can never again take place. Whilst every attempt to uphold it will inevitably prove futile, and the admission of this sugar, at an enhanced rate of duty, will conduce to support the revenue, we look upon its introduction as necessarily not far distant.

National Vaccine Board.—Among the curious investigations confided to Committees of the House of Commons during the last session, the report and evidence on the subject of the Vaccine Board, with the view of examining into the expediency of continuing this public establishment, furnish particulars in no trifling degree curious and interesting. Inoculation for the small-pox was introduced in the year 1720, and, turning to the bills of mortality of that and successive periods, we find the average mortality to have been as follows:—

Average of Ten Years	Total Amount of Mortality.	Deaths by Small Pox.	Proportion in 1,000 who died of Small-Pox.
From 1710 to 1720	23,826	2,123	89
— 1720 to 1730	27,861	2,257	82
— 1730 to 1740	26,047	1,978	76
— 1740 to 1750	26,060	2,002	77
— 1750 to 1760	20,849	1,957	94
— 1820 to 1830	20,680	715	35

And the average of three years from 1830 to 1832 has diminished the proportion to 26 deaths in a thousand. The reduction in the mortality appears to be one-fourth what it was prior to the introduction of vaccination. The Vaccine Board distributed gratuitously, in 1832, no less than 100,000 charges of lymph, and vaccinated 14,190 souls. The number of births registered in the Metropolitan parishes, during the year, was 35,000, and the total number vaccinated, including the other establishments, was 23,532. Making allowance for the number of infants who die within a few months after birth, this shows a very favourable result, and evidences that vaccination is most extensively practised in the capital.

The official value of goods warehoused in the port of London, for the years 1831 and 1832 are thus stated:—1831, 19,974,531*l.*; 1832, 18,588,211*l.*

Preserved Flowers and Plants.—Mr. Lindsey, the intelligent manager of the gardens at Chiswick House, has just presented to the Medico-Botanical Society some very beautiful and highly preserved specimens of dried plants and herbs, retaining, in a peculiar degree, the whole of the volatile oil and aroma, and the colour of the recent plant. The plan adopted by Mr. Lindsey is to dry the substances in a close and dark room, and not, as is usually the case, by exposure to a current of air and the action of the light. When the separation of the aqueous particles is effected by their evaporation, and they are tolerably dry, he submits them to pressure in small quantities enveloped in paper, until the oil appears on the surface, and which is known by its discoloration: by this, all change of colour by the action of the light, or further loss of volatile matters by evaporation is prevented. In pot-herbs, as well as medicinal plants, the improvement and superiority is very decided.

Health of the Inhabitants of London.—Sir A. Carlisle, in his evidence given before the Factory Commission, thus accounts for the comparative good health of the adult population of London:—"The great mass of the population of London have been brought up in the country. I would venture to say that half the shopkeepers and artisans in London have been born and bred in the country, and come to London at or after maturity, to seek their fortunes, and to obtain their livelihood, or to assist some of their relations or connexions. Such persons will go on for a considerable time without suffering much from the injurious effects of a confined city, or from an unhealthy occupation; but take an infant born and bred in London, and subject it to all the same vicissitudes, and that child will invariably become unhealthy."

Parliamentary Returns.—Sir Henry Parnell, with the view of showing the bearing of taxation in this country on the various conditions of society, moved for and obtained certain returns in the House of Commons, which have just been printed, and from which we make the following extracts:—The net amount of the Customs and Excise duties on materials of manufactures, building, ship-building, &c. in the United Kingdom, during the year 1832, was 5,841,628*l.* 7*s.* 0*d.*; on articles of luxury, 27,878,603*l.* 8*s.* 11½*d.*; on articles of food, 541,158*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.*; direct taxes on capital, viz.—legacies, probates, and administrations, 2,023,460*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*; assessed taxes, 3,735,162*l.* 2*s.*; land-tax, 1,184,340*l.* 4*s.* 1½*d.*

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A singular circumstance happened at la Hogue on Saturday, the 7th of March, 1833. The weather being very calm, and the surface of the sea smooth, the tide was observed to ebb to so great a distance as to leave the roadstead entirely dry. Parts of the vessels of the celebrated Tourville, that were burnt and sunk by the English fleet, under Admiral Russel, May 29th, 1692, were exposed to view. The hulls of those ships appeared in a high state of preservation, and during the interval of the two tides, it was found practicable to recover six pieces of cannon and several cart-loads of cannon shot. These, although they had remained under water for upwards of 141 years, were found in good condition. Since this brilliant but unfortunate battle, there is no tradition of the sea having receded so far as in the above-mentioned instance.

Increasing Productiveness of the Gold and Platina Mines in the Ural Mountains.—According to the official account published at St. Petersburg last month, the quantity of gold and platina obtained during the first three months of the present year, was, Gold—from the mines belonging to the crown, 75 poods, 15 lbs., 34½ zololnicks; from the mines belonging to private persons, 105 poods, 3 lbs., 32 zol.; total 180 poods, 18 lbs., 66½ zol. Platina—from the mines of the crown, 2 lbs., 54½ zol.; from the mines belonging to private persons, 80 poods, 13 lbs., 91½ zol.; total, 80 poods, 16 lbs. 46⅞ zol. Of the latter, 79 poods, 2 lbs. were procured in the mines of Nyre Tahel, belonging to the heirs of the privy-councillor Demidoff, in whose possession are the three largest masses of native platina yet found; one of them was obtained on the 18th March, 1831, and the two others in March, 1832. Their respective weights are 19 lbs. 53 zol.; 19 lbs. 18 zol.; 13 lbs. 53 zol. A pood is 40 lbs. Russian, or 36 lbs., English weight. The quantity of gold found in the first quarter of 1833 was therefore 6500 lbs.; and a pound of gold being 50*l.* sterling, the value was 325,000*l.*

A New Island in lat. 14° 46' N., long. 169° 18' E. has been discovered by the American brig Bolivar, and named Farnham's Island. This new speck in the Pacific is about six miles in length, with a reef running about ten miles from its western extremity.

National Education in France.—The Bill for regulating Primary Instruction in France, termed the *Projet de Loi*, introduced to the Chamber of Deputies by M. Guizot on the 2d of January last, and passed into a law on the 28th of June, provides for the establishment of schools of three descriptions. Every commune or parish is bound to provide, either by itself or conjointly with one or more neighbouring parishes, one primary school of the lowest order. In this school moral and religious instruction is to be given to the children, reading, writing, the principles of the French language, ciphering, and an acquaintance with the authorized system of weights and measures are to be taught. The master of this establishment is to be furnished by the parish with a suitable house and fixed salary, the minimum of which is to be 200 francs, 8*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*, and in addition he is to receive from such of the parents of the children as can afford it fees or quarter pence. The fees are to be exacted, not by the master himself, but by a public officer on his account. County towns and parishes having a population exceeding 6,000 souls are bound, individually or conjointly, to maintain a school of the second class, in which, in addition to the instruction given in the first or lower order of schools, the children are taught the elements of geometry, with its ordinary applications, particularly to linear drawing and land measuring; the elements of the physical sciences and of natural history, as they are applicable to the common uses of life; singing; the elements of history and geography, and especially the history and geography of France. The wishes of the fathers must, however, be consulted and complied with as to their children's participation in the religious instruction given. As this second class of schools are designed for the children of parents above want, there is no gratuitous admission except in the case of extraordinary talents in the poor scholar of the lower species, who receives the advantage of a higher education as a reward; but, in order that the rate of payment may be very moderate, the master is to receive a fixed salary, of which the minimum is 400 francs, (16*l.* 13*s.*) along with the fees. In this class of schools, as well as the former, the fixed salary of the master is to be paid wholly by the parish, if possible, or, if not, partly by the department or county, and the state itself is to come in aid as a *dernier resort*. The third class of schools, styled *Normal*, are for the training of masters, and of these there is to be one in every department.

New Gigantic Telescope.—A great work has just been completed in all its essential parts, in Urzscheider's manufactory of optical instruments at Munich. It is a gigantic telescope, on Fraunhofer's principle, of 15 Paris feet focal distance, and an aperture of 10½ inches. It surpasses in size and power the largest telescopes made in the lifetime of the illustrious Fraunhofer. It has been tried with the greatest strictness by the professors of astronomy in the University of Munich, and declared to be a perfect masterpiece. The clearness and distinctness of a heavenly body seen through it, is, to that of the Dorpat telescope made by Fraunhofer, of thirteen feet focal distance and nine inches aperture, as 21 to 18, and the intensity of the light as 136 to 100. It magnifies far above 1000 times, and the ordinary expression of bringing an object nearer may be literally applied: thus, when Saturn at its smallest distance from the earth, is 165,000,000 of geographical miles distant, it seems, when magnified 816 times by this telescope, to have approached to the distance of 192,000 geographical miles; and the moon, at her smallest distance from the earth, seems, when magnified in the same manner, to have approached within 68 geographical miles, which is but little more than the distance, in a direct line, from Athens to Constantinople.

M. de St. Sauveur, the French Consul at Salonica, has lately presented to the King some antique Greek marbles, found in Macedonia. They consist of heads of divines and kings, funeral monuments, ornamented with bas-reliefs and inscriptions; a colossal bust, supposed to be that of Persius,

the last King of Macedon; and a colossal statue of Diana. His Majesty has sent them to the Museum of the Louvre, and has presented to M. de St. Sauveur, in return, a magnificent dessert-service of Sevres porcelain.

The following is a statement of the number of French merchant-vessels, on the first of January, of the years—

	1830.	1831.	1832.
Total number of vessels	14,742	14,852	15,031
Vessels built	726	696	672
Reduction by shipwrecks, &c.	587	503	455
Vessels of 800 tons and upwards	2	1	1
Vessels from 700 to 800	6	6	6
600 to 700	3	2	1
500 to 600	14	15	15
400 to 500	53	51	47
300 to 400	201	198	196
200 to 300	578	570	560
100 to 200	1345	1308	1256
60 to 100	1556	1544	1520
30 to 60	1101	1086	1071
30 and under	9883	10,071	10,358
Total	14,742	14,852	15,031

Vidocq has just obtained a patent for the manufacture of paper from which no writing or print, once impressed, can be effaced or altered. The Directors of the Stamp Office long ago offered a premium for the discovery of this paper.

The rail-road from Paris to the coast is agreed upon; but it is not decided whether it is to run to Dieppe or Havre.

Munchen-Gratz.—Munchen-Gratz, at which the Emperors of Austria and Russia have met, is a small town on the Iser, about forty miles to the north-east of Prague, on the high road from the latter city into the south of Prussia. Like Friedland, it has descended to the Clam Gallas family; and like that town, too, recalls the memory of the illustrious Wallenstein, who was buried in the chapel of the castle near Munchen-Gratz, after his assassination at Eger, in February, 1634. The bridge across the Iser at this place is above seventy feet long. The inhabitants, about 2700 in number, are employed in cotton manufactures.

The number of State Pensioners in France, on January 1, 1833, was 162,175, who are thus divided:—Pensioned peers, 128, receiving 1,564,000 francs; civil pensioners, 2493, receiving 1,733,400 fr.; pensioners of July, 1408, receiving 613,700 fr.; military pensioners, 127,011, receiving 46,603,221 fr.; ecclesiastical pensioners, 28,186, receiving 4,662,469 fr.; *donataires*, 2952, receiving 1,480,084 fr. Total, 162,175 pensioners, receiving 56,735,874 fr.

M. de Chateaubriand has published statistics of the victims of the first French revolution; from which it appears that the number of persons guillotined was 18,613; of which number, 2217 were females, and 13,635 were men of the middling and lower classes. In addition to those guillotined, M. Chateaubriand states that there were killed in La Vendée 940,748, including 22,000 children and 3400 women, whose deaths were occasioned by premature labour; and that the victims at Nantes, by orders of Carrier, were 10,224, and at Lyons 31,000; making a gross total of 1,000,585, without reckoning those massacred at Versailles, and in prisons at Paris, nor those who were shot at Marseilles, Toulon, and other parts of France.

RURAL ECONOMY.

It is a great point with persons having only small gardens, to know how to lay them out to the most advantage, so as to have a succession of flowers during the year, or, at least, during those months when the family are at home. In the vicinity of London it is an object to cultivate plants which look best in winter and spring, and to have such as will bear the smoke of cities. By proper management, flower-gardens, whether small or large, may be so contrived as to present a beautiful appearance at any season that it may be thought most desirable; all that is requisite is to know what month each plant flowers in, and how to arrange a garden so as to have some handsome plants in it suitable to each season. In arranging a small garden near London, so as to look well in the spring and autumn, the first thing to be considered is to plant it with a due proportion of handsome and bushy evergreens. The Balearic box, the different kinds of Holly, Laurel, Laurustinus, Acuba, &c., will afford ample variety. Where there is more space, yews, firs, and pines may be added, with red and white cedars, arbor vitæ, &c. In mild situations, some of the finer species of the pine and fir tribe will add much to the effect; the *Auracaria imbricata* and *Cunninghamia lanceolata* are particularly beautiful, and, though tender, will stand in the open air with a slight protection. Some very handsome pines and firs have lately been introduced, which are perfectly hardy. *Pinus Douglasii* is one of the handsomest and fastest-growing of these; but *P. loxicis* and *P. Webbiana* very nearly equal it in every respect. The last species is particularly handsome. *Pinus cembra* grows in a compact cone-like shape, swelling out below, and tapering gracefully to a point, and *Pinus halepensis*, and *P. longifolia* are remarkable for the beauty and gracefulness of their fronds (leaves) and the general elegance of their appearance. Perhaps one of the finest collections of pine and fir trees in England is at Lord Grenville's at Dropmore. The trees are there all planted on fine turf, at sufficient distances from each other to allow each to display its peculiar mode of growth; each is properly named, and the appearance of the whole is extremely beautiful. But to return to the suburban garden—having planted it with a sufficient quantity of inconspicuous flowering evergreens, to prevent its having a bare and desolate appearance in winter, the next thing is to mix with them as many other shrubs, both evergreen and deciduous, but bearing brilliant-coloured flowers, as may be necessary to relieve the sombre hue of the darker and larger evergreens. The red or yellow berries of the holly and the mispelus, the coral-like seeds of the yew, the long white flower-sprigs of the laurel, and the elegant flowers of the laurustinus will lend their aid, but some bright flowers will be requisite. Rhododendrons, kalmias, and azaleas, will look well in winter, and blossom beautifully in spikes; and the Exmouth variety of the *magnolia grandiflora*, with its laurel-like leaf, and its large, white, magnificent, and sweet-scented flowers, will prove a powerful auxiliary. Some of the *Magnolias* flower in the autumn, but the *Magnolia conspicua* is one of the flowers of early spring. This beautiful tree is not an evergreen, and its flowers expand before its leaves, but when planted in a clump of evergreens, or backed by an evergreen hedge, and slightly sheltered from the frost during the night, it is one of the most splendid of flowering shrubs. The *Rhododendron dauricum antrovirescens* also flowers very early in the season, and is very pretty, though dwarf-growing; the autumn and spring mezereons, the spurge laurel, and all the other species of daphnes, are also very useful and beautiful winter and spring shrubs, with many others, that may be found in any nursery. The red and yellow-blossomed currants; the double-blossomed furze; the Persian, common, and Siberian lilacs; the English and Scotch laburnums, the latter being incomparably the finest; the *Wistarias*, *frutescens*, and *Consequana*; the *cytissus*, purple and yellow; and many other beautiful plants, flower in spring, and by a due mixture of

them a brilliant display of flowers may be produced. When the space will admit, hawthorns may be introduced, both for their flowers in spring, and their berries in autumn. It is, perhaps, not generally known that there are no less than seventy species of thorns which will grow well in the open air in this country. Of these the tansy-leaved and the sweet-scented, both having downy pale green leaves, are very handsome; one of them bears a large yellow, and the other a large scarlet haw. The common pink hawthorn is well known, as is the cockspur; River's scarlet is extremely beautiful. *Crætagus lucida*, or the shining thorn, has a deep green glossy leaf, something like that of a pear or apple tree. Mr. Beckford, when laying out the grounds at Fonthill, planted a thornery, in which he included all the sorts then known, but it is now gone to decay, as well as all the other parts of the grounds of that once fine place. The design, however, is worthy of imitation, where there is space sufficient for the trees to grow.

Waste of Corn in Agriculture.—It is estimated, that only one-third of the seed-corn sown on the best land grows; the other two-thirds are destroyed. The number of cultivated acres in Great Britain and Ireland amounts to 47,000,000; 30,000,000 of which are under the plough. Two-fifths of the latter, or 12,000,000 acres, are annually under the cereal crops. The average allowance of seed for the three kinds of corn may be stated at four bushels and two-thirds per acre. The quantity of seed annually sown thus amounts to 7,000,000 quarters. If two-thirds of this quantity are rendered unproductive by some agency which has hitherto been uncontrolled, then 4,666,666 quarters of corn are annually wasted! The quantity thus lamentably wasted would support more than 1,000,000 of human beings.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.*

USEFUL ARTS.

National Gallery of Practical Science.—Akin with the salutary results that must necessarily be produced by competitive exhibitions of the useful arts, another great feature of the intellectual progress of the age to feelings more consonant with a great manufacturing community, in which the applications of science constitute the main-spring of vitality and prosperity, are those which must be produced by exhibitions, of which popular demonstrations of the objects of practical science constitute the leading feature, whether by making acquainted with the wonders of the microscopic or the heavenly world, tracing the chemist through the very elaborate, and almost magic, changes of his science, or familiarizing with those sources of the gigantic strength of our country to which we are indebted for our present proud superiority over every other nation on the earth. Amongst such exhibitions, the National Gallery of Practical Science unquestionably stands forth the most prominent; and from the very interesting nature and great variety of its objects, extending, as they do, to all purposes of utility and comfort in life, there is little doubt, not only of its continuing to meet with the highest degree of public support, but that it will revolutionize the present age to feelings of sterner and more apposite character than has distinguished any preceding.

It is truly indicative of the growth of these feelings that they are rapidly diffusing their taste throughout the whole community. The crowds that may be seen surrounding our print-shops,—not devoted to survey the licentious or vulgar prints which have been considered, and too truly, the characteristic of the taste of the lower orders of the English people,—but to view and criticise the highest efforts of the art, shows that the taste for the fine arts is most rapidly extending. The crowds which surround those itinerant astronomers who ply with their telescopes at all parts of the metropolis, or

who, by the same media, are making themselves acquainted with the wonders of the microscopic world, are at the same time a criterion that the taste for science is becoming equally extensive. In our walks through London, we have wondered as we witnessed the many real objects of scientific merit that are to be met with in those exhibitions which are, at their price, devoted especially to the amusement of the lowest orders: we have there met with some of the finest specimens of modelling in wax, beautifully illustrative of the elaborate structure of the various portions of the human frame, and even specimens of the art of embalming, not exceeded in our largest and most costly collections. Even exhibitions of models of machinery, and demonstrations of chemical and electrical science, are taking the place of the mummeries of our most vulgar fairs.

The growth of such a taste is most pleasing, in whatever light it may be viewed. Its immediate tendency is the encouragement of pursuits, and the fostering of tastes, enabling every one to fulfil better his relative, as well as individual, station in society. The shrine of science can perform more miracles than the most holy-sainted shrine: before it the conflicting passions—the depraved and enervating desires—of man fall. The industrious artisan, who can regale his mind with these intellectual tastes, has little time to devote to sedition, or inclination to pursue illegal combinations; whilst in his endeavours, by habits of increased industry and sobriety, to foster these tastes, he cannot be led astray by the political or religious incendiary; there is no fear of his becoming an anarch or an infidel. To descant on the individual, as well as relative, benefits that might be derived from familiarity with scientific objects, would be to recall from the grave the thousands who lie there, whose lives might have been prolonged had the balm of science been applied. We recognize the deficiency of such, as well in the sacrifices to mistakes in the exhibitions of domestic medicine, or in other casualties of poison or accident, as in the many innocent individuals sacrificed to their country's sanguinary laws; for it were, indeed, too easy to invoke the manes of many thus immolated upon the altar of popular ignorance.

With these views, it is with feelings of the highest satisfaction that we record the very successful results of this exhibition,—a fact thoroughly demonstrated by the very great support which it meets with from the public. It is impossible for us to pretend to an enumeration of objects so promiscuous or extensive as it embraces,—from the steam-gun, destined to deprive war of its horrors, by rendering it an object too expensive even for the most powerful king to play at, down to the more peaceful subject of bee-management, which, under the improved and very valuable system of Mr. Nutt, has gladdened the heart of many a peasant, and augmented the comforts of many a British hearth. We are presented with a series of the most interesting experiments in magnetism and electro-magnetism, developing the identity of these matters, and raising the very probable opinion that these are but peculiar modifications of one series of emanations, constituting the great agent by which all nature is animated, invigorated, and kept in being. To the man of science these form, unquestionably, the most interesting part of the exhibition; and in this respect it supplies a hiatus of communication long wanted in the world of science, familiarizing the different cultivators with the discoveries in philosophy as they are progressively developed, and thus enabling them to obtain, at the small charge of exhibition, information difficult of attainment even to those possessed of the most recent published details. The popular observer, as well as the juvenile mind, may be gratified by the applications of science in its infinitude of details, presenting varied objects for every intellectual taste, as excited by the displays of models of steam-boats in operation, chemical experiments, optical illusions, &c.

To such objects it is impossible but to express our most cordial assent. To the proprietors the reflection must be most gratifying of having put themselves at the head of the public taste. The exhibition was an object which grew out of public feeling, and it is conducted upon the surface of

public opinion; but a strict adherence to these principles cannot be too strongly impressed, that the details shall, in every essential, fulfil the objects of the establishment. Whilst, as a school of science, it becomes the regenerator of the public mind, we doubt not but it will become the foster parent of many other local institutions, and a nursery for men of science to become future teachers on these subjects—a want which such an institution will necessarily bring into being.

Steam Carriages on Common Roads.—It has been very generally believed, particularly among horse-coach proprietors, that the public would be prejudiced against this new mode of conveyance; and in entering into arrangements for running steam-carriages, this objection has been raised as a reason for reducing the premium required by the patentees, it being stated that steam-carriages would run for a length of time at a loss before the public would venture regularly to travel on common roads by steam. Sir Charles Dance, at the time of running between Gloucester and Cheltenham, had never discovered that such a prejudice existed, but that the contrary was really the case, every one appearing anxious to become a passenger. This point has, however, been further set at rest, by the same carriage having run for eight successive days from Wellington-street, over Waterloo Bridge, to Greenwich three times a-day, starting regularly at eleven, half-past twelve, and two o'clock each day, a distance, in the whole, of about 250 miles, at an average running of ten miles per hour.

In order to call forth as little opposition as possible, from the coachmen and their attendant imps, at the same time to shew that the public mind is by no means against the introduction of steam-carriages, Sir Charles Dance determined not to run for the ordinary charge, but the coach was advertised to run for two shillings and sixpence each person, to or from Greenwich, or the sum of four shillings to those who were desirous of going and returning: by such a course it was evident that curiosity would be the principal motive for going with the carriage. We are informed, that, on an average, fourteen persons accompanied the carriage each trip. Such has been the interest displayed, that crowds of persons lined the road; and at either end of the journey, so dense were the crowds, that but for the command over the engine, and the accuracy of the driving, some serious accident must inevitably have occurred. In some of the journeys, the steam-coach was accompanied by many of our most scientific men, amongst others Mr. Telford, Mr. Macneill, and others of our best engineers, who expressed themselves so much gratified with the success of Sir Charles Dance, that they have determined on running the carriage a journey between London and Birmingham, the more fully to demonstrate the practicability of using the power of steam on common roads; and the carriage has been taken off the Greenwich road for this purpose.

We have very carefully examined the steam-carriage, and observed the ease of its running, and believe that, when Messrs. Maudslay and Field shall have completed a carriage, it may be expected to run on an average fifteen miles an hour, with light weights. It should be understood, that the present carriage was not built by these talented engineers, but that the boiler only is of their manufacture; nor can they venture to use its full power on the engines, as many parts of the carriage are not equal to bear the strain, whilst other parts are too strong and heavy; it may therefore be said, that the carriage, in having performed so much under all the circumstances, has the more positively proved the possibility of bringing this mode of conveyance into general application. We hope, in our next, to lay before our readers the result of the journey to Birmingham. We would here observe, that the boiler, on the lightness and strength of which every thing depends, has, after running several hundred miles, proved itself most effective, and may be considered as a very successful invention. The Brighton road was divided into five stages of rather more than ten

miles, at which places the carriage took in coke and water; in running on the Greenwich road, the carriage took in for each journey a small quantity of coke and water, sufficient for the five miles run, the two stations for this purpose being one in the Waterloo Road and the other at Greenwich. The quantity of coke consumed during the whole time that the carriage has been running with the present boiler, averages nearly half a bushel per mile.

Improvement in Culinary Utensils and Vessels.—This consists in protecting or strengthening such vessels, when made or formed of zinc, as are intended for utensils or vessels of capacity, and to be submitted to the action of fire in boiling liquids; or to be used for any other similar purpose where they are likely to be injured by heat. It consists also in casing or covering them, either wholly or partially, with thin sheet-copper, iron, tin-plate, brass, either soldered or riveted to the vessels, and which is done in several different ways. For vessels of small capacity, a shell, or outer casing, from thin sheet-copper, iron, tin-plate, brass, or other thin sheet metals, of the proper size and shape required, is made either by hammering, stamping, or raising, or by uniting the sides and bottom by riveting, soldering, or otherwise; the inside of this shell or outer casing, with tin, is then covered in the ordinary manner of tinning. Into the tinned shell or case a core is suspended, or placed in such a way as to leave a small space all round it, between the surface of the core and the inside of the case or shell, the width of the space being of the thickness of the metal required to form the inner vessel. Into this space zinc, in a fluid state, is cast, which will melt or fuse the tin on the inside of the case or shell, and cause it to solder between the zinc and the shell, and to make them adhere firmly together, and when the zinc has become hard, the case is removed and the inside of the vessel tinned to produce a smooth surface in the usual way; the other parts are attached to the utensil in the ordinary manner.

Machine for Pressing Straw and other Hats.—This consists of a suitable block fixed to the frame-work of the machine, and upon which the hat is placed when pressed, which is done by a heated flat iron; to this a horizontal motion is given by a shaft, carrying an eccentric, which acts upon a lever, to the opposite end of which the pressing iron is fixed. By placing the foot upon a treadle the pressure may be regulated.

NEW PATENTS.

H. Davey, of St. Giles, Camberwell, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for preparing linen and cotton rags and other materials used in the manufacture of paper.

A. Smith, of Princes-street, Leicester-square, for certain improvements in springs for doors and other purposes.

J. W. Lewty, of Lichfield-street, Birmingham, brass-founder, for certain improvements in castors.

M. Berry, of 66, Chancery-lane, civil engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of weighing machines.

T. Welch, of Manchester, cotton-spinner, for a new method of taking up, for power and hand-looms.

W. T. Young, of Liverpool, merchant, for a machine or apparatus for equalizing draft, chiefly applicable to the towing of barges and other floating bodies on water, and moving or drawing carriages on land.

J. Maudslay, of Lambeth, engineer, for an

improvement in the structure of certain boilers for producing steam for the working of steam-engines.

G. Gurney, Bude, Cornwall, Esquire, for certain improvements in musical instruments.

R. Stephenson, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, engineer, for a certain improvement in the locomotive steam-engines now in use for the quick conveyance of passengers and goods upon edge railways.

R. B. Cooper, of Battersea Fields, Esq. and G. F. Eckstein, of Holborn, ironmonger, for an instrument or apparatus for pointing pencils, and certain other purposes.

S. Hutchinson, of Pall Mall East, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for manufacturing gas for illumination, and in the mode or means of supplying gas to the consumer; and also in the construction of gas-burners, parts of which improvements are applicable to other useful purposes.

R. Barnes, of Wigan, engineer, for a certain

machine and apparatus for producing, by the combustion of gas or oil, heated air for warming the interior of buildings, and which machine and apparatus may be employed at the same time to give light.

J. Tennant, merchant, and T. Clark, chemist, both of Glasgow, for a new or improved apparatus to produce or evolve chlorine for manufacturing purposes.

C. Attwood, of Wickham, near Gateshead, glass-manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in manufacturing or purifying soda.

J. F. V. Gerard, Mile End, for an improvement applicable to the Jacquard looms for weaving figured fabrics.

T. A. G. Gillyon, of Crown-street, Finsbury square, engineer, for improvements in ordnance, and on the carriages and projectiles to be used therewith.

H. Hendriks, of Dunkirk, in the kingdom of France, but now of the Strand, in the county of Middlesex, Gent., for certain improvements in manufacturing prussiate of potash, and the prussiate of soda, and improvements in dyeing blue colours without indigo.

J. Joyce, of South-row, New Road, St. Pancras, in the county of Middlesex, Gent., for a certain improvement or improvements in machinery for making nails.

BANKRUPTS,

FROM OCTOBER 29, 1833, TO NOVEMBER 26, 1833, INCLUSIVE.

Oct. 29.—H. DAVIS, Bristol, scrivener. H. PLANT, Congleton, Cheshire, victualler. J. KINGSFORD, Canterbury, miller.

Nov. 1.—S. KENT, victualler, Russell-court, Drury-lane. E. BELL, dealer in carriages, King-street, Portman-square. R. L. ANDREW, market-gardener, Wandsworth-road. J. C. S. STEAD, corn-factor, Mark-lane. T. RUTLAND, bobbin and carriage-maker, Nottingham. W. WALLIS, builder, Fen Ditton, Cambridgeshire. J. INGLIS, baker, High-street, Hampstead. J. MAZZUCCHI, merchant, Bow-lane, Cheapside. G. DIXON, farmer, Burley, Otley, Yorkshire. F. DAVY, coal-merchant, Phoenix-wharf, Whitefriars.

Nov. 5.—W. MASON, Queenhithe, auctioneer. J. NICKALLS, Chatham, Kent, corn-factor. H. R. RODDAM, North Shields, Northumberland, common brewer. P. E. WEBER, Liverpool, ironfounder. R. COAD, Huddersfield, Yorkshire, grocer. J. ARMSTRONG, Cambridge, tin-plate-worker.

Nov. 8.—J. GLOVER, London, commission-agent. J. E. R. CRACKNELL, Acorn-yard, Limehouse, engineer. J. DAVIS, Fleet-street, upholsterer. T. HARCOURT, Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, brass-founder. J. A. BODEN, Drury-lane, needle-manufacturer. J. E. FARR, Baldock, Hertfordshire, carpenter. J. E. C. BENTLEY, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, curiosity dealer. T. RICHARDS and J. HARWOOD, Fleet-street, newspaper proprietors. W. C. TREVELYAN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, glass-manufacturer. W. MARSHALL, Northampton, boot-manufacturer. T. RAWLINGS, Cheltenham, commission-broker. J. THOMPSON, Brompton, Yorkshire, linen-manufacturer. T. GILPIN, Gildersome, Yorkshire, cloth-manufacturer.

Nov. 12.—H. THOMPSON, Cowper's-court, Cornhill, merchant. T. EDWARDS, Hatton-garden, Holborn, tailor. R. SEABROOK, Thornborough, Buckinghamshire, miller. S. WELLS, St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, carpenter. J. H. BIDDLE, Grays, Essex, carpenter. E. PEMBREY, Chester, innkeeper. E. CHEW, Manchester, manufacturing chemist. G. KING, Norwich, wharfinger. D. JERMYN, Great Yarmouth, ship-agent.

Nov. 15.—J. GIBBON, jun., Limehouse-hole, Poplar, mast-maker. G. TAYLOR, Coopers'-row, Crutchedfriars, sail-cloth-manufacturer. J. MORRIS, Regent-street, Poplar, carpenter. A. JONES, Aberystwith, Cardigan, draper. C. DOD, Lime-street, ship-owner. G. WATKINS, Homer-street, Marylebone, grocer. J. GAZE, Norwich, tanner. J. E. DILLY, Littleton, Hampshire, horse-dealer. T. J. SPENCE, Manchester, linen-factor. J. JONES, Worcester, liquor-merchant.

Nov. 19.—J. FLUDE, Mincing-lane, wine-merchant. R. JOHNSON, Wapping-street, victualler. H. R. PLAW, Modiford-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant. W. HUCKEL, Duke-st., Westminster, lodging-house-keeper. M. and J. BRISTOW, Commercial-road, Stepney, engine-makers. B. WHATLOCK, Walcot, Somersetshire, lozenge-maker. J. and J. COTTER, Foxteth-park, Lancashire, joiners. W. RADCLIFFE, Whitfield, near Glossop, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner. W. SIDEBOTHAM, Houghton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. R. KEW, Norwich, jeweller. G. STOKES, Liverpool, schoolmaster.

Nov. 22.—E. CUSSELL, sen., Croydon, dealer in coals. W. R. CROGGAN, Bartholomew-lane, auctioneer. J. HOOK, Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-broker. T. HARGREAVES, jun., Wakefield, Yorkshire, money-scrivener. G. DANIER, Road, Somersetshire, maltster.

Nov. 26.—C. LOCKYER, Strood, Kent, linen-draper. J. SAYRE, High-street, Shadwell, cheesemonger. E. STRINGER, Poplar, publican. S. STEVENSON, Ramsgate, linen-draper. J. BETTS, Winchester, cabinet-maker. W. SANT, Adelphi Wharf, Westminster, coal-merchant. J. O. ATKINS, Cecil-street, Strand, boarding-house keeper. J. OVEN, Dover-street, Piccadilly, tailor. S. MORSE, Kingston-upon-Thames, grocer. T. J. LANCASTER, Cateaton-street, merchant. B. SPEARMAN, Birmingham, grocer. W. SMITH, Sheffield, builder. J. & S. GRUNDY, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmoreland, blanket-manufacturers. H. BRISBAND, Birmingham, pearl-button-manufacturer. W. ATHERTON, Tacna, Peru, merchant.

COMMERCIAL AND MONEY-MARKET REPORT.

THE approaching termination of the year brings with it its usual concomitant in the reluctance of purchasers of piece-goods to extend their orders beyond their immediate occasions; and this, coupled with the great increase that has of late taken place in the raw material, has occasioned great dulness in the sale of all descriptions of silk goods, and to a certain extent in cottons also. In woollens little alteration has been experienced, and the manufacturers still meet with ready purchasers at full prices. The iron trade also, less affected by changes of season, maintains its improved condition.

In the Colonial Market, the depression that has been gradually increasing for some time past seems at last to have reached its lowest point, and to promise a speedy reaction. In the Sugar Market, the grocers have been purchasing largely for home consumption; and some demand has been made on the part of refiners; the consequence is that in Muscovades an advance of 1s. per cwt. is to be noted. Brown Demerara, Berbice, Tobago, &c. have been selling at 50s. to 51s.; middling and strong quality Jamaica and Antigua, from 50s. to 54s.; colourings, 55s. to 57s.; and a parcel of Antigua in barrels, of very fine quality, at 66s. per cwt. Mauritius sugar has also advanced full 6d. per cwt.; by public sales lately, 1400 bags sold as follows:—yellow, 52s. 6d. to 57s.; good brown, 50s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.; and low quality and damaged, 38s. 6d. to 49s.

In East India Sugar, some purchases have been made in Bengal and Siam at former prices; and a parcel of Manilla brought, by private contract, 23s.

The sales in Foreign Sugars have been almost entirely limited to Bahias, which are inquired for both for exportation and for refining. West India Molasses bring from 25s. to 27s. per cwt.; in British a decline of 6d. per cwt. has taken place.

The holders of British Plantation Coffee seem to expect a favourable turn in the market, and are firm for an advance in prices. Those lately obtained are as follows:—Demerara, middling quality, 88s. to 90s.; fine ordinary, 84s. to 86s.; ordinary, 72s. to 82s. 20 casks of Berbice of fine quality and a favourite mark were taken in at 99s. 6d. to 100s.

In Foreign and East India there is not the same animation, and prices seem still to tend downwards; the late sales have been—196 bags Sumatra, good, 50s. to 50s. 6d.; inferior, 47s. to 48s. 6d.; damaged, 42s. to 45s. 6d.; 1100 bags St. Domingo, of good quality, at 60s.; darker, 57s. to 58s.; about 3300 bags Siams, good white, 24s. 6d. to 25s.; low damp, 21s. 6d. to 23s. 6d.; washed, 20s. 6d. to 21s. 6d.

Rum partakes of the general improvement in Colonial produce; good strong Jamaica has brought 2s. 10d. to 3s. 2d. With respect to other spirits, Irish and Scotch Whisky have advanced 1d. per gallon, and the advance seems likely to be maintained. Old Brandy is scarce, and no reduction is therefore to be expected. The accounts of the late vintage circulated by the French houses in the Spirit trade are very favourable, both in respect of quality and quantity.

The Cotton Market is still heavy, and the sales made in London of late have been but to a small extent; in Manchester, however, the purchases at the reduced rates are said to have been on a much larger scale; the prices lately realized here have been, for ordinary to good fair Surats, $5\frac{3}{8}$ d. to $6\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb.; 184 bales of Bombay of middling quality were bought in at $4\frac{3}{4}$ d.

In Silk, the business is extremely dull, the price having reached a point at which the manufacturers are compelled to abstain from purchasing, and to wait the decline which appears to be inevitable from the late large arrivals of Italian Raw Silk. In Indigo, there is no variation either in the demand or the price, and the accounts from Calcutta state the appearance of the crop to promise so fair an average as is not likely to produce any material alteration in the market.

An important rise in Port Wine has resulted from the protracted contest in Portugal, as, in addition to the quantity of wine destroyed in Oporto, a large portion of the late vintage will be neglected and lost. From 48l. to 52l. per pipe, on board, has been paid, which is full 10l. per pipe higher than the price of last year, and a still further advance is expected.

In Spices, the only alteration to note is an improvement in the quotations of Pimento, ordinary to good bringing $4\frac{1}{8}$ d. to $4\frac{7}{8}$ d. per lb. Pepper remains steady, heavy $4\frac{3}{8}$ d. to $4\frac{1}{2}$ d.; Cassia Lignea, middling quality, 76s. to 77s.

The Tallow Market is very firm, and holders are confident in their expectations of a rise; indeed, from 6*d.* to 9*d.* advance has been realized during the last fortnight; Petersburg yellow, for delivery in January, February, and March, is contracted for at 45*s.* to 45*s.* 3*d.* All descriptions of Fish Oils are also improving, and a rise of 20*s.* to 30*s.* per tun has taken place; 23*l.* is asked for Whale Oil, and sales have been made at 22*l.* 10*s.*

The Corn Market is very steady; superior qualities of Wheat and Barley are taken freely, but for inferior qualities the demand is very limited.

The Money Market has been in a state of the greatest apathy during the last month, and the fluctuations in Consols have not exceeded the limit of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. An advance of 5*s.* to 6*s.* has taken place in Exchequer Bills, and a slight improvement in Bank and East India Stock. The Foreign Funds have for the most part been extremely dull, and the prices heavy; the following shows the state of the market at the close on the 25th.

BRITISH FUNDS.

Three per Cent. Consols, Ditto for the Account, $87\frac{7}{8}$ 88—Three per Cent. Reduced, $87\frac{1}{8}$ —Three and a Half per Cent. Reduced, $95\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —New Three and a Half per Cent., $96\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Four per Cent. $102\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$ —Long Annuities, $16\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —India Stock, 240, 41—Bank do., 209 $\frac{1}{2}$, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ —Exchequer Bills, 40*s.*, 41*s.*—India Bonds, 22*s.*, 23*s.*

FOREIGN FUNDS.

Belgian Five per Cent., $95\frac{1}{2}$ —Brazilian, $65\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Chilian, 23, 24—Colombian, $21\frac{3}{4}$, $22\frac{1}{4}$ —Danish Three per Cent., $72\frac{1}{2}$, 3—Dutch Five per Cent., $93\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Ditto Two and a Half per Cent., $49\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Mexican Six per Cent., $34\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ —Portuguese Five per Cent., $69\frac{1}{2}$, 70—New Regency Loan, $60\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ —Russian Five per Cent., $102\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ —Spanish Five per Cent., $23\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$.

SHARES.

Anglo Mexican Mines, 8*l.* 10*s.*, 9*l.*—Bolanos, 122*l.* 10*s.*, 127*l.* 10*s.*—Canada Company, 48*l.* 10*s.*, 49*l.* 10*s.*—Colombian Mines, 11*l.*, 12*l.*—Del Monte, 52*l.*, 53*l.*—Imperial Brazil, 62*l.*, 63*l.*—United Mexican, 11*l.* 10*s.*, 12*l.*—Ditto, New Scrip, 14*l.* 5*s.*, 14*l.* 15*s.*

MONTHLY DIGEST.

THE COLONIES.

CANADA.

A scheme is in agitation in the United States for opening a communication with the St. Lawrence, which it is expected will divert the trade of that river from its present course, and make it pass entirely through the state of New York. The following account of the plan is given in a paper of the 9th ult.:—"It may, indeed, be said of American enterprise, that it never slumbers or sleeps. A project of vast importance to our northern frontier begins to be agitated at Ogdensburgh, to which, as a matter of course, the attention of the people of this state will be directed. It is no other than that of making the St. Lawrence river navigable between the Lake St. Francis and Ogdensburgh, at a comparatively trifling expense, and bringing its whole trade within the state of New York, where a transit duty may be levied upon it, that of itself will defray a great part of the expenses of the State Government. It appears that the Grass River, which is navigable for steam-boats to within three miles of Messina village, is separated at this point from the St. Lawrence, by a deep ravine and very low land, which at a trifling expense might be made a navigable channel. The channel would communicate with the St. Lawrence half a mile above the Long Sault rapids. The Canadians have proposed to cut a canal round these rapids on their side of the river, but this project of our countrymen

would effectually divert the carrying trade through our own territory. The contemplated canal will be but five miles long, and require but two locks. The nature of the ground is such that the excavation will be practicable at a small expense. We hope that the people of Ogdensburgh will have surveys made immediately, in order that the decision of the legislature may be had upon the subject as early as possible."

It appears by the communications received from Canada, that, during the present season, 21,945 emigrants have arrived out by the way of the river, which amount is less by 3000 than the half of that of last year. It is calculated that about 15,000 went by way of the United States to Upper Canada. The Reverend Brook Bridges Stevens, the Chaplain of his Majesty's forces, has returned to the colony from his leave of absence to this country. On his arrival he received a congratulatory address from the inhabitants of Montréal and Lachine in testimony of the high respect they entertain for Mr. Stevens on account of his zeal in the service of the church, and the benefit the colony has experienced from him both as a private individual and as a minister of the gospel.

WEST INDIES.

It appears by a file of Demerara papers to the 2d ult. that it was generally understood that all the various departments of the government were to undergo the ordeal of a commission of inquiry, with a view to the reform of existing abuses, and the perfecting a system of economy and efficiency in their establishments; for which, it appears, the colony is mainly and directly indebted to its present popular Governor, Sir J. Carmichael Smith. At the same time the colonists do not withhold their meed of praise from his Majesty's present Ministers, to whose liberal and enlightened views of government they consider themselves beholden for these contemplated reforms.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

The Van Dieman's Land newspapers state that an Insolvent Court is much required, there being a great number of insolvent debtors confined in the jails both at Hobart Town and Launceston, under the most painful circumstances. The Insolvent Act was brought into operation in New South Wales by Mr. Canning's administration; and having been cautiously administered by the commissioner, R. Thierry, Esq., it has proved a great blessing to unfortunate colonists. As the population of Van Dieman's Land now exceeds that of New South Wales at the time an Insolvent Court was instituted there, it is probable that the present administration will appoint a Court in the former place.

By a Parliamentary return just printed of the importations of grain from our North American colonies, it appears that those of wheat amounted, in 1825, to 90,686 qrs.; in 1826, to 26,821; in 1827, to 50,925; in 1828, to 14,415; in 1829, to 4,055; in 1830, to 58,963; in 1831, to 190,796; and in 1832, to 89,748.

SPAIN.

The news from Spain continues to be of the most indecisive and contradictory character. Some reports are favourable to the Queen's cause, others are as much the reverse. Gen. Sarsfield makes little progress. On the frontier, the Carlists appear to be getting the upper hand. Amidst the extraordinary scantiness of information respecting the state of Spanish affairs, the activity of the insurgents and the slowness, to say the least of it, of the Christinos (as the Queen Regent's partisans are called) may plainly be perceived. But though the insurrection is evidently marching

on from province to province of the North of Spain, the Southern portion of the kingdom is said to be decidedly in favour of the Queen. Don Carlos remains in Portugal.

PORTUGAL.

The last weeks have been almost entirely barren of events. The division which landed at Pederneira, under the command of General Bento da França, being too weak to march against Figueira by land, proceeded across the country, and united itself to the army of General Saldanha, of which it now forms the left wing. On the 11th ult. the Miguelites were driven from the heights of Pernes, to the left of Santarem, by a force composed of the 9th Infantry and 12th Caçadores, and several wind-mills which ground wheat for the supply of the town were destroyed. The resistance made by the enemy to this operation caused a loss of about fifty men in killed and wounded. The investment of Santarem is gradually proceeding, and it is said that the garrison suffer many privations; it is not intended to carry the position by assault, but to reduce it by famine; and the floods which cover the plains surrounding the town, during part of the rainy season, will assist the operations of the army.

TURKEY.

In consequence of the dearth which prevails in the Crimea, two villages, in the neighbourhood of Odessa, have been entirely deserted by their inhabitants. In one of them a woman was found dying of starvation. In some small towns they have been driven to make a species of pottage with the stalks of maize, and, in others, they have been reduced to make food of the bark of trees. Some peasantry of the district of Elizabethgrad, in the Government of Cherson, have stopped the waggons laden with corn on their way to Odessa, and forced their drivers to deliver up their loads, giving them a receipt signed as representatives of their respective villages.

BIOGRAPHICAL PARTICULARS OF CELEBRATED PERSONS, LATELY DECEASED.

ADMIRAL SIR HERBERT SAWYER, K.C.B.

This gallant officer died at Bath. He was the son of Admiral Herbert Sawyer, and served under his father during the war with our Transatlantic Colonies, at the conclusion of which he was in command of the Porcupine sloop, at Jamaica. He was made Post-Captain in the early part of the year 1789, and in the following year appointed to the Pegasus, 28, on the Newfoundland station. In 1793, when the war with France commenced, he commanded the Amphion frigate, from which he was subsequently removed (1795) to the Nassau, of 64 guns, and cruised with the North Sea Fleet till 1797, when he was appointed to the Saturn, 74, attached to the Western squadron. In 1799 he succeeded Sir Henry Trollope in the Russell, which he continued to command until the spring of 1801, when he joined the Juste, of 80 guns, and accompanied Sir Robert Calder to the West Indies. On his return to this country he was appointed to superintend the payment of ships at Plymouth, which appointment he held until promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, October 2, 1807. In the early part of 1810 Sir Herbert Sawyer was appointed second in command at Portsmouth, and in the latter part of the same year was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Halifax station, which he held until 1813; and when about to leave that station was presented with an address from the Consul, merchants, and inhabitants, thanking him for his gallant and unceasing exertions in the protection of the colonies from the attacks of the Americans. In the same year he hoisted his flag as Commander-in-Chief at Cork; and on the 2d of January, 1815, he was nominated a K.C.B. At the time of his death Sir H. S. was an Admiral of the White, to which he was promoted in 1825.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

Married.—At Mamhead, Devonshire, the Hon. John Sinclair, youngest son of the late Earl of Caithness, to Maria Petronella, third daughter of the late John Church, Esq.

J. P. Musson, Esq., of the Middle Temple, late Chief Justice of Saint Lucie, to Janet, daughter of J. M'Lachlan, Esq., of Baddon Hall, Essex.

Francis Ringler Thomson, Esq., Captain Royal Engineers, to Selina Harriett Cotton, widow of the late G. H. Macartney, Esq., and niece of W. A. Brooke, Esq., Chief Judge of Benares.

At Bridlington, Yorkshire, H. Boynton, Esq., eldest son of Sir Henry Boynton, Bart., of Burton Agnes in that county, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Walter Strickland, Esq., of Cokethorpe Park, Oxfordshire.

At Croydon, Lieut.-Colonel Von Graevell, 7th Prussian Lancers, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. J. L. Chirol, King's Chaplain.

At Ippolitts, Colonel Shawe, of the Coldstream Guards, to Jane Grace, second daughter of Peter Harvey Lovell, Esq., of Cole Park, Wilts, and Ippolitts, Herts.

At Carnock, Scotland, Captain John Osborn, Enniskillen Dragoons, to Catherine, daughter of the late Sir M. S. Stewart, Bart.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Richard, eldest son of E. W. Edgell, Esq., of Milton-place, in the county of Surrey, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late G. S. Marten, Esq., of Marshals Wick, Herts.

At Abbeyleix Church, the Rev. W. K. Tatam, of Church Kirk, Lancashire, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir R. King, Bart., county Roscommon.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev.

Henry Yorke, rector of Wimpole, Cambridge-shire, to Flora Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Sir Alexander Campbell, Bart.

At Croydon, the Rev. J. Smith, of St. Bartholomew's, Birmingham, to Cecilia, daughter of the late Muzio Clementi, Esq.

Died.—At Patshull, Staffordshire, Mary Ann, wife of Sir G. Pigot, Bart.

Of apoplexy, Major-Gen. Lemuel Warren.

At Bath, W. R. Shapter, M.D., Inspector-General of Military Hospitals.

At Greenwich, James Jennings, Esq., author of "Jennings's Family Cyclopædia," "Ornithologia," &c.

The Rev. T. Thomas, Vicar of Pentych, Glamorgan, nearly 90 years old, and Father of the diocese of Llandaff.

Commander Charles Bentham, R.N., son of the late Lieut.-General Bentham, R.A.

At Edinburgh, aged 70, J. Ferguson, Esq., son of the celebrated astronomer.

At Edinburgh, aged 22, the Hon. C. H. Murray, R.N., brother of the late Lord Elibank.

On the 12th ult., Mr. Joseph Strutt, son of the late Mr. Joseph Strutt, the antiquary, author of the "Commonplace Book to the Holy Scriptures," and Record-keeper to the Duke of Northumberland.

At Woburn Farm, near Chertsey, Vice-Admiral Charles Stirling, in the 74th year of his age.

At Edinburgh, Jane, wife of William Horsman, Esq., and daughter of the late Sir John Hamilton Dalrymple, Bart., of Cousland.

On the 15th ult., at the Repository, Woolwich, Miss Maclean, late of Geise, Caithness-shire.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, AND IN WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

LONDON.

A plan is under consideration for the improvement of Holborn-hill, which removes one great objection to those heretofore submitted, viz. the interference with the trade to the inhabitants. It is proposed to take down the houses from the corner of Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn, to Seacoal-lane, Skinner-street, or on the opposite side from Hatton-garden to the top of Snow-hill, and erect a level terrace on brick arches between those points; the present houses to be taken down and set back about fifty feet, or in a line with St. Andrew's Church, and the arches under the terrace to be fitted up as shops on Holborn-hill, with a handsome balustrade at top. An ornamental arch to be turned over Farringdon-street, on the principle of Highgate Tunnel, thus forming a grand and commodious level thoroughfare without at all interfering with Holborn-hill.

British Museum.—A new room has just been built and finished at the British Museum, on the ground floor, opposite the passage leading from the old galleries of antiquities to the late additional gallery. This room is intended to be appropriated to Egyptian antiquities, a few of which, bought at Sotheby's sale some time ago, are placed in an adjoining apartment. The new room is lofty, and of a moderate length and breadth, lighted from above to show the figures to be deposited there

to greater advantage. Near the statue of Sir Joseph Banks, in the entrance of the Museum, is now a fine one of Shakspeare, similar to that which is in the vestibule of Drury-lane Theatre.

Goldsmiths' Company.—The new hall for the use of the Goldsmiths' Company will be a very handsome building when finished. Its exterior has an imposing appearance, particularly the front, in the centre of which are the Company's arms admirably well executed over the grand entrance, in *alto relievo*; and the architect has been profuse in ornamental architecture, both in the front and at the sides, and at the back of the building. The sunken columns and pilasters are surmounted by Corinthian capitals, and other parts of the edifice exhibit corresponding embellishments. The interior of the hall has every convenience, both culinary and otherwise, for giving effect to the science of gastronomy, and preparing luxurious banquets suitable to the appetites and tastes of one of the most wealthy civic companies in the metropolis. The hall, however, is very inconveniently situated at the rear of the General Post-office, in Foster-lane, where a carriage cannot turn. The other avenues leading to it are equally narrow and incommodious.

The Postmaster-General has taken measures for extending the Threepenny Post to a circle of 12 miles from the General Post-office, including the following post towns:—Stanmore, Edgware, Barnet, Hounslow, Southall, Waltham-cross, Romford, Bromley, Foot's Cray, Croydon, and Kingston, to all which places there will be a threepenny post delivery twice a-day (except Foot's Cray and Waltham-cross, which will have one delivery only) in addition to the general post delivery.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

At the annual meeting of the Beds Agricultural Society, a plough was introduced by Mr. Manning, of Elstow, made by Ransome, of Ipswich, with an improved plan for regulating the hind wheel by means of a lever, which enables the ploughman to alter the depth of the plough as circumstances require it, without stopping the horses—an advantage, we understood, from Mr. Manning, to be in some cases very considerable. The Duke of Bedford's plough was on the Scotch swing principle.

DEVONSHIRE.

A large fossil reptile of the antediluvian age has been taken out of the blue lias on Charmouth-beach, Devonshire. It had been previously sold for four sovereigns to a member of the Geological Society, and proved to be of the genus *Ichthyosaurus*, partaking of the alligator and lizard species. It measured about six feet in length, and was only to be reached at extremely low tides, which may account for its not having been discovered before.

ESSEX.

Desertion of Farms in Essex.—At the suggestion of a correspondent we have searched our file to ascertain the quantity of land advertised to be let in this county, from Lady-day to Michaelmas in the present year, and we find tenants wanted for upwards of ten thousand acres, vacated by as many as sixty occupiers. During that period the price of our best wheats fluctuated between 62s. and 67s. per qr., and the price of Consols was steady at 88 to 89. During the like period, in the year 1805, there were not more than two thousand acres announced for letting, including two farms in Steeple, belonging to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, containing upwards of eight hundred acres, which at that time it was the practice to let by tender. The advertisements of farms wanted to hire were, we observe, as numerous as those to be let. The price of our best wheat from Lady-day to Michaelmas, 1805, varied from 86s. to 105s., and Consols from 57 to 59. During that year the lease of a farm in Rochford hundred, let upon such terms that the outgoing tenant became a bankrupt, was sold for 2000*l.*—*Chelmsford Chronicle.*

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Ancient Coin.—As some men were clearing a pool near the Rectory, at Stretton, in this county, of the mud, which had been accumulating for many years, they found a silver groat, of Richard III., in tolerable preservation, though it evidently has been *clipped* round the edge. On the obverse is the effigy peculiar to the coins of the monarch, with the style nearly obliterated, "Ricard. Di. Gr. Rex. Angl. Z France;" and on the reverse a cross with three pellets, not conjoined in each

centre quarter. On the outer circle is the legend, “Pos Devm Adivtorem Mevm;” and on the inner circle, “Civiti London.”

HAMPSHIRE.

The Allotment System.—The good effects resulting from a partial introduction of the Garden Allotment System in the neighbourhood of Romsey, Hants, has fully answered the expectations of its promoters. Lord Palmerston, and John Fleming, Esq., each set apart some acres of good land, conveniently situate near the town, which was let, at a moderate rent, to deserving labourers, in parcels of a quarter of an acre. The cultivation of this land has fully occupied the leisure hours of the renters and their families, who have now a profitable return for their labour, being enabled, after payment of rents and taxes, and keeping back a winter's stock for themselves, to bring a quantity of potatoes and vegetables to market. On Monday last all the allotment tenants of Lord Palmerston attended at Broadlands farm to pay their rent, and, as a reward for their good conduct during the year, they were regaled with a good dinner of roast beef, plum pudding, and strong beer, which was served at the Fox public house, adjoining the ground. The conduct of the poor men was very orderly, and they departed highly pleased and gratified with his Lordship's liberality.

NORFOLK.

There has been recently dredged up at Thorpe, by the machine in the employ of the Norwich and Lowestoft Navigation Company, an ancient sword, which, from its scimitar-like form and general character, has excited some curiosity and interest. Its entire length is three feet, two inches: its blade, of steel, though much corroded, is still very elastic, and in its broadest part two inches and a quarter. On each side, a few inches above the guard, is a rude inlaying of red gold, to represent a coronet of three points. The guard is slightly curved, and the extremities pierced with a quatrefoil. The grip appears to have been covered with some substance, which was lost on its removal from the bed of the river, as the metal in that part is very perfect. The pommel, of brass, is round, with the sides flattened, upon which is rudely engraved the figure of a monster with human face, and the body of a beast. Around this, on each side, is a similar figure, whose tail is covered with foliage. It appears, from Strutt and Meyrick, that scimitars were introduced as regular military weapons in the reigns of the first and second Edwards. There is no clue, however, in the local histories whereby we might assign a period to its being lost in the river, unless it was in the year 1277, when King Edward, according to Stow, quoted by Gurdon, in his “History of Norwich Castle,” made a military progress through Suffolk and Norfolk, and kept his Easter at Norwich. This ancient weapon has been presented to the Norwich Museum by the Directors of the Norwich and Lowestoft Navigation.

SOMERSET.

Bath Abbey Church.—The workmen in their excavations on the north side have discovered further remains of the ancient fabric, on whose site the church was erected. Among these relics are some pavements of the basement of the old building in good preservation. A portion of these relics will be kept permanently open to public view, by which some idea may be afforded to antiquaries of the extent of the building and the character of its architecture.

WALES.

A cave is said to have been discovered within the Nash Rocks, near Presteign, in Radnorshire, on the estate of the Earl of Oxford, and at an elevation of some hundreds of feet from the plain. The descent from the entrance is 20 feet; the roof, full 30. The dimensions may be 300 feet in circumference, but the immense size and number of pillars render it impossible for the eye to ascertain the exact admeasurements. This natural curiosity consists in the petrified pillars, which appear to have been formed by dripping from the ceiling or roof. From the length of time Nature has been performing her work, many of them at least are six feet round at the top. They reach to the floor, and have become perfect pillars of stone, appearing like inverted cones; others are like icicles, or, in common terms, eaves droppings. The rocks are situated between the Hill Garraway mountains, near the river Enwell, where the remains of the ever-memorable Sir Samuel Romilly are deposited in the family vault of his late relative, Colonel Foley. It was there,

in the midst of cataracts and wildest picturesque scenery, that this great lawyer and legislator rested from the fatigues of his profession.

SCOTLAND.

Elgin Cathedral.—In consequence of the important discovery of four steps to the grand west entrance, which has been hid for ages past by rubbish, the Exchequer most readily ordered an excavation of the present approach, and a flight of stone steps to bring the visiter at once to the new level. The effect thus produced, by restoring to its original and just proportion this magnificent entrance, which has ever been an object of admiration to architects, artists, and all persons of taste from every part of the island, will be exceedingly striking. The directions of the King's architect for this purpose are now in progress of completion.—*Elgin Courier*.

IRELAND.

Cemetery.—An extensive cemetery is about to be established beyond the limits of the city. The state of the churchyards in Dublin is frightful. But a few days since, we were informed by a clergyman, that a body was interred, if indeed that can be said, in one of the most populous neighbourhoods, not two feet from the surface. This is an outrage upon common decency, both towards the dead and the living, that calls for correction. A cemetery removed from the crowded dwellings of the living, and the noisy and busy scenes of life, if laid out with taste, and on a proper site, will become an object of interest and fond regard, and we cordially join in the anticipation of the Committee that it will have a moral and useful influence.—*Dublin Evening Post*.

Discovery of a Coal Mine in the Queen's County.—We have been informed that a coal mine has lately been discovered on that part of the estate of Sir Edward Walsh, Bart. called the "Rushes," in the Queen's County. If this mine should turn out to be productive, we understand it is the intention of the worthy Baronet to open several shafts without delay, which will give employment to a great number of the poor of that neighbourhood. Sir Edward Walsh is an excellent landlord, and one of those really patriotic Irish gentlemen who reside at home, and by the extent of the improvements on his estate, diffuses the blessings of comfort and happiness among the poorer classes.—*Carlow Sentinel*.

The potato crop will this year fall short by at least one-third of the usual average. This failure of the food of the peasantry of this country may possibly lead to another appeal to the charitable feelings of the British public; and the anomalous spectacle may be exhibited of a peasantry begging for the means of subsistence with one hand, whilst with the other they are straining to raise a princely income for an individual who would almost seem to feed upon their discontent.

The Board of Education in Dublin, up to the 16th of August, 1833, received 911 applications for aid to schools now existing, and 259 solicitations for aid to establish new schools, making a total of 1,170. They have complied with 573 applications in behalf of existing schools, and 142 for the founding new schools. The books and tracts employed in the schools in separate religious instruction, with the approbation of the members of the Board, who are of the same religious persuasion as the children for whose use they are intended, are thus enumerated:—For Protestant children—Bible, authorized version; New Testament, ditto; Church Catechism, ditto; the Church Liturgy; Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland; Larger and Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland. For Roman Catholic children—Douay Testament; Reeve's History of the Old and New Testament; Gahan's ditto; Morality of the Bible; Gother on the Epistles and Gospels; Dr. Doyle's Catechism; Reilly's ditto; Henry's Historical ditto; Butler's General ditto; Catholic Christian Instructed; Gobbinet's Instruction to Youth; Think Well On't; Chalmer's Meditations; Imitations of Christ.

Rail Roads.—The Stockton and Darlington Railway shares, costing 106*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* are at 297*l.* 10*s.* The Liverpool and Manchester Railway shares, costing 100*l.* are at 210*l.* The Liverpool and Manchester shares, costing 25*l.* are at 52*l.* The Liverpool and Birmingham shares, on which 10*l.* have been paid, are selling at 11*l.* 10*s.* The London and Birmingham shares, on which 5*l.* have been paid, are selling at 7*l.* 10*s.* The two latter are only in progress.

Midland Counties Railway.—The provisional committees which had been appointed at the towns of Leicester, Nottingham, and Derby, in furtherance of the

objects of this important undertaking, have held a meeting at Loughborough, for the purpose of considering and maturing the plan to be laid before the public. The result is, that a prospectus will be published for the establishment of a grand line of railway, for travelling and the carriage of all kinds of merchandise, from Derby, Nottingham, and Leicester, to a point of junction with the Birmingham and London railways, including a branch from the Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire collieries.

The facility in transmitting cattle of all descriptions from the east coast of Scotland to the London market has caused thousands of acres of arable land to be appropriated exclusively to grazing. The graziers are in high spirits, and are stocking their farms and rearing cattle for the London market, where Scottish beasts are in great request, and bring remunerating prices. Before the introduction of the cattle-carrying steamers, the cattle from Scotland had to travel from the most remote parts of the Highlands to the interior of England and of the metropolis; and besides the expense of time, feeding, and attendance, the animals fell off considerably, and were not in proper condition when they arrived at their place of destination. By the steamers the cattle are only about 48 hours on the passage to London, and are landed in excellent condition. Ham curers are suffering severely from the best of bullocks being bought up for the English market, and the consequent scarcity of prime rumps for curing. The attention of the graziers to the rearing of stock, to meet the increased and still increasing demand, will in a year or two, we trust, enable them to supply the English and the home market. In the mean time rump hams that formerly sold wholesale at $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $6d.$ per lb. cannot now be supplied at less than $6\frac{1}{2}d.$, and scarce. Last winter the price was the same, and will continue so until the number of cattle raised is equal to the demand.

Education Returns.—In pursuance of an address of the House of Commons to his Majesty on this subject, Lord Melbourne has addressed a circular to the overseers of the poor of every parish or place in England, requesting satisfactory answers to the following questions:—A return of the number of schools in each town, parish, or chapelry, or extra-parochial place; which return, after stating the amount of the population of the said town or place, according to the last census, shall specify—1. Whether the said schools are infant, daily, or Sunday schools. 2. Whether they are confined, either nominally or virtually, to the use of children of the Established Church, or of any other religious denomination. 3. Whether they are endowed or unendowed. 4. By what funds they are supported, if unendowed, whether by payments from the scholars or otherwise. 5. The number and sexes of the scholars in each school. 6. The age at which the children generally enter, and at which they generally quit school. 7. The salaries and other emoluments allowed to the masters and mistresses in each school. And shall also distinguish—8. Those schools which have been established or revived since 1818; and 9. Those schools to which a lending library is attached.

SHERIFFS FOR ENGLAND.

(From the London Gazette.)

The names of those who were nominated for Sheriffs by the Lords of the Council, at the Exchequer, on the morrow of St. Martin, in the fourth year of the reign of King William IV., and in the year of our Lord 1833.

Bedfordshire—Charles James Metcalf, of Roxton, Esq.; Joseph Morris, of Ampthill, Esq.; William Astell, of Everton, Esq.

Berkshire—Charles Archer Houlton, of Welford-park, Esq.; Bartholomew Wroughton, of Woolley-park, Esq.; Philip Pusey, of Pusey, Esq.

Buckinghamshire—Sir John Chetwode, of Chetwode, Bart.; George Simon Harcourt, of Ankerwyke-house, Esq.; Sir William Lawrence Young, of Princes Risborough, Bart.

Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire—R. Huddleston, of Sawston, Esq.; Richard Eaton,

of Stetchworth, Esq.; Francis Charles James Pemberton, of Trumpington, Esq.

Cheshire—Gibbs Crawford Antrobus, of Eaton, Esq.; William Astley, of Duckenfield, Esq.; Thos. Swettenham, of Swettenham, Esq.

Cornwall—Charles Prideaux Brune, of Place Padstowe, Esq.; John Buller, of Morval, Esq.; Thomas James Agar Robartes, of Llanhdryrock, Esq.

Cumberland—Henry Howard, of Greystoke Castle, Esq.; Sir Francis Fletcher Vane, of Hutton-hall, Bart.; Richard Ferguson, of Harker-lodge, Esq.

Derbyshire—William Palmer Morewood, of Alfreton-hall, Esq.; Ashton Nicholas Every Mosley, of Congreve-hall, Esq.; William Bache Thornhill, of Stanton, Esq.

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